THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

OCT. 26, 1918 10c. in Canada 5cts.

THE MARNE

By EDITH WHARTON

Cream of Wheat

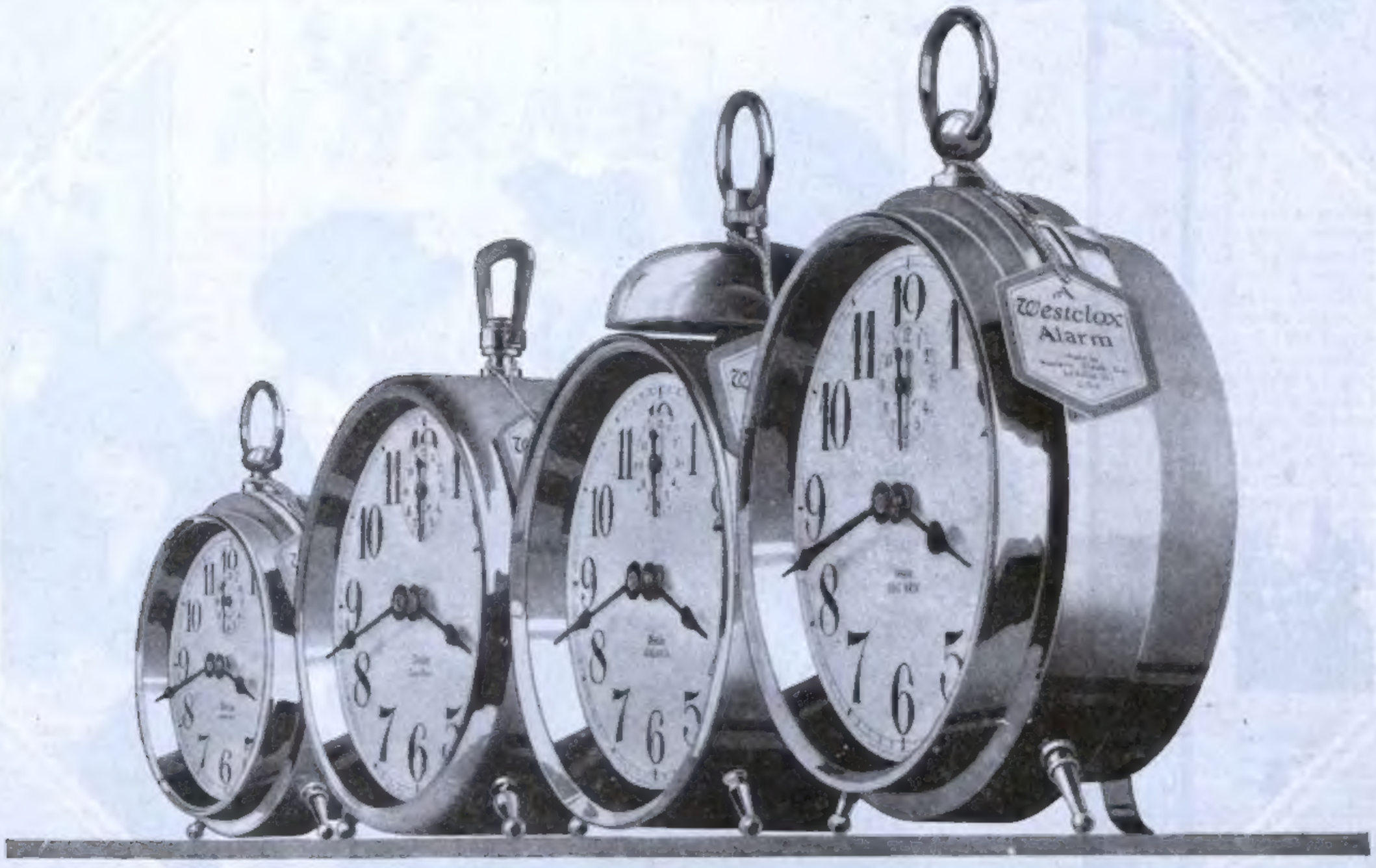
The food you come back to when you can get it – and now you can

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1918 by Cream of Wheat Co.

Westclox

— the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks



On time for war time

YOUR country depends upon you. You depend upon your clock. Promptness is good proof of loyalty these days.

This war is a race against time. Ships, munitions, food must be rushed along. Every minute counts. Everyone knows it.

To-day the good alarm clock takes an important place in the home. It starts the day on time. It tells honest time all day. It is a practical, economical, time-saving tool—the kind you need in war time.

Westclox alarms are well-known, well-liked. Their timekeeping wins them friends everywhere.

The Western Clock Company is doing its utmost to supply its share of the alarm clocks this country wants and needs to-day. The demand is greater than ever before. The supply is not big enough to meet it.

Take good care of your alarm clock. Think how important it is to you in times like these. Try to get as much good service out of your clock as the maker built into it.

Western Clock Co. - *makers of Westclox*

Big Ben Baby Ben Pocket Ben America Lookout Ironclad Bingo Sleep-Meter

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

IVORY Soap is acceptable to practically everybody for the toilet. The white cake is pleasing to the eye. Its sweet, natural, unobtrusive odor suggests cleanliness. Its thick, soft, bubbling lather feels grateful to the skin. It cleanses thoroughly without smarting or burning. It rinses easily leaving no sign of unsightly gloss. Anyone can offer Ivory Soap with entire confidence to anyone else, for almost everyone uses it at home.

IVORY SOAP..... IVORY IT FLOATS .....99 44/100% PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE STANDARD PRODUCTS

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1918, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1918 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 17

THE MARNE

By EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

EVER since the age of six Troy Belknap, of New York, had embarked for Europe every June on the fastest steamer of one of the most expensive lines.

With his family he had descended at the dock from a large noiseless motor, had kissed his father good-by, turned back to shake hands with the chauffeur—a particular friend—and trotted up the gangplank behind his mother's maid, while one welcoming steward captured Mrs. Belknap's bag and another led away her miniature French bulldog—also a particular friend of Troy's.

From that hour all had been delight. For six golden days Troy had ranged the decks, splashed in the blue salt water brimming his huge procelain tub, lunched and dined with the grown-ups in the Ritz restaurant, and swaggered about in front of the children who had never crossed before and didn't know the stewards, or the purser, or the captain's cat, or on which deck you might exercise your dog, or how to induce the officer on the watch to let you scramble up for a minute to the bridge. Then, when these joys began to pall, he had lost himself in others, deeper and dearer. Another of his cronies, the library steward, had unlocked the bookcase doors for him, and buried for hours in the depths of a huge library armchair—there weren't any to compare with it on land—he had ranged through the length and breadth of several literatures.

These six days of bliss would have been too soon over if they had not been the mere prelude to intenser sensations. On the seventh morning—generally at Cherbourg—Troy Belknap followed his mother and his mother's maid and the French bull up the gangplank and into another large noiseless motor, with another chauffeur—French, this one—to whom he was also deeply attached, and who sat grinning and cap-touching at the wheel. And then—in a few minutes, so swiftly and smilingly was the way of Mrs. Belknap smoothed—the noiseless motor was off, and they were rushing eastward through the orchards of Normandy.

The little boy's happiness would have been complete if there had been more time to give to the beautiful things that flew past them—thatched villages with square-towered churches in hollows of the deep green country or gray shining towns above rivers on which cathedrals seemed to be moored like ships; miles and miles of field and hedge and park falling away from high-terraced houses, and little embroidered stone manors reflected in reed-grown moats under ancient trees.

Unfortunately Mrs. Belknap always had pressing engagements in Paris. She had made appointments beforehand with all her dressmakers, and, as Troy was well aware, it was impossible at the height of the season to break such engagements without losing one's turn and having to wait weeks and weeks to get a lot of nasty rags that one had seen—by that time—on the back of every other woman in the place.

Luckily, however, even Mrs. Belknap had to eat; and during the halts in the shining towns, where a succulent luncheon was served in a garden or a flowery courtyard, Troy had time, as he grew bigger, to slip away alone and climb to the height where the cathedral stood or at least to loiter and gaze in the narrow, crooked streets, between gabled crossbeamed houses, each more picture-bookishly quaint than its neighbors.

In Paris, in their brightly lit and beflowered hotel drawing-room, he was welcomed by Madame Lebuc, an old French lady smelling of crape, who gave him lessons and took him and the bulldog for walks, and who, as he grew older, was supplemented and then replaced by an ugly, vehement young tutor of half-English descent, whose companionship opened fresh fields and pastures to Troy's dawning imagination.

Then in July—always at the same date—Mr. Belknap was deposited at the door by the noiseless motor, which had been down to Havre to fetch him; and a few days later they all got into it, and while Madame Lebuc, pressing a packet of chocolates into her pupil's hand, waved a damp farewell from the doorway, the Pegasus motor flew up the Champs-Elysées, devoured the leafy alleys of the Bois and soared away to the new horizons.

Most often they were mountain horizons, for the tour invariably ended in the Swiss Alps. But there always seemed to be new ways—looked out by Mr. Belknap on the map—of reaching their destination; ways lovelier, more winding, more wonderful, that took in vast sweeping visions of France from the Seine to the Rhone. And when Troy grew older the vehement young tutor went with them; and once they all stopped and lunched at his father's house, on the edge of a gabled village in the Argonne, with a view stretching away for miles toward the Vosges and Alsace. Mr. and Mrs. Belknap were very kind people, and it would never have occurred to them to refuse M. Gantier's invitation to lunch with his family; but they had no idea of the emotions stirred in their son's eager bosom by what seemed to them merely a rather inconvenient deviation from their course. Troy himself was hardly aware of these emotions at the time, though his hungry interest in life always made him welcome the least deflection from the expected. He had simply thought what kind, jolly people the Gantiers were, and what fun it was to be inside one of the quaint stone houses, with small windowpanes looking on old box gardens, that he was always being whisked past in the motor. But later he was to relive that day in all its homely details.

In Among the Throng Troy Began to See the Torn Blue Uniform of Wounded Soldiers Limping on Bandaged Legs

H. Weston Taylor

II

THEY were at St. Moritz—as usual.

Troy and M. Gantier had been for a tramp across the Val Inuretta, and coming home late were rushing into their evening clothes to join Mr. and Mrs. Belknap at dinner—as they did now regularly, Troy having reached the virile age of fifteen, and having to justify the possession of a smoking jacket and patent-leather shoes. He was just out of his bath and smothered in towels, when the tutor opened the door and thrust in a newspaper.

"There will be war—I must leave to-morrow."

Troy dropped the towels.

War! War! War against his beautiful France! And this young man, his dearest friend and companion, was to be torn from him suddenly, senselessly, torn from their endless talks, their long walks in the mountains, their elaborately planned courses of study—archæology, French literature, medieval philosophy, the Divine Comedy, and vistas and vistas beyond; to be torn from all this and to disappear from Troy Belknap's life into the black gulf of this unfathomable thing called war, that seemed suddenly to have escaped out of the history books like a dangerous lunatic escaping from the asylum in which he was supposed to be securely confined!

Troy Belknap was stunned.

He pulled himself together to bid a valiant farewell to M. Gantier—the air was full of the Marseillaise and Sambre et Meuse, and everybody knew the Russians would be in

Berlin in six weeks; but once his tutor was gone the mystery and horror again closed in on him.

France, his France, attacked, invaded, outraged—and he, a poor helpless American boy, who adored her, and could do nothing for her—not even cry, as a girl might! It was bitter.

His parents, too, were dreadfully upset; and so were all their friends. But what chiefly troubled them was that they could get no money, no seats in the trains, no assurance that the Swiss frontier would not be closed before they could cross the border. These preoccupations seemed to leave them for the moment no time to think about France; and Troy, during those first days, felt as if he were an infant Winkelried with all the shafts of the world's woe gathered into his inadequate breast.

For France was his holiday world, the world of his fancy and imagination, a great traceried window opening on the universe. And now in the hour of her need all he heard about him was the worried talk of people planning to desert her!

Safe in Paris Mr. and Mrs. Belknap regained their balance. Having secured—for a sum that would have fitted up an ambulance—their passages on a steamer sailing from England they could at length look about them, feel sorry, and subscribe to all the budding war charities. They even remembered poor Madame Lebuc, stranded by the flight of all her pupils, and found a job for her in a refugee bureau.

Then, just as they were about to sail, Mrs. Belknap had a touch of pneumonia and was obliged to postpone her departure; while Mr. Belknap, jamming his possessions into a single suitcase, dashed down to Spain to take ship at Málaga. The turn affairs were taking made it advisable for him to get back as quickly as possible; and his wife and son were to follow from England in a month.

All the while there came no news of M. Gantier. He had rejoined his *dépôt* at once, and Troy had had a post card from him, dated the sixth of August, and saying that he was leaving for the Front. After that, silence.

Troy poring over the morning papers and slipping out alone to watch for the noon communiqués in the windows of the Paris Herald read of the rash French advance in Alsace, and the enemy's retaliatory descent on the region the Belknaps had so often sped over. And one day among the names of the ruined villages he lit on that of the little town where they had all lunched with the Gantiers. He saw the box garden with the hornbeam arbor where they had gone to drink coffee, old M. Gantier ceremoniously leading the way with Mrs. Belknap; he saw Mme. Gantier, lame and stout, hobbling after with Mr. Belknap; a little old aunt with bobbing curls; the round-faced Gantier girl, shy and rosy; an incredibly dried and smoked and aged grandfather, with Voltairean eyes and sly snuff-taking gestures; and his own friend, the eldest of the four brothers. He saw all these modest beaming people grouped about Mme. Gantier's coffee and Papa Gantier's best bottle of "*Fine*"; he smelt the lime blossoms and box, he heard the bees in the lavender, he looked out on the rich fields and woods and the blue hills bathed in summer light. And he read: "Not a house is standing. The curé has been shot. A number of old people were burnt in the hospice. The mayor and five of the principal inhabitants have been taken to Germany as hostages."

The year before the war, he remembered, old M. Gantier was mayor!

He wrote and wrote, after that, to his tutor; wrote to his *dépôt*, to his Paris address, to the ruin that had been his home—but had no answer. And finally, amid the crowding horrors of that dread August he forgot even M. Gantier and M. Gantier's family, forgot everything but the spectacle of the Allied Armies swept back from Liège, from Charleroi, from Mons, from Laon, and the hosts of evil surging nearer and ever nearer to the heart of France.

His father, with whom he might have talked, was gone; and Troy could not talk to his mother. Not that Mrs. Belknap was not kind and full of sympathy; as fast as the bank at home cabled funds she poured them out for war charities. But most of her time was spent in agitated conference with her compatriots, and Troy could not bear to listen to their endlessly reiterated tales of flight from Nauheim or Baden or Brussels, their difficulties in drawing money, hiring motors, bribing hotel porters, battling for seats in trains, recovering lost luggage, cabling for funds, and their general tendency to regard the war as a mere background to their personal grievances.

"You were exceedingly rude to Mrs. Sampson, Troy," his mother said to him, surprised one day by an explosion of temper. "It is natural she should be nervous at not being able to get staterooms; and she had just given me five hundred dollars for the American Ambulance."

"Giving money's no use," the boy growled, obscurely irritated. And when Mrs. Belknap exclaimed "Why, Troy, how callous—with all this suffering!" he slunk out without answering, and went downstairs to lie in wait for the evening papers.

The misery of feeling himself a big boy, long-limbed, strong-limbed, old enough for evening clothes, champagne, the classics, biology and views on international politics, and yet able to do nothing but hang about marble hotels and pore over newspapers, while rank on rank and regiment on regiment, the youth of France and England, swung through the dazed streets and packed the endless trains—the misery of this was so great to Troy that he became, as the days dragged on, more than ever what his mother called "callous," sullen, humiliated, resentful, at being associated with all the rich Americans flying from France.

At last the turn of the Belknaps came too; but as they were preparing to start news came that the German Army was at Lille and civilian travel to England interrupted.

It was the fateful week, and every name in the bulletins—Amiens, Compiègne, Rheims, Meaux, Senlis—evoked in Troy Belknap's tortured imagination visions of ancient beauty and stability. He had done that bit of France alone with M. Gantier the year before, while Mrs. Belknap waited in Paris for belated clothes; and the thought of the great stretch of desolation spreading and spreading like a leprosy over a land so full of the poetry of the past and so rich in a happy prosperous present was added to the crueler vision of the tragic and magnificent armies that had failed to defend it.

Troy, as soon as he was reassured about his mother's health, had secretly rejoiced at the accident that had kept them in France. But now his joy was turned to bitterness. Mrs. Belknap, in her horrified surprise at seeing her plans again obstructed, lost all sense of the impending calamity except as it affected her safety and Troy's, and joined in the indignant chorus of compatriots stranded in Paris, and obscurely convinced that France ought to have seen them safely home before turning her attention to the invader.

"Of course, I don't pretend to be a strategist," whimpering or wrathful ladies used to declare, their jewel boxes clutched in one hand, their passports in the other, "but one can't help feeling that if only the French Government had told our Ambassador in time trains might have been provided."

"Or why couldn't Germany have let our Government know? After all, Germany has no grievance against America."

"And we've really spent enough money in Europe for some consideration to be shown us," the woeful chorus went on.

The choristers were all good and kindly persons, shaken out of the rut of right feeling by the first real fright of their lives. But Troy was too young to understand this and to foresee that once in safety they would become the passionate advocates of France, all the more fervent in their championship because of their reluctant participation in her peril.

"What did I do? Why, I just simply stayed in Paris. Not to run away was the only thing one could do to show one's sympathy," he heard one of the passport clutchers declare a year later in a New York drawing-room.

Troy, from the height of his youthful indignation, regarded them all as heartless egoists, and fled away into the streets from the sound of their lamentations.

But in the streets was fresh food for misery; for every day the once empty vistas were filled with trains of farm wagons drawn by slow country horses and heaped with furniture and household utensils; and beside the carts walked lines of haggard people—old men and women with vacant faces, mothers hugging hungry babies, and children limping after them with heavy bundles. The fugitives of the Marne were pouring into Paris.

Troy dashed into the nearest shops, bought them cakes and fruit, followed them to the big hippodrome, where they were engulfed in the dusty arena, and finally, in despair at his inability to do more than gape and pity, he tried to avoid the streets they followed on their way into Paris from St. Denis and Vincennes.

Then one day, in the sunny desert of the Place de la Concorde, he came on a more cheering sight. A motley band of civilians—young, middle-aged and even gray-headed—were shambling along together, badged and beribboned, in the direction of the Invalides; and above them floated the American flag. Troy flew after it and caught up with the last marchers.

"Where are we going? . . . Foreign Legion," an olive-faced dago answered joyously in broken American. "All 'Nited States citizens. . . . Come and join up, sonny!"

And for one mad moment Troy thought of risking the adventure.

But he was too visibly only a schoolboy still; and with tears of envy in his smarting eyes he stood, small and useless, on the pavement, and watched the heterogeneous band under the beloved flag disappearing in the doorway of the registration office.

When he got back to his mother's drawing-room the tea table was still surrounded, and a lady was saying: "I've offered anything for a special train, but they won't listen!"

And another, in a stricken whisper: "If they do come, what do you mean to do about your pearls?"

She Did Not Exasperate Her Friends by Professions of Pacifism, She Simply Declared That the War Bored Her

III

THEN came the Marne, and suddenly the foreigners caught in Paris by the German advance became heroes—or mostly heroines—who had stayed there to reassure their beloved city in her hour of need.

"We all owe so much to Paris," murmured Mrs. Belknap, in lovely convalescent clothes, from her sofa corner. "I'm sure we can none of us ever cease to be thankful for this chance of showing it."

She had sold her staterooms to a compatriot who happened to be in England, and was now cabling home to suggest to Mr. Belknap that she should spend the winter in France and take a job on a war charity. She was not strong enough for nursing, but she thought it would be delightful to take convalescent officers for drives in the Bois in the noiseless motor. "Troy would love it too," she cabled.

Mr. Belknap, however, was unmoved by these arguments. "Future too doubtful," he cabled back. "Insist on your sailing. Staterooms November tenth paid for. Troy must return to school."

"Future too doubtful" impressed Mrs. Belknap more than "Insist," though she made a larger use of the latter word in explaining to her friends why after all she was obliged to give up her projected war work. Meanwhile, having quite recovered she rose from her cushions, donned a nurse's garb, poured tea once or twice at a fashionable hospital, and on the strength of this effort obtained permission to carry supplies—in her own motor—to the devastated regions.

Troy of course went with her, and thus had his first glimpse of war.

Fresh in his mind was a delicious July day at Rheims with his tutor, and the memory of every detail noted on the way along the green windings of the Marne, and at Meaux, Montmirail and Epernay. Now, traversing the same towns, he seemed to be looking into murdered faces, vacant and stony. Where he had seen the sociable, gossiping life of the

narrow streets, young men lounging at the blacksmith's, blue-sleeved carters sitting in the wineshops while their horses shook off the flies in the hot sunshine of the village square, black-pinafored children coming home from school, the fat curé stopping to talk to little old ladies under the church porch, girls with sleek hair calling to each other from the doorways of the shops, and women in sunburnt gingham bending over the village wash trough or leaning on their rakes among the hayricks—where all this had been, now only a few incalculably old people sat in the doorways and looked with bewildered eyes at strange soldiers fulfilling the familiar tasks.

This was what war did! It emptied towns of their inhabitants as it emptied veins of their blood; it killed houses and lands as well as men. Out there a few miles beyond the sunny vineyards and the low hills men were dying at that very moment by hundreds, by thousands—and their motionless young bodies must have the same unnatural look as these wan ruins, these gutted houses and sterile fields. War meant death, death, death.

By a special favor the staff officer who accompanied them managed to extend their trip to the ruined château of Mondement, the pivot on which the battle had turned. He had himself been in the thick of the fight, and standing before the shattered walls of the old house he explained the struggle for the spur of Mondement—the advance of the gray masses across the plain, their capture of the ridge, which was the key to the road to Paris; then the impetuous rush of General Humbert's infantry; repulsed, returning; repulsed again, and again attacking; the hand-to-hand fighting in court and gardens; the French infantry's last irresistible dash, the batteries rattling up, getting into place on the ridge, and flinging back the gray battalions from the hillside into the marshes.

Mrs. Belknap smiled and exclaimed, with vague comments and a wandering eye, for the officer, carried away by his subject, had forgotten her and become technical; while Troy, his map spread on the top of a wall, followed every word and gesture with a devouring gaze that absorbed at the same time all the details of the immortal landscape.

The Marne—this was the actual setting of the battle of the Marne! This happy, temperate landscape, with its sheltering woods, its friendly fields and downs flowing away to a mild sky, had looked on at the most awful conflict in history. Scenes of anguish and heroism that ought to have had some titanic background of cliff and chasm had unrolled themselves among harmless fields and along woods roads where wild strawberries grew and children cut hazel switches to drive home their geese. A name of glory and woe was attached to every copse and hollow, and to each gray steeple above the village roofs.

Troy listened, his heart beating higher at each exploit, till he forgot the horror of war and thought only of its splendors. Oh, to have been there too! To have had even the smallest share in those great hours! To be able to say, as this young man could say: "Yes, I was in the battle of the Marne"; to be able to break off, and step back a yard or two, correcting oneself critically: "No—it was here the general stood when I told him our batteries had got through"; or "This is the very spot where the first seventy-five was trained on the valley. I can see the swaths it cut in the Bavarians as they swarmed up at us a third and fourth time."

Troy suddenly remembered a bit of Henry the Fifth that M. Gantier had been fond of quoting:

And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us.

Ah, yes—ah, yes—to have been in the battle of the Marne!

On the way back, below the crest of the hill, the motor stopped at the village church and the officer jumped down.

"Some of our men are buried here," he said.

Mrs. Belknap, with a murmur of sympathy, caught up the bunch of roses she had gathered in the ravaged garden of the château, and they picked their way among the smashed and slanting stones of the cemetery to a corner behind the church where wooden crosses marked a row of fresh graves. Half-faded flowers in bottles were thrust into the loose earth, and a few tin wreaths hung on the arms of the crosses.

Some of the graves bore only the date of the battle, with *Pour la France* or *Priez pour lui;* but on others names and numbers had been roughly burnt into the crosses.

Suddenly Troy stopped short with a cry.

"What is it?" his mother asked.

She had walked ahead of him to the parapet overhanging the valley, and forgetting her roses she leaned against the low cemetery wall while the officer took up his story.

Troy made no answer. Mrs. Belknap stood with her back to him, and he did not ask her to turn. He did not want her, or anyone else, to read the name he had just read; of a sudden there had been revealed to him the deep secretiveness of sorrow. But he stole up to her and drew the flowers from her hand while she continued with vague inattentive murmurs to follow the officer's explanations. She took no notice of Troy, and he went back to the grave and laid the roses on it.

And Beside the Carts Walked Lines of Haggard People—Old Men and Women With Vacant Faces, Mothers Hugging Hungry Babies, and Children Limping After Them With Heavy Bundles

On the cross he had read: "September 8, 1914. Paul Gantier, ——th Chasseurs à pied."

"Oh, poor fellows—poor fellows! Yes, that's right, Troy; put the roses on their graves," Mrs. Belknap assented approvingly as she picked her way back to the motor.

IV

THE tenth of November came, and they sailed.

The week in the steamer was intolerable, not only because they were packed like herrings and Troy, who had never known discomfort before, had to share his narrow cabin with two young German-Americans full of open brag about the Fatherland, but also because of the same eternally renewed anecdotes among the genuine Americans about the perils and discomforts they had undergone, and the general disturbance of their plans.

Most of the passengers were in ardent sympathy with the Allies and hung anxiously on the meager wirelesses; but a flat-faced professor with lank hair, having announced that there were two sides to every case, immediately raised up a following of unnoticed ladies who couldn't believe all that was said of the Germans, and hoped that America would never be drawn in; while even among the right-minded there subsisted a vague feeling that war was an avoidable thing which one had only to reprobate enough to prevent its recurrence.

They found New York—Mrs. Belknap's New York—buzzing with war charities yet apparently unaware of the war. That at least was Troy's impression during the twenty-four hours before he was packed off to school to catch up with his interrupted studies.

At school he heard the same incessant war talk and found the same fundamental unawareness of the meaning of the war. At first the boys were very keen to hear his story, but he described what he had seen so often—and especially his haunting impressions of the Marne—that they named him "Marny Belknap."

The masters were mostly frankly for the Allies, but the rector had given out that neutrality was the attitude approved by the Government, and therefore a patriotic duty; and one Sunday after chapel he gave a little talk to explain why the President thought it right to try to keep his people out of the dreadful struggle. The words duty and responsibility and fortunate privilege recurred often in this address, and it struck Troy as odd that the lesson of the day happened to be the story of the Good Samaritan.

When he went home for the Christmas holidays everybody was sending toys and sugar plums to the Belgian war orphans, with little notes from "Happy American children" requesting to have their gifts acknowledged.

"It makes us so happy to help!" beaming young women declared with a kind of ghoulish glee, doing up parcels, planning war tableaux and charity dances, rushing to propaganda lectures given by handsome French officers and keeping up a kind of continuous picnic on the ruins of civilization.

Mr. and Mrs. Belknap had inevitably been affected by the surrounding atmosphere.

"The tragedy of it—the tragedy!—no one can tell who hasn't seen it and been through it," Mrs. Belknap would begin, looking down her long dinner table between the orchids and the candelabra; and the pretty women and prosperous men would interrupt their talk and listen for a moment, half absently, with spurts of easy indignation that faded out again as they heard the story oftener.

After all, Mrs. Belknap wasn't the only person who had seen a battlefield! Lots and lots more were pouring home all the time with fresh tales of tragedy; the Marne had become, in a way, an old story. People wanted something newer.

And then, why hadn't Joffre followed up the offensive? The Germans were wonderful soldiers, after all. . . . Yes, but such beasts; sheer devils. Here was Mr. So-and-So, just back from Belgium—such horrible stories—really unrepeatable!

"Don't you want to come and hear them, my dear? Dine with us to-morrow; he's promised to come unless he's summoned to Washington. But do come, anyhow; the Jim Cottages are going to dance after dinner."

In time Mrs. Belknap, finding herself hopelessly outstoried, outcharitied, outadventured, began insensibly to take a calmer and more distant view of the war. What was the use of trying to keep up her own enthusiasm when that of her audience had flagged? Wherever she went she was sure to meet other ladies who had arrived from France much more recently and had done and seen much more than she had. One after another she saw them received with the same eagerness.

"Of course we all know about the marvelous things you've been doing in France—your wonderful war work!"

Then, like herself, they were superseded by some later arrival, who had been nearer the Front, or had raised more money, or had had an audience with the Queen of the Belgians, or an autograph letter from Lord Kitchener. No one was listened to for long, and the most eagerly sought-for were like the figures in a movie show, forever breathlessly whisking past to make way for others.

Mr. Belknap had always been less eloquent about the war than his wife; but somehow Troy had fancied he felt it more deeply. Gradually, however, he, too, seemed to accept the situation as a matter of course, and Troy, coming home for the Easter holidays, found at the family table a large sonorous personage—a senator, just back from Europe—who, after rolling out vague praises of France and England, insidiously began to hint that it was a pity to see such wasted heroism, such suicidal determination on the part of the Allies to resist all offers of peace from an enemy so obviously their superior.

"She wouldn't be if America came in!" Troy blurted out, reddening at the sound of his voice.

"America?" someone playfully interjected; and the senator laughed and said something about geographical immunity.

(Continued on Page 74)

DECORATED

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al yesterday was April Fool and you ought to seen what I pulled on 1 of the boys Johnny Alcock and it was a screen and some of the boys is still laughing over it yet but he is 1 of the kind that he can't see a joke at their own expenses and he swelled up like a poison pup and now he is talking about he will get even with me, but the bird that gets even with me will half to get up a long time before reveiry eh Al.

Well Al I will tell you what I pulled on him and I bet you will bust your sides. Well it seems like Johnny has got a girl in his home town Riverside, Ill. near Chi and that is he don't know if he has got her or not because him and another bird was both makeing a play for her, but before he come away she told him to not worry, but the other bird got himself excused out of the draft with a cold sore or something and is still there in the old town yet where he can go and call on her every night and she is libel to figure that maybe she better marry him so as she can have some of her evenings to herself and any way she might as well of told Johnny to not scratch himself over here as to not worry because for some reason another the gal didn't write to him last month at lease he didn't get no letters and maybe they got lost or she had writers cramps or something but any way every time the mail come and nothing for him he looked like he had been caught off second base.

Well the day before yesterday he was reading 1 of the letters he got from this baby 5 or 6 wks. ago on acct. of not haveing nothing better to read and he left the envelope lay on the floor and I was going to hand it back to him but I happened to think that yesterday would be April Fool so I kept a hold of the envelope and I got a peace of paper and wrote April Fool on it and stuck it in the envelope and fixed it up so as it would look like a new letter and I handed it to him yesterday like it was mail that had only just came for him and you ought to see him when he tore it open and didn't find nothing only April Fool in it. At first he couldn't say nothing but finely he says "That's some comedy Keefe. You ought to be a end man in the stretcher bearers minstrels" and he didn't crack a smile so I said "What's the matter with you can't you take a joke?" So he said "What I would like to take is a crack at your jaw." So I said "Well it's to bad your arms is both paralyzed." Well Al they's nothing the matter with his arms and I was just kidding him because as far as him hitting anybody is conserned I was just as safe as the gen. staff because he ain't much bigger than a cootie and for him to reach my jaw he would half to join the aviation.

Well of course he didn't start nothing but just said he would get back at me if it took him till the duration of the war and I told some of the other boys about putting it over on him and they couldn't hardly help from smileing but he acts like a baby and don't speak to me and I suppose maybe he thinks that makes me feel bad but I got to be 25 yrs. old before I ever seen him and if his head was blowed off tomorrow A.M. I would try and show up for my 3 meals a day if you could call them that.

But speaking about April Fool Al I just stopped writeing to try and light a cigarette with 1 of these here French matchs and every one of them is a April Fool and I guess the parents of the kids over here don't never half to worry about them smokeing to young because even if they had a box of cigarettes hid in their cradle they would be of age before they would run across a match that lit and I wouldn't be scared to give little Al a bunch and turn him loose in a bbl. of gasoline.

Well Al I suppose you been reading in the papers about the Dutchmens starting a drive va. the English up in the northren part of the section and at first it looked like the English was going to leave them walk into the Gulf Stream and scald themself to death but now it seems like we have got them slowed up at lease that's the dope we get here but for all the news we get a hold of we might as well of jumped to the codfish league on the way over and once in a wile some of the boys gets a U. S. paper a mo. old but they hog onto it and don't leave nobody else see it but as far as I am conserned they can keep it because I haven't no time to waist reading about the Frisco fair or the Federal League has blowed up and etc. And of course they's plenty of newspapers from Paris but all printed in la la la so as every time you come to a word you half to rumage through the dictionary and even when you run it down its libel to mean 20 different articles and by the time you figured out whether they are talking about a st. car or a hot bath or a raisin or what and the he-ll they are talking about they wouldn't be no more news to it then the bible and it looks to me Al like it would be a good idear if you was to drop me a post card when the war is over so as I can tell Capt. Seeley or he will still be running us ragged to get in shape a couple yrs. after the last of the Dutchmens lays molting in the grave.

Jokeing to 1 side Al you probably know what's going on a long wile before we do and the only chance we would have to know how a battle come out would be if we was in it and they's no chance of that unless they send us up to the northern part of the section to help out because Van Hindenburg must have something under his hat besides bristles and he ain't a sucker enough to start driveing vs. the front that we are behind it unless he is so homesick that he can't stand it no longer in France. Your pal, JACK

Maybe I Will Half to Let My Mustache Grow So as They Will Think Maybe I am a Dutchman

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 6.

FRIEND AL: Well Al 1 of the Chi newspapers is getting out a paper in Paris and printed in English and I just seen a copy of it where the Allys has finely got wise to themself and made 1 man gen. of all the Allys and it was a sucker play to not do that long ago only it looks to me like they pulled another boner by makeing a Frenchman the gen. and I suppose they done it for a complement to the Frenchmens on acct. of the war being here, but even suppose this here Foch is a smart gen. and use his brains and etc. it looks to me like it would of been a whole lot better to of picked out a man that can speak English because suppose we was all in a big battle or something and he wanted we should go over the top and if he said it in French why most of the boys hasn't made no attempts to master the language and as far as they was conserned he might as well be telling them to wash their neck. Or else they would half to be interpeters to translate it out in English what he was getting at and by the time he give the orders to fire and the interpeter looked it up and seen what it meant in English and then tell us about it the Dutchmens would be putting peep holes through us with a bayonet and besides the French word for fire in English is feu in French and you say it like it was few and if Gen. Foch yelled few we might think he was complaining of the heat.

And He Read it and When He Got Through He Says "Well it Looks Suspicious All Right"

But at that its better to have 1 man running it even a Frenchman then a lot of different gens. telling us to do this in that and the other thing every one of them different and suppose they done that in baseball Al and a club had 3 or 4 mgrs. and suppose for inst. it come up to the 9th. inning and we needed some runs and it was Benz's turn to hit and 1 mgr. would tell him to go up and hit for himself and another mgr. would tell Murphy to go up and hit for him and another mgr. would send Risberg up and another would send Russell and the next thing you know they would be 2 of them swinging from 1 side of the plate and 2 from the other side and probably busting each other in the bean with their bats but you take most bird's beans and what would break would be Mr. Bat. But its the same in war like in baseball and you got to have 1 man running it. With a lot of different gens. in command, 1 of them might tell the men to charge while another was telling them to pay cash.

Jokeing to 1 side Al some of our boys have overtook a section up along the Moose river and I wouldn't dast write about it only its been printed in the papers all ready so I am not giveing away no secrets to the Dutchmens. At lease they don't mind us writeing something that's came out in the papers though as far as I can see how would the Dutchmens know it any more if it was in the papers or not, because they ain't so choked with jack over in Germany that they are going to spend it on U. S. papers a mo. old and even when they got them they would half to find somebody that could read English and hadn't been killed for it and it would be like as if I should spend part of my $15 dollars a mo. subscribeing to the Chop Suey Bladder that you would half to lay on your stomach and hold it with your feet to get it right side up and even then it wouldn't mean nothing. But any way the Dutchmens is going to know sooner or later that we are in the war and what's the differents if they meet us at the Moose or the Elks? Jokeing a side Al I guess you won't be supprised to hear how I have picked up in the riffle practice and I knew right along that I couldn't hardly help from being a A No. 1 marksman because a man that had almost perfect control in pitching you might say would be bound to shoot straight when they got the hang of it and don't be supprised if I write you 1 of these days that I been appointed a snipper that sets up in a tree somewheres and picks off the boshs whenever they stick their head up and they call them snippers so pretty soon my name is libel to be Jack Snipe instead of Jack Keefe, but seriously Al I can pick off them targets like they was cherrys or something and maybe I won't half to go in the trenchs at all.

I guess I all ready told you about that little trick I pulled on Johnny Alcock for a April Fool gag and at first he swelled up like a poison pup and wouldn't talk to me and said he wouldn't never rest till he got even. Well he finely got a real letter from the gal back home and she is still waiting for him yet so he feels O. K. again and I and him are on speaking turns again and I am glad to not be scraping with him because I don't never feel right unless I am pals with everybody but they can't nobody stay sore at me very long and even when some of the boys in baseball use to swell up when I pulled 1 of my gags on them it wouldn't last long because I would just smile at them and they would half to smile back and be pals and I always say that if a man can't take a joke he better take acid or something and make a corps out of himself instead of a monkey.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 11.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I don't suppose you knew I was a detective but when it comes to being a dick it looks like I don't half to salute Wm. Burns or Shylock or none of them.

Seriously Al I come onto something today that may turn out to be something big and then again it may not but it looks like it was something big only of course it has got to be kept a secret till I get the goods on a certain bird and I won't pull it till I have got him right and in that way he won't suspect nothing until its to late. But I know you wouldn't breath a word about it and besides it wouldn't hurt nothing if you did because by the time you get this letter the whole thing will be over and this bird to who I refer will probably own a peace of land in France with a 2 ft. frontidge and 6 ft. deep. But you will wonder what am I trying to get at so maybe I better explain myself.

Well Al they's a big bird in our Co. name Geo. Shaffer and that's a German name because look at Schaefer that use to play ball in our league and it was spelt different but they called him Germany and he thought he was funny and use to pull gags on the field but I guess he didn't feel so funny the day Griffith sent him up to hit against me in the pinch 1 day at Washington and if the ball he hit had of went straight out instead of straight up it would of pretty near cleared the infield. But any way this bird Shaffer in our Co. is big enough to have a corporal to himself and they must of spent the first Liberty Loan on his uniform and he hasn't hardly said a word since we been in France and for a wile we figured it was just because he was a crab and

to grouchy to talk, but now I wouldn't be supprised Al if the real reason was on acct. of him being a Dutchman and maybe can't talk English very good. Well I would feel pretty mean to be spying on most of the boys that's been good pals with me, but when a man is a pro German spy himself they's no question of friendship and etc. and whatever I can do to show this bird up I won't hesitate a minute.

Well Al this bird was writeing a letter last night and he didn't have no envelope and he asked me did I have 1 and I said no and he wouldn't of never spoke only to say Gimme but when I told him I didn't have no envelope he started off somewheres to get 1 and he dropped the last page out of the letter he had been writeing and it was laying right there along side of me and of course I wouldn't of paid no tension to it only it was face up so as I couldn't help from seeing it and what I seen wasn't no words like a man would write in a letter but it was a bunch of marks like a x down at the bottom and they was a whole line of them like this

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Well that roused up my suspicions and I guess you know I am not the kind that reads other people's letters even if I don't get none of my own to read but this here letter I kind of felt like they was something funny about it like he was writeing in ciphers or something so I picked the page up and read it through and sure enough they was parts of it in ciphers and if a man didn't have the key you couldn't tell what and the he-ll he was getting at.

Well Al I was still studing the page yet when he come back in and they wasn't nothing for me to do only set on it so as he wouldn't see I had it and he come over and begin looking for it and I asked him had he lost something to throw him off the track and he said yes but he didn't say what it was and that made it all the more suspicious so he finely give up looking and went out again.

Well I have got it put away where he can't get a hold of it because I showed it to Johnny Alcock this A.M. and asked him if it didn't look like something off color and he said yes it did and if he was me he would turn it over to Capt. Seeley but on 2d thoughts he said I better keep it a wile and at the same time keep a eye on Shaffer and get more evidents vs. him and then when I had him dead to rights I could turn the letter and the rest of the evidents over to Capt. Seeley and then I would be sure to get the credit for showing him up.

Well Al I figure this 1 page of his letter is enough or more then enough only of course its best to play safe and keep my eyes pealed and see what comes off and I haven't got time to copy down the whole page Al and besides they's a few sentences that sounds O.K. and I suppose he put them in for a blind but you can't get away from them x marks Al and I will write down a couple other sentences and I bet you will agree that they's something fishy about them and here is the sentences to which I refer:

"In regards to your question I guess I understand O.K. In reply will say yes I. L. Y. more than Y. L. M. Am I right."

"Have you saw D. Give him a ring and tell the old spinort I am W. C. T. U. outside of a little Vin Blank."

Can you make heads or tales out of that Al? I guess not and neither could anybody else except they had the key to it and the best part of it is his name is signed down at the bottom and if he can explain that line of talk he is a wonder but he can't explain it Al and all as he can do is make a clean brest of the whole business and Alcock thinks the same way and Alcock says he wished he had of been the 1 that got a hold of this evidents because whoever turned it over to Capt. Seeley along with what other facts I can get a hold of will just about get a commission in the intelligents dept. and that's the men that looks after the pro German spys Al and gets the dope on them and shows them up and I would probably have my head quarters in Paris and get good money besides my expenses and I would half to pass up the chance to get in the trenchs and fight but they's more ways of fighting then 1 and in this game Al a man has got to go where they send you and where they figure they would do the most good and if my country needs me to track after spys I will sacrifice my own wishs though I would a whole lot rather stay with my pals and fight along side of them and not snoop round Paris fondleing door nobs like a night watchman. But Alcock says he would bet money that is where I will land and he says "You ought to feel right at home in the intelligents dept. like a camel in Lake Erie" and he says the first chance I get I better try and start up a conversation with Shaffer and try and lead him on and that the way they trap them is to ask them a whole lot of questions and see what they have got to say and if you keep fireing questions at them they are bound to get balled up and then its good night.

When a Gal Gets Stuck on You They Will Tell You Everything They Know

Well I don't suppose it seems possible to you stay at homes that they could be such a thing like a pro German spy in the U. S. army and how did he get there and why did they leave him in and etc. Well Al you would be supprised to know how many of them has slipped in and Alcock says that at first it amounted to about 200% but the intelligents officers has been on their sent all the wile and most of them has been nailed and when they get them they shoot them down like a dog and that's what Shaffer will get Al and he is out of luck to be so big because all as the fireing squad would half to do would be look at their compass and see if he was east or west of them and then face their riffle in that direction and let go.

I will write and let you know how things comes along.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 14.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am closeing the net of evidents around Shaffer and I guess I all ready got enough on him to make out a case that he couldn't never wrinkle out of it but Capt. Seeley is away and I can't do nothing till he gets back.

I had my man on the grill today Al and I thought he would be a fox and not criminate himself but I guess I went at him so smooth he didn't never suspect nothing till along towards the finish and then it was to late. I don't remember all that was said but it run along these lines like as follows: In the first place I asked him where he lived and he says Milwaukee Ave. in Chi and I don't know if you know it or not Al but that's a st. where they have got traffic policemens at the corners to blow their whistle once for the Germans to go north and south and twice for them to go east and west. So then I said was he married and he says no; So then I asked him where he was born and he said "What and the he-ll are you the personal officer?" So I laughed it off and said "No but I thought maybe we come from the same part of the country." So he says something about everybody didn't half to come from the country but he wouldn't come out and say where he did come from so then I kind of led around to the war and I made the remark that the German driveup on the north side of France didn't get very far and he says maybe they w a s n ' t through. How was that for a fine line of talk Al and he might as well of said he hoped the Germans wouldn't never be stopped.

Well for a minute I couldn't hardly help from takeing a crack at him but in these kind of matters Al a man has got to keep a hold of themself or they will loose their quarry so I kind of forced a smile and said "Well I guess they would of kept going if they could of." And then he says "Yes but they half to stop every once in a wile to bring up Van Hindenburg." So I had him traped Al and quick is a flash I said "Who told you their plans?" And he says "Oh he-ll my mother in law" and walked away from me.

Well Al it was just like sometimes when they are trying a man for murder and he says he couldn't of did it because he was over to the Elite jazing when it come off and a little wile later the lawyer asks him where did he say he was at when the party was croked and he forgets what he said the 1st. time and says he was out to Lincoln Pk. kidding the bison or something and the lawyer points out to the jury where his storys don't jib and the next thing you know he is dressed up in a hemp collar a couple sizes to small.

And that's the same way I triped Shaffer getting him to say he wasn't married and finely when I have him cornered he busts out about his mother in law. Well Al I don't know of no way to get a mother in law without marrying into one. So I told Alcock tonight what had came off and he says it looked to him like I had a strong case and if he was me he would spill it to Capt. Seeley the minute he gets back. And he said "You lucky stiff you won't never see the inside of a front line trench." So I asked him what he meant and he repeated over again what he said about them takeing me in the intelligents dept. So it looks like I was about through being a doughboy Al and pretty soon I will probably be writeing to you from Paris but I don't suppose I will be able to tell you what I am doing because that's the kind of a job where mum is the word. Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 16.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal don't be supprised if I write you the next time from Paris. I have got a date to see Capt. Seeley tomorrow and Lieut. Mather fixed it up

(Continued on Page 46)

I Must of Hit Something Sharp on the Way Down

Bedford Loses His Business Leg

By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"THE newspapers make me tired," grunted Marshall Bedford as he sat, feet crossed, his twenty-dollar tan shoes balanced precariously on the edge of the waste-basket at the side of his big mahogany desk, reading the Boston morning paper.

"What now?" ventured Potter Haskins from his desk in the corner, where he was busily engaged in opening his chief's mail.

"'Millions made in war profits; manufacturers show inordinate greed,'" read Bedford from the headlines. "They make me weary, always raving about profiteering. Why, if a man makes any money at all in business these days he's profiteering and ought to be in jail, according to the newspapers. I'd like to know how in the name of common sense they think the Government would float the Liberty Loans and raise revenue if business men didn't make lots of money. Just because some of us are long-headed and patriotic enough to see the country's need—why, the bunch of thirty-dollar-a-week-know-it-alls in the newspaper offices sling mud and yell 'Profiteer' all the time."

Throwing the paper into the basket Marshall Bedford, president and eighty-five per cent stockholder of the world-famous Bedford Shoe Corporation—the name is camouflage, as are the names of all the individuals mentioned in this story—turned to the pile of mail which his secretary had just placed on his desk, a massive piece of furniture which was oftener than not half covered with samples of the coming season's new lasts in shoes, both men's and boys', with here and there a dainty piece of feminine footwear from the new Factory G appearing among its masculine neighbors like a graceful little canoe among a fleet of big canal boats and snub-nosed little tugs.

On the top of the pile of mail was a night letter. Bedford frowned slightly as he smoothed it out and read it, then suddenly smiled.

"Ask Mr. Brink to step in, Potter; and tell him to bring the latest production report."

A minute later the door opened and Brink entered and handed his chief the production report.

"Coming up a little more all the time," Bedford mused as he tilted back his chair and ran his forefinger down the neatly typewritten columns of the report covering factories A to F for the month of October, 1917, and the first five days of November.

"Yes," said Brink, one-share secretary of the company and its efficient sales manager; "October averaged well over fifteen thousand pairs a day, not counting Factory G; and the first five days of November, since the new machines have been in operation, we've averaged nearly sixteen thousand pairs a day. Getting better prices now too."

"Yes; if we can get our production up to full sixteen thousand pairs a day and keep it there November will show a bigger profit than any two months together last year."

"Well, we'll need it," said Brink, "for if we have to take any army contracts our profits will begin to show a decline. Only yesterday Evans told me of another factory that is losing its profitable commercial business on account of its army contracts.

"Government orders don't show near the profit, with commercial prices where they are to-day."

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about. Maybe we won't have to take any government business."

"How so?" asked Brink.

For answer Bedford handed him the night letter. Brink glanced at the signature first. It was from the governor:

BOSTON, November 5, 1917.

MR. MARSHALL BEDFORD, President,
The Bedford Shoe Corporation,
Marshalltown, Massachusetts.

Will you take chairmanship of the subcommittee on shoes, of State Council of Defense, dealing with the problems connected with the production of army shoes in the factories of this Commonwealth, particularly with reference to labor and supplies of raw materials for factories working on government contracts? Meeting of all committee chairmen at my office 11 o'clock Thursday morning. Earnestly urge that you serve.

Brink read it and looked puzzled.

"Don't you see?" said Bedford, smiling shrewdly. "If I were chairman of that committee it might not look right for me to be bidding on army shoe contracts."

"Ho ho! I begin to get you!"

"You'll Excuse His Swearin', Won't You, Sir? He Ain't a Bit Profane, Johnny Ain't. He Was Jest So Het Up"

"Great guns!" exclaimed Bedford, glancing at the little gold clock on his desk. "If I'm to make that meeting I'll have to get the nine fifty-seven for Boston. Potter, my car at once."

Four minutes later Bedford sank into the fourteen-inch upholstery of his big gray limousine and was rolled luxuriously to the station, arriving just as the Boston train came rumbling in.

"Call for me at our Boston office at three this afternoon, John, and bring the new car. This one's too bumpy for long rides."

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur.

As the train sped Bostonward Bedford's thoughts were concerned with army shoes. When the Government had asked him to submit samples and prices on army shoes he had of course immediately ordered samples made up on the Munson last. It was hinted in the trade that two manufacturers who were no more anxious to drop any of their profitable commercial business than was he had been guilty of submitting samples to the Quartermaster's Department so poorly made that they were not calculated to pass. The pair of honestly made army shoes on the corner of his desk back in the office testified convincingly that he would stoop to no such unpatriotic expedient. They were Bedford standard all the way through, and were now ready to submit; he was only waiting for a quotation on the leather for these shoes, and that quotation was in the mail. But this invitation from the governor might prove a great business blessing! It would mean extra work, but what of that? Every man had to do his bit.

It was nearly a week after the State House conference that the telephone in Bedford's office rang for the eleventh time that morning. "Mr. Davis calling from Lynn, sir," reported Potter Haskins, answering the phone.

Bedford picked up the instrument on his own desk. "Hello, Davis; what's up now?" That "What's up now?" fairly represented Bedford's state of mind for the past week. Long ago he had discovered that being chairman of the subcommittee on shoes was not merely a nice honorary title that would help to add a little to his prestige and perhaps release him from bidding on army contracts, but that it was a real war job, with a generous touch of Shermanism attached to it.

"What? A little louder, please. . . . You say Caliway & Cox aren't shipping you enough sole leather and you can't keep up deliveries on your government contracts? . . . How much are they sending you?" Bedford picked up a pencil and made some figures on a scratch pad. "All right, I'll get right after them. Sorry you're having so much trouble. Good-by."

"Call Caliway & Cox, Potter," said Bedford irritably; "and get hold of Caliway himself. I've got to have this thing out. These government contracts simply must be given precedence, and these tanners have got to have it put up to them straight."

"Look here, Caliway," spoke Bedford ten minutes later when the head of the Boston leather firm was on the wire; "I've just had another kick about you fellows on slow deliveries on sole leather for army shoes. That's the fourth I've had this week. Now you, and half a dozen other tanners, have got to buck up and come to time on this government stuff or —— What? . . . Then cut some of your customers short on stuff for the commercial trade; the government orders have got to have priority, even if other manufacturing has to be curtailed."

At the other end of the wire in Boston, sitting in his office in the heart of the leather district, Caliway winced. Bedford was an old friend and one of his largest customers, and he knew that he must be considerably worked up to talk so harshly. Evidently as chairman of the subcommittee on shoes Bedford was having his troubles. But wasn't he, Caliway, doing his best? He wanted to help the Government, and he also wanted to take care of his old customers.

"All right," he replied, seeing red for a minute, "if I'm to keep up on deliveries on government stuff I'll have to turn down that order you sent me Wednesday for sole leather for those new fall lasts of yours. I knew I oughtn't to take it, but I was afraid you wouldn't be able to get that quantity any place else, so I thought I'd take a chance and try to take care of you. But I'll mail the order back to you."

"Oh, Caliway, don't say that, for heaven's sake!" Bedford broke in. "Cut somebody else if you have to, but don't cut us. . . . Hold on now. I'll be in Boston to-morrow and I'll run in and have a talk with you."

But Marshall Bedford did not go to Boston the next day. He went that evening, but not for the purpose of seeing Caliway. He went to catch the midnight train for New York in answer to a telegram from Hustis Wiltworth, a dollar-a-year man who was at the head of the shoe-purchasing bureau of the Quartermaster's Department, located in New York. The telegram asked if it would be convenient for Bedford to come down for an important conference. Up until the past few months Wiltworth had been a successful and very prosperous big New York shoe jobber, representing several well-known shoes. He knew the shoe business from sole leather to sales. From the minute he had closed up his jobbing business and taken hold of the bureau it had been run on a strictly business basis. He and his associates had the respect and confidence of the entire industry.

Bedford welcomed the opportunity for a session with Wiltworth, for there was much he wanted to learn about the possible needs of the Quartermaster's Department, for the information of his committee. He was glad, too, to be away from his telephone for a day, for this job of being government clearing house for trouble in the shoe industry of the state was more patriotic than pleasant. And incidentally this would give him an opportunity to explain to Wiltworth why he had not submitted samples and prices on army shoes, though he imagined Wiltworth already realized that it would not be fitting, in the light of his new position.

He put the sample pair of army shoes into his grip before leaving the office; he would take it along and show it to Wiltworth if the occasion presented itself, just as an evidence of his own good faith in planning to quote the Government prior to receiving his appointment.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, after the rest had left, Bedford and Wiltworth sat alone, chatting, in the latter's stuffy little office on the seventh floor of an East Side office building, an office that contrasted rudely with

Wiltworth's large, airy, beautifully furnished front office in a handsome Fourth Avenue office building.

"Now that we have these other matters settled," Wiltworth was saying, "I want to ask how many pairs of army shoes your factories can turn out for us in the first four months of 1918."

After what Wiltworth had told him of the seriousness of the situation and the need for heroic measures, and after catching the big broad-gauge honest spirit of the man before him, Bedford saw matters in a new light, and felt ashamed that he had meant to try to hide behind his committee chairmanship as a pretext for not taking army shoe orders for his factories.

"Well," said Bedford, reaching into his grip for the sample pair, and thanking heaven that he had brought it along, "I want to talk to you about that. How many pairs do you think we ought to make?"

Wiltworth shook his head. "That's for you to say, not for me to dictate," he replied.

Bedford picked up a slip of paper and began figuring. On a pinch he might turn Factory A over to government orders entirely. That would mean dropping, among other good lasts, the high-price army officer's shoe for the retail trade, which was selling wonderfully well and bringing in a tidy profit. But these were war-times.

The average daily output of Factory A was approximately 2000 pairs. That would mean 56,000 pairs a month or 224,000 pairs in four months.

"Well," he announced finally, a feeling of patriotic generosity surging over him, "you can put me down for two hundred and twenty-five thousand pairs between now and April thirtieth, Mr. Wiltworth."

Wiltworth reached for a sheet headed "Production Promises" and entered with his lead pencil on the first blank line: "Bedford Shoe Corporation, April 30, 1918, 225,000 pairs."

"Say," he exclaimed suddenly, a minute later, "can't you stay down overnight and go up home with me for the evening? Mrs. Wiltworth would be delighted to see you, and there are lots more things about this army shoe business that we ought to talk over together."

"All right," agreed Bedford, mentally sweeping aside some plans of his own for the evening. He knew he ought to get all the information he could on the shoe situation to report to his committee. "I'll drop round about five o'clock."

"Better make it six; I never get away before that—my nine-to-four office hours are a thing of the past," laughed Wiltworth.

At six o'clock Bedford called at Wiltworth's office, anticipating a restful ride in the latter's big limousine out to his delightful Westchester County estate. What was his surprise, therefore, when Wiltworth explained to him as they descended in the creaky elevator that he wasn't using his limousine any more, but an "eighty-passenger Interborough"; and as he led the way across to Fourth Avenue to the Subway he explained that he had closed up his big place up in Westchester County and he and his wife were living in a little apartment up in Harlem with one maid. Didn't think it was right to have a retinue of servants when man power, which now meant woman power as well, was so precious; and as for his car, the draft had taken his chauffeur, and he didn't think it patriotic to try to find another one.

This from Wiltworth, of all men! Wiltworth, whose middle name was Luxury, and who was epicurean in everything from hors d'œuvres to Oriental rugs.

As he was squeezed forcibly into a Dyckman Street express Bedford thought guiltily of his own garage full of cars, and their two chauffeurs, his and Mrs. Bedford's.

That evening was a revelation to Bedford. He was astonished to learn, for one thing, that this camping-out business was not exactly a joke, that as a matter of fact Wiltworth was actually forced to economize because his income had practically stopped short. He had swung all of the factories he represented over to army shoes; and Bedford was amazed when Wiltworth told him that he was not taking a cent of commission on the army production of these factories he had represented for so many years. He admitted that he had a perfect right to, morally, but not patriotically.

Another fact that surprised Bedford was that the Quartermaster's Department had to figure on five to seven pairs of shoes per year for every soldier! Why, at that rate it would take enormous production to meet the Army's needs!

Wiltworth told him all he knew—which was much, because of his confidential position—of the War Department's plans to speed up the country's war preparations, and of the real seriousness of the situation. For the first time Bedford began to realize what the war was going to mean to business and to the public. It was plain to be seen that the business man and the private citizen, the ultimate consumer of peacetimes, could receive scant consideration in the face of the imperative requirements of the Army and the Navy.

Bedford left for his hotel shortly before midnight, feeling very sober indeed. One thing was sure, he would devote all his time if necessary to the work of the subcommittee on shoes. His own business could run itself; as a patriotic citizen he would devote himself to his war job.

The next morning Bedford went to Wiltworth's office to sign the contract for the 225,000 pairs of army shoes. When they were seated Wiltworth drew out the Promised Production sheet on which he had entered the Bedford Shoe Corporation's estimate the day before, and calmly asked as he rubbed out the "225,000 pairs," which he had written in lead pencil: "Now, Mr. Bedford, how many pairs of army shoes can I put you down for?"

For half a second Bedford was flabbergasted. He almost gasped. Not so much because of what his friend had asked as because of the matter-of-fact way he had asked it. It was almost uncanny; the man must be a mind reader! Then the shrewd insight that made Marshall Bedford the successful business man that he was asserted itself and he saw in a flash that the diplomacy and finesse which Wiltworth had used with such masterful success as a salesman for his own jobbing business he was now using with equal success for Uncle Sam. He had made no comment on Bedford's 225,000-pair offer the day before; he had merely taken him home with him for a little lesson in patriotism.

Indeed, before midnight Wiltworth's injection had begun to work in Bedford's system, and at three, as he turned over restlessly for the four-billionth time, Factory B of the Bedford Shoe Corporation had been booked for government production dating from December first.

"Double my figure of yesterday," replied Bedford with perfect composure, his training as a gentleman and a business man having won out over his first surprise. "As for the price, I'll have to figure it over again now; I'll let you know in a day or two."

The next morning, back at his desk, after clearing up the accumulated mail and telegrams of the past two days and putting in two solid hours doing telephone truant-officer work as chairman of the subcommittee on shoes, Bedford turned to the task of figuring a price on the army shoes. He had already telephoned Caliway of Caliway & Cox and told him of his need of sole leather for 450,000 pairs of the Munson last, and Caliway had quoted him a good figure and promised prompt deliveries. And he already had prices on upper leather, and everything else necessary. He could actually turn out forty-five hundred pairs a day in the two factories, but four thousand pairs was enough. He had to look out for his own interests a little.

For half an hour he figured. The tanners were giving him a specially close price on leather; there would be no selling expense on this order; they could ship in carload lots. He was surprised to find how low a figure he could quote and still make a fair profit. It figured out $5.76 a pair.

Well, there ought to be a little something extra on such an order. Unusual times ought to make unusual profits. Anyway, they ought to get a few cents a pair to sort of offset the loss of the season's sales on the officer's last and some of their other extra profitable specialties. Call it five cents; that would make the price $5.81, and that was reasonable enough for so good a shoe. He turned

As He Led the Way Across to Fourth Avenue He Explained That He and His Wife Were Living in a Little Apartment Up in Harlem With One Maid

to Potter Haskins and dictated a letter to Wiltworth quoting the price.

As he finished and wadded up the sheet on which he had figured and tossed it into the wastebasket his son, Marshall, Junior, burst into his office.

"Dad, I've enlisted!" he cried proudly.

Bedford was thunderstruck. He had steeled himself to the idea of the boy's going some time, for next year he would be twenty-one and under the draft; but, parentlike, he had kept putting off the thought as long as possible, for his son was but a boy who knew nothing about the grimness of war, and who should not be expected to go until he was called.

"No!" was all he could say, hardly believing his ears.

"Yep! I'm to be in a machine-gun company!"

"In a machine-gun company!" horrified. "What made you enlist in a machine-gun company?"

"Oh, I wanted to be where there would be something doing."

Bedford groaned. "Nonsense, Marsh," he exclaimed with sudden sternness; "I refuse to permit you to enlist yet."

"Too late, dad; I've already done it."

"Marsh, Marsh, what made you do it?" exclaimed the father in deep distress.

"Why, dad, you've got no kick coming. You got me going this morning, telling me about how you'd enlisted Factories A and B that you've spent twelve years building up. If you didn't want me to enlist you oughtn't to have come home from New York all slopping over with patriotism. Why, dad," exclaimed the boy earnestly, "you know you'd expect me to feel ashamed of you if you didn't do just every little thing you could in a business way to help win this war—if you held back a shoe that would help the Government or charged a cent more than you ought to. Well, I'd expect you to feel ashamed of me if I wasn't willing to be as patriotic as my dad. We young fellows who can't help by turning important businesses over to the service of Uncle Sam have got to take guns over there and fight. You furnish the shoes, dad, and I'll furnish the shoots! Got to go home now and break the news to mother. See you at dinner. So long."

And before Bedford could speak the door slammed and his boy had gone.

He sat for four full minutes looking unseeingly at the little gold clock on his desk. A machine-gun company—he wanted to be "where there would be something doing." "You'd expect me to feel ashamed of you . . . if you held back a shoe that would help the Government or charged a cent more than you ought to." A flush of shame spread over Bedford's face and heart. He had been patting himself on the back for his patriotism, when as a matter of fact, judging by his own son's standard, he was a slacker and a profiteer!

He fumbled in the wastebasket and drew out the sheet on which he had so recently figured the price on the army shoe. Smoothing it out he looked at it. What right had the Bedford Shoe Corporation to that extra five cents a pair? And why shouldn't he give the Army the complete output of Factories A and B?

He Paused, Then Turned and Pointed to a Little Cigar Store Two Doors From the Corner

"Potter," he said suddenly, "I've made a mistake of five cents a pair in that letter to Mr. Wiltworth. It figures $5.76 instead of $5.81. And tell Mr. Wiltworth that we figure on turning out five hundred pairs a day more than I mentioned to him."

And Marshall Bedford locked his desk and went home to see his boy and stand by the boy's mother.

II

ON SUNDAY, January twenty-seventh, the midnight train out of New York for Washington carried a restless passenger in Upper Twelve, Car Four. Climbing into his berth at eleven o'clock, Marshall Bedford had squirmed awkwardly out of his clothes, crawled between the sheets, turned his back resolutely to the aisle and tried to go to sleep. But sleep was not to be coaxed to his wide-awake eyes. Whether it was the unaccustomed altitude of his berth that bothered his lower-berth sensibilities, or the glare from the aisle lights, or the evening spent with Hustis Wiltworth that kept him awake Bedford could not tell at first. But when he found himself admitting grudgingly that an upper berth was after all a trifle more springy and comfortable and airy than a lower, and after the porter had turned out the lights, then Bedford knew that it was the session with Wiltworth that was responsible for his wakefulness.

He had met the latter at his club and they had dined together and then sat for three hours discussing army shoes. He had expected to receive warm commendation from Wiltworth for his patriotic action in turning the complete production capacity of Factory B as well as Factory A over to army shoes. And Wiltworth certainly had thanked him. But one sentence stuck in Bedford's mind: "Our bureau is leaving it largely to the individual manufacturer to decide how patriotic he wants to be in this matter of turning over his facilities to the Government."

It was not the sentence itself as Bedford analyzed it, lying there in his berth, but the way Wiltworth had said it, that made it stick in his mind. Somehow it had almost sounded as though Wiltworth did not think the Bedford Shoe Corporation was doing enough!

The sentence revolved and revolved in Bedford's brain. A man of clear concise thought, he did not often let his mind get thus muddled up with a chance sentence. Was it the expression in Wiltworth's big gray eyes or the inflection of the words "how patriotic" that had left the peculiarly disconcerting impression?

"How patriotic"—why there was only one degree of patriotism possible. Could it be that Wiltworth really felt that the Bedford Shoe Corporation should take over an even larger chunk of the army-shoe manufacturing?

(Continued on Page 97)

SAVING AND SERVING

By Floyd W. Parsons

THERE is no doubt that all of America is awake and that the whole nation is in the war with both feet. The chief questions to-day are: To what degree are we willing to carry our individual sacrifices? How great is the personal responsibility we each propose to assume? The fellow in Europe who upset the hive is going to get blessed well stung. But the speed of victory depends on the size and force of our collective effort. This is a time when danger and indifference grow on one stalk. Down in Washington are famous college presidents and great captains of industry working for the Government day and night without thought of recompense. These men need no urging, for war to them is real indeed since their sons are on the battle front in France and they are determined that their boys shall not outdo them in patriotic service. Nor is it necessary to preach duty to the housewife whose husband has gone across, or to the old coal miner who, though retired, has given up his well-earned chair and pipe to go back underground and mine coal to make shells for his grandson Jack to shoot at the Huns.

Not one American in a hundred to-day is inactive through desire, but to many the war is so very distant. These are the ones who kick for more sugar, damn the bread, criticize the coal companies and curse the railroads. If the majority of our citizens were of this species we should be about as safe as a cathedral in Belgium, and soon the Teutons would make our eastern coast look like Resurrection Day. It is all very well to commence slowly, for delay is better than disaster; but there is a time to execute as well as deliberate, and the hour has come for us to strike with all the vigor we possess. This is an era when our existence is not measured by figures on a calendar but by epochs made up of deeds. We must keep the needle of our purpose pointing steadily to a single resolve, and we must be ever on the alert to show the industrial slackers and the people who insist on living in the normal pre-war fashion that as citizens and friends they are about as welcome as a gas attack. Deeds are the fruits; words only the leaves. It is the empty vessel and the wagon without a load that make the most noise.

The men appointed to direct our war work are coming to realize full well that only through establishing confidence can they gain the complete trust and the resulting maximum cooperation of the people. Ulcers that are hidden cannot be handily cured, and it is a part of our democratic plan to air our mistakes to the rim of high heaven. But not all of our achievements have been in error, and I want to tell something of a few things that have been accomplished.

Good savers are good servers, and the months of labor of the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board in Washington bears out the truth of this thought. Surprising results have been attained along lines of economy in the consumption of wool, leather, tin, paint, rubber, steel, furniture, hardware and agricultural implements. The accomplishments up to date are all the more creditable when we bear in mind that in most industries it is impossible to effect savings through radical changes without giving the people engaged in the business several months' notice concerning the proposed new restrictions.

Let us briefly survey the wool situation. It is estimated that the Army, Navy and Red Cross requirements for the next twelve months will be 900,000,000 pounds of wool, while this country's annual production will total less than 300,000,000 pounds. In the face of such a situation it is unlikely any considerable quantity of wool will be available for civilian uses in future months. Australia, South America—particularly Argentina—and South Africa will furnish us with the larger part of the wool we consume, and it is evident that every pound we save is likewise a pound of shipping saved.

The average soldier uses sixty-five pounds of wool a year; the average civilian, five pounds. With only 3,000,000 men under arms, therefore, we create immediately an additional requirement of 180,000,000 pounds. Both men and women will have to wear plainer clothes and only styles that are economical in yardage. Next year there will be only ten styles of men's sack suits—that is, each manufacturer will have to limit his output to ten styles, which compares with a production by individual firms of thirty to forty styles for men heretofore. In the past there were twenty-two styles of boys' suits, but from now on there will be but three. These restrictions will save much wool in the matter of samples and the consequent reduction in dealers' stocks, but the greater economy will come from cutting out features such as belts, flaps, pleats, cuffs, patch pockets, double-breasted sack coats and vests and detachable linings in all double coats. Only one vent will be allowed in the skirt of a coat, and the length will be limited to thirty inches based on a thirty-six size. Coat facings are not to exceed four and one-half inches in width, and waistcoat facings shall not be more than one and three-quarter inches wide. Side and back straps and flaps are to be eliminated from trousers, and in overcoats there will be savings from cutting out all double-breasted models and from reducing the length.

Surprising economies have been effected through reducing the size of the swatches, or samples, that the salesmen carry. These samples have been cut down to a six-by-nine-inch size, and the saving therefrom will average better

than twenty per cent, or 450,000 yards of cloth. Through all branches of the clothing industry the saving for twelve months from current regulations is placed at three million yards of cloth.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of recent developments in wool conservation is the design of a cotton blanket that may be substituted for the more common wool blanket in military and civilian use. One-quarter-inch cotton blankets are now being made that are as warm as one-quarter-inch wool blankets. The former are close woven with a thick nap. Certain styles of cotton blankets are now actually warmer than the woolen products. Careful tests have shown that if we rate a five-pound all-wool blanket at 100, these special designs of cotton blankets will run 126 in heat-retaining qualities. The United States Bureau of Standards in connection with certain manufacturers is endeavoring to perfect a cloth that will contain certain percentages of virgin wool, cotton and reworked wool, and that will possess wearing qualities and give a desirable appearance

Though it is true that our climate does not permit us to grow the highest grade of wool, the industry can and should be materially enlarged. Eighty-four per cent of the farms in the United States have no sheep, while it is a fact that these valuable animals can be raised profitably on almost any kind of farm in the ratio of one sheep to every three acres, without interfering with other livestock or agricultural products. Basing our estimates on present values sheep can be raised more economically than any other kind of livestock. They can subsist largely on forage, weeds and grass, and they eat almost nothing that has value as human food. Labor requirements are also less. One thing is sure—we cannot have much wool for civilian uses unless civilians get busy and raise it.

Cotton Substitutes

WE ALSO have a problem facing us in the matter of a sufficient supply of cotton. The crop in the South will be large, but the enormous production hoped for in Texas has met with disaster Economy in cotton consumption, therefore, must be stringent. The war has developed many uses for cotton that are new. Formerly linen was used exclusively for airplane wings because it did not rip when punctured by a bullet; but the world's supply of flax, from which linen was made, came principally from Belgium, and when Germany captured these fields other nations had to look for a linen substitute. The solution of the problem was realized through the production of a mercerized cotton fabric which possesses the favorable linen characteristics without its brittleness. The cotton industry has rendered the nation a further service by developing a special cloth which makes an excellent substitute for the rubber gas masks and rubber coats so necessary to the Army.

In order to show the extent to which cotton is employed for war purposes it is only necessary to state that the Navy recently ordered 200,000,000 yards of cotton gauze for surgical purposes. This yardage would reach from Washington to the battle front in France and back seventeen times, or lap the earth four times with a good margin left over. A second order of the Navy called for 85,000,000 yards of blue and brown denims, which alone is equal to one-third the total annual productive capacity for this cloth in the United States. During this past summer the various branches of the military service purchased nearly 30,000,000 pieces of summer underwear and upward of 14,000,000 pairs of cotton socks, not to mention large quantities of other articles composed wholly or in part of cotton.

Not everyone knows that cotton is a very important war essential entirely aside from its uses in the manufacture of cloth and oil. It is the short fuzz on the cotton seeds that is treated and given a bath in a mixture of acids and thus converted into nitro cotton—a most important ingredient of explosives. All of the smokeless powders used by the Army and Navy are dissolved cotton, while this same product in another form is the basis of the films for still and moving pictures. The surgeon and scientist find abundant use for the cotton product collodion, in sealing wounds and preparing laboratory materials. Even that annoying corn on our little toe is treated with a cotton solution, while the dainty toilet articles on milady's dresser that so resemble ivory are manufactured from this same wonderful product. It is helping us bridge over the shortage in leather through providing us with a substitute, and is earning a high place on the roster of human necessities.

This wider employment of cotton, however, renders it advisable that we seek all possible substitutes, and considerable progress has been made along such lines of relief. Paraffin paper is now being offered as a substitute for gauze and has proved especially valuable in the treatment of burns. Chemists have also developed a successful wood-pulp absorbent resembling cotton for surgical dressings. An important discovery by a Japanese in California has to do with the production of an excellent substitute for cotton from two kinds of seaweed. They are boiled together in water with wood ashes and then in water mixed with rice bran. The material is then bleached and fibers suitable for manufacture into textiles are extracted. Since the supply of seaweed is practically inexhaustible such a process if refined and put into commercial practice would help materially in relieving a strained situation.

A Traveling Anti-Waste Exhibit in a Large Manufacturing Plant Where Thousands are Employed

Every Effort is Being Made to Devise Machines That Will Produce More Coal With Fewer Men. Here is a Mechanical Device That Mines the Coal and Conveys it to the Car

If All the Cotton Produced in America Were Properly Subjected to High-Density Baling, Dozens of Ships and Thousands of Cars Would be Released for Other War Supplies. These Bales Weigh Practically the Same

Economies in Steel

IN CONSERVING the nation's supply of steel the Government is working along extremely sane lines. Investigations have been made of all sources of consumption, and curtailments have been ordered in such a way that the greater savings will come from eliminating waste due largely to varied tastes. The more we study our national industrial situation the more evident it becomes that most of our extravagances, as well as our discontents, rise from humoring our desires rather than from satisfying our wants.

Take our agricultural industry. Here it has been found possible to cut out more than 2000 sizes and types of farming implements, exclusive of rakes, harrows, harvesting machines, and so on. This reduction will leave 600 types for present and future use. In the matter of buggies and spring wagons a ninety-five per cent reduction in types has been ordered. This will leave one style of buggy and two styles of spring wagons. In farm wagons there will be only one-fifth as many styles and but one standard tread. There have been 287 sizes and types of auto tires, which are now cut to thirty-three and will be cut to nine in two years. There were approximately 550 types of metal beds; in the future there will be only thirty.

It is considered certain that such reductions in variety will bring about a material saving in steel. It is further believed that the adoption of these and similar schedules will reduce the amount of material in stock, and decrease the capital tied up by the manufacturer and dealer. There will also be savings from making fewer parts, for it takes time to change the rolls. The manufacturer can profitably melt down some of these same rolls, for they are made of a grade of steel that is much needed in war work.

Material savings are being effected in a number of industries where the average layman would naturally anticipate very slight opportunities for worth-while economies. For instance, in the manufacture of women's corsets the consumption of steel totals 15,000 tons annually. Some saving is possible here, but expert opinion brought forth the fact that these steel corsets are quite essential to many women, especially those engaged in various forms of physical labor. It is expected that several thousand tons of steel will be saved by curtailments in the manufacture of caskets and by regulations covering the design and production of stoves and furnaces. A considerable economy will result from reducing the height of metal beds and from eliminating many ideas embodied in their manufacture, based on nothing more substantial than ornamental fancy. In the

Continued on Page 50

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

TO SAY that either one of them was actually light-headed on that sultry afternoon when they sat in the shade of a great tree in the château garden and, with me as listener, conversed upon the character of woman, would perhaps be to overstate, though certainly they were not normal. As for myself, having been wounded at Bois Fleury five weeks before, I was much further advanced toward recovery than they; for though our cases were similar, both of them had fallen in the more recent fighting about Montigny Wood. It was, indeed, the similarity of our cases that brought us together. Being fractured legs—and in the case of the major an elbow too—we had been evacuated from base hospitals to this modernized fifteenth-century palace on the Loire, where Doctor Bronson, the great Iowa orthopedist, with his staff, has been miraculously mending men since the winter of 1915–16.

I was enjoying my second week out-of-doors in a wheel chair; the two others, very thin and with hospital pallor showing curiously beneath the remnants of battle-field bronze, were out for the first time. None of us had met before, nor did we so much as know one another's names; in the early process of recuperation one doesn't care what people's names are; one lies or sits, as the case may be, and wonders how long it will be before one gets about again, and whether one will be as good as new when healed; and one dreams of getting back to the Front if recovery means that, or of getting back home if it does not. And of course there is inevitably a woman about whom one thinks and would like to talk.

Over here in France nostalgia troubles us enough when we are well; we are constantly endeavoring to become intimate enough with this comrade or that to warrant talking about "her" and showing "her" picture; but whereas when we are strong our activities and such natural reserve as we may have and the consciousness that every other soldier, from private to general, has a girl to talk about, combine to repress our expansive instincts, it is different when we are casualties. Then we are idle, bored, impatient, weak. We want a listener, nor do we greatly care who he may be or whether he listens out of interest, courtesy, pity or because he cannot get away. What we crave is the sound of our own voice mentioning familiar places and people; for all our thinking of them does not conjure them half so close as talking brings them.

"The Platitude Notes, Heard Too Regularly, Became a Whine"

The captain and I, deposited by our Red Cross nurses under the great tree's spreading branches, had begun to get acquainted. He was a man of about thirty years, spoke with the accent of the South, and had large blue eyes, earnest and ingenuous, like those of a solemn child. I was becoming conscious of an effort on his part, at once amusing and pathetic, so to direct the conversation that presently he could speak of the woman who was on his mind, when a pretty blond nurse wheeled the major up, and without so much as by-your-leave made him a member of our group, saying "Now you three can visit for a while."

The newcomer was a handsome aquiline man, nearer forty than thirty, with a calm, intelligent, humorous dark eye and an air of breeding and sophistication.

"I hope you don't object to my joining you, gentlemen?" he asked as the pretty nurse took her way back along the gravel walk toward the lace-carved limestone portal of the château. His eyes, following the graceful receding figure, held the shadow of a quizzical smile as he added: "My nurse didn't give you much choice in the matter."

We assured him he was welcome. I observed that the captain also looked after the nurse, but with a wistful expression.

"She's beautiful!" he murmured.

"Yes," replied the major; "and beautiful women generally know that they can do with us as they will. No doubt that is why she failed to consult you before depositing me here."

"I wasn't thinking of that," replied the captain, still looking up the walk over which the nurse had passed. "I was thinking she looked a little like a girl I know at home."

"Then," said the major, "you know a mighty pretty girl at home."

"She's more than that," said the captain. "She's like an angel."

The major nodded. "It's the angel type," he said—"the golden-haired, calla-lily sort of girl, with eyes in which a tender look can be turned on at will."

"Rather," corrected the captain, "in which a tender look resides because a tender soul looks out through the eyes. It is their expression that makes such women look angelic, and it must be the touch of real angel in them that makes the expression."

"That at least is what they wish us to think," the major said.

"But don't you think so?"

"Why not consider pretty women simply as pretty women?" asked the major in reply. "What is the use in confusing them with angels? What do we know about angels, anyway? Even less than we know about women. And if we start mixing up the two in our minds doesn't that muddle us all the more? I prefer to consider women as human beings with foibles and frailties corresponding to those of men. A lot of the trouble in this world comes from the fact that men won't do that. They won't accept woman as an equal—or an inferior—but are determined to set her up as something to be worshiped. They are always ready to construct, upon the foundation of mere physical beauty, a shimmering superhuman structure which they proclaim to be her character, but which as a matter of fact has no existence save in the masculine imagination. Woman knows that she is human, but she is flattered by such nonsense and therefore encourages man in his delusions."

The captain was gazing at the major with a look between astonishment and horror.

"But surely, sir," he exclaimed, "you wouldn't say that a woman who looks like an angel and whose every action bears out the ——"

"I'm generalizing, of course," said the other.

"But don't you believe that physiognomy almost invariably reflects character?"

"In men—yes," the major replied. "A man of peculiar intellectuality, integrity, force, daring, or what not, usually carries in his face the signs of his outstanding trait. We see that in the service, over here. But with women it is different. Some of the best women in the world haven't a sign of beauty or even of expression. Likewise many women with bad faces possess admirable traits. Sheer beauty indicates little or nothing. One of the prettiest women I ever saw was a murderess—one of those murderesses who can't be convicted and who, after the trial, draw large salaries in vaudeville. Another was a showgirl with the face of an angel, the figure of a bacchante, and the principles of a Neapolitan *camorrista*. All my experience indicates that whereas a man's face is revealing, a woman's is concealing; that great beauty in a woman blinds men as automobile headlights blind small animals. Perhaps a rabbit thinks an automobile is an angel—until it hits him. Who knows? Aside from the pleasure it affords the eye, beauty is nothing but a danger signal. Nor is that an offhand conclusion. As a matter of fact I am here—a more or less shattered soldier—because of the most angelic-looking woman I have ever seen."

"But so am I!" the captain exclaimed.

The major smiled. "I'm here," he said, "to get away from her."

The captain stared.

"But," he cried, "I can't —— That is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of!"

"In what respect?" inquired the other.

"Why, that one of us should—and that the other—that our experiences must have been so utterly unlike!"

"She made you happy?"

"No," returned the captain after a moment's hesitation, "she didn't."

"They seldom do."

"But it wasn't her fault," the captain put in quickly. "She made a sacrifice requiring the greatest nobility of character—the greatest self-abnegation." He was gazing out across the garden and there was a remote look in his eyes, as though he saw a vision of her there amid the flowers and the swimming sunlight.

For a time we were silent, each of us dwelling with his own thoughts.

"I judge from your speech," said the major to the captain presently, "that you are from the South?"

"Yes," replied the latter, still gazing at the garden; "Atlanta."

"I don't know the South. Are you by any chance acquainted with New England?"

"Not at all."

"I come from Boston."

"I'm a Californian," I said in reply to a look of interrogation from the major. "I never was east of the Rockies until I came on with my unit, to sail."

"Good," he said. "We don't know one another or one another's habitat; I haven't heard your names and you probably haven't heard mine. Moreover, one of you is an engineer and the other a medical man, while I'm an infantryman due to go home pretty soon with a worthless elbow. The chances are we'll never meet again after we leave here. We are, in effect, Canterbury pilgrims. Well, then, suppose we make our present situation count for something.

"What do you say to throwing the conventions overboard and telling our respective stories instead of talking abstractions all round them?"

The captain looked interested.

"It will entertain us," pursued the major, "and will do no one any harm, since it is practically impossible that any one of us might know the ladies figuring in the tales related by the others."

"I must admit," the captain said, "that I have the greatest curiosity to hear the story that accounts for such conclusions as you have expressed."

"And I," the major returned with a little smile, "should like to hear about the lady who not only looked an angel

but proved to be one. Who knows but she may restore my faith in the type?"

"I should like to hear both," I declared, "though I can offer nothing in return. I'm engaged to a dark-eyed girl with freckles; she is stockily built, untemperamental, and has an overdeveloped right arm and a hideous collection of silver cups which she has won at tennis. She's just a comfortable kind of girl with no story to her. If I get home we shall marry, settle on a ranch, play tennis, ride good horses and raise a family of freckled children—at least I hope they'll be freckled."

"Great!" said the captain.

"Yes," agreed the major. "Long may you play doubles. We'll chalk you up as having told your story." Then, to the captain: "And now may we have yours?"

"Any value that there may be in my story," began the captain slowly when we had lighted fresh cigarettes and settled ourselves comfortably, "depends upon a comprehension of the woman I had hoped to marry; and that, unfortunately, is something I can hardly give you. There was a radiance, a glory about her beauty that acted on the senses as glittering sunlight acts upon the eyes. That is not hyperbole. It is fact. Men were dazzled by her, and even women could not debate whether or not she was beautiful. They didn't want to debate it, either, for her beauty had a purely spiritual quality that made everybody love her. Yet she was perfectly unconscious of the stupendous effect that she created.

"Her hair was the color of pure old gold—not the touched-up imitation, but the real thing—and was piled up in a soft coronal which caught the light in such a way as to suggest a shimmering halo. Her complexion was beyond all art; her features were classic but were lightened by the play of expression over her face, especially about the mouth—which was of the most delightful ductility—and the large, well-separated gray-blue eyes; for there was no phase of feeling, from the greatest tenderness and compassion to the most perfect appreciation of the whimsical, that was a stranger to her or that her mouth and eyes failed to reflect.

"I first saw her at a ball at a winter resort in the South, where she was stopping with her mother. Her praises had already been sung to me, and I was prepared to be disappointed. Then I saw her, and the first thing I thought of was that she looked like an angel out of heaven.

"Something—I do not know what—made me avoid meeting her that evening. I simply took a place where I could watch her, and so far as possible never lost sight of her until about eleven, when she took her mother upstairs. The mother, I learned, was a widow, a semi-invalid, and it was characteristic of the daughter that instead of taking her mother up, leaving her in her room and returning to the ballroom, she did not come back. She was always like that—always a model of devotion.

"That night I knew that there was such a thing as love at first sight—something I had not hitherto believed in." He turned upon the major a look of inquiry mingled with gentle defiance as he added: "Probably *you* don't believe in it now?"

"I have experienced something of the sort myself," the other replied. "I'll tell you of it later."

The admission seemed to encourage the captain.

"I met her next day," he continued, "and thenceforth I hardly knew myself. I should explain that I had always been diffident with women. Southern men, remembering the heroism of their women in the war between the States, are said to have a tendency to exalt the sex, but in my case it was more than that. Shyness with me amounted to an affliction. Yet now, in the presence of the most fascinating woman I had ever known, a woman constantly surrounded by men, I acquired ease and confidence in a degree that actually amazed me. Instead of feeling that I was the least favored of her admirers, I knew, as though she herself had told me so in words, that my chances were of the best. Instead of feeling, as usual, that I was being tolerated, I felt certain, when I had known her but a few weeks, that she cared for me. But perhaps the greatest proof of our extraordinary companionableness lay not so much in what we said to each other as in what we did not say—that is, in the long exquisite silences that fell between us, when we seemed to vibrate to each other's thought. That was the keynote of our relationship—understanding."

"You felt," interrupted the major, who had listened attentively, "not only that she understood you but that you understood her equally well?"

"Oh, yes," said the captain. "She herself said that no one had ever understood her as I did."

"A woman used to tell me that," said the major with a reminiscent smile

"Then you know how wonderful a relationship like that can be," said the captain. "In less than a month we were engaged. We were out sailing on a glorious moonlight night when I told her that I loved her and asked her to be my wife. According to my nature, to common sense, and to everything I had heard of such affairs, I should have been in terror lest she refuse me. But I was not. I was not afraid, but spoke with a kind of exultant confidence. Please believe it wasn't vanity in me. It had nothing to do with vanity. There had been some subtle sort of communication. Our love was understood without the speaking of a word.

"Of her circumstances I knew in a general way that she and her mother lived on an income left to them by her father. The mother was, as I have said, an invalid, and had to be taken here and there for her health. The daughter was at times like a trained nurse to her, and stood ready always to abandon her pleasures at the mother's slightest whim. The old lady was autocratic, high-tempered, exacting, querulous—not at all an agreeable person.

"I had been employed for some years by a firm of constructing engineers and was at this time about to launch out for myself. So far as the prospects for our marriage were concerned, this meant one of two things: Either we might marry soon and scrape along on my small income until I built up a good business, or we might wait and see how the new venture turned out. As the latter course might entail a delay of several years I naturally favored the immediate plunge. I felt that with her as my wife there was no obstacle I could not overcome. She, however, was saner. She pointed out that while a wife might encourage a man, so could the desire to marry encourage him; that whereas a fiancée did not hamper a man, a wife and family very definitely hampered him; and that in justice to us both I ought to be absolutely free and alone to make my fight for success. Moreover, of course her mother would have to live with us, and again there might be children, so that as a married man I should have to shoulder a good deal of additional expense and responsibility.

"I suggested that we discuss the subject with her mother, and though she tried to prevent it I insisted. My memories of my interview with the old lady form the one unpleasant recollection of that entire period. She showed herself a rank materialist, was sarcastic and finally became almost hysterical.

"'How many times must I go through with such nonsense as this?' she cried. 'How can you hope to marry my daughter? What have you to marry on? Answer me that. Nothing but love! That's it! Love! Fiddlesticks! You can't live on love, and much less can she! Look at the opportunities such a girl has. She must make a brilliant match; she knows that as well as I do. She has

There Was a Contented, Almost Relieved Expression on His Face as She Turned His Chair and Began to Wheel it Toward the Doorway

no thought of marrying you—no thought of it, I tell you! Go away! Don't bother me, you moonstruck young man! She's the most extravagant girl alive. Your earnings wouldn't buy her hats!'

"Imagine such an interview! The daughter had been right. I should not have spoken to the mother. I have always been thankful that the daughter was not there to hear the outrageous calumnies her mother heaped upon her—purely, of course, with a view to discouraging me."

"But hold on," said the major. "Have you ever paid the bills of a beautiful woman?"

"Certainly not," said the captain. "But you don't understand about her. One of the most charming things about her was the utter simplicity of her costumes. Most

women couldn't wear such plain things, but she was so superb, so statuesque that she adorned and enriched the simplest attire."

"No doubt," said the major politely. "I was thinking of my own experience. I have generally found that the more beautiful a woman is the more clothes mean to her. Also as one who has paid the dressmakers' bills of a beauty who affected astonishing simplicity, I should say offhand that the truly superb simplicity of which you speak is an effect attained only by the smartest and most costly dressmakers."

"Well," returned the captain, "though I don't pretend to know about women's clothes I do know about this woman. She was the sort who is absolutely above clothes; she wasn't conscious of them; she would simply wear something and, whatever it might be, look wonderful. She couldn't have been extravagant! That was out of the question. She hadn't the money." He sighed, threw away the end of his cigarette, looked out over the baking garden and added: "And that was what put an end to things for us."

"Money, you mean?"

"Yes. We were engaged for two years. During that time I saw her only twice. I worked like a dog and sacrificed all pleasures in order to save. Things began to look up. My business grew. Then, just as it began to appear we should soon be able to marry, these damned boches undertook to upset the world, and construction work in my line practically ceased. At first we hoped the war would end quickly—everybody thought so—but pretty soon we saw that it was not going to do that, and our hopes began to melt like soap bubbles. When I realized that it meant another long wait I wanted to go and see her and talk it over, but in the interest of economy I abandoned the idea. Nothing I ever did took more force of character than that one piece of self-denial. Meanwhile, I kept telling myself that bad as things were they might be ever so much worse. After all, it was not as though I had lost her.

"Then came a letter. I can't say just what it was about that letter that alarmed me. Outwardly there was nothing. But between the lines I read disaster. Immediately I telegraphed that I was coming, but before I could leave there came a wire from her asking me to await a second letter. Had I followed my impulse and taken the first train my story might perhaps have a different ending. However, I did not. And when the letter came it was too late. She had burned her bridges behind her. She was already married to another man."

"She did that?" exclaimed the major after a pregnant pause. "And yet you never blamed her?"

"Not after the first burst of pain," said the captain; "and even then I could blame her only for having withheld the facts which she revealed for the first time in that final letter. What could she do? Her mother's health had caused them to live for years beyond their income. Their principal was exhausted. She had staked their last dollars against my chances of success. Well then—to that extent which of us had failed the other? Wasn't it I who had failed her rather than she who had failed me?"

"You're a white man!" gasped the major.

"Not particularly," said the captain, embarrassed at this turn of things. "Look at it from any side you like—what could she do? As she said in the letter, she herself could have lived on a small sum had she been alone. She would have asked nothing better than to have worked and supported herself until we could marry. But under the circumstances that was obviously out of the question. The constant attention required by her mother necessitated her remaining at home. And even had that difficulty been eliminated, how could a girl like that earn enough to send her mother with an attendant to the South in the winter and the mountains in the summer—as the physicians pronounced necessary? You see it was an *impasse* for us. Poor girl! God, what a heart she had! Even as she wrote that letter she was not thinking of the horror she herself faced but of the suffering to be endured by me.

"For a number of years a man of wealth had been paying her attention. Time and again she had refused him, but he had known her circumstances, and waited. And at last the waiting game had won. 'I have told him frankly,' she wrote, 'that I do not love him, that I can never love him, but that I will marry him in order to provide for mother if he wishes to accept me upon such terms. He is ready to do so. We are to be married at once.'

"Imagine a man who would drive a bargain like that with a sensitive and spiritual woman!"

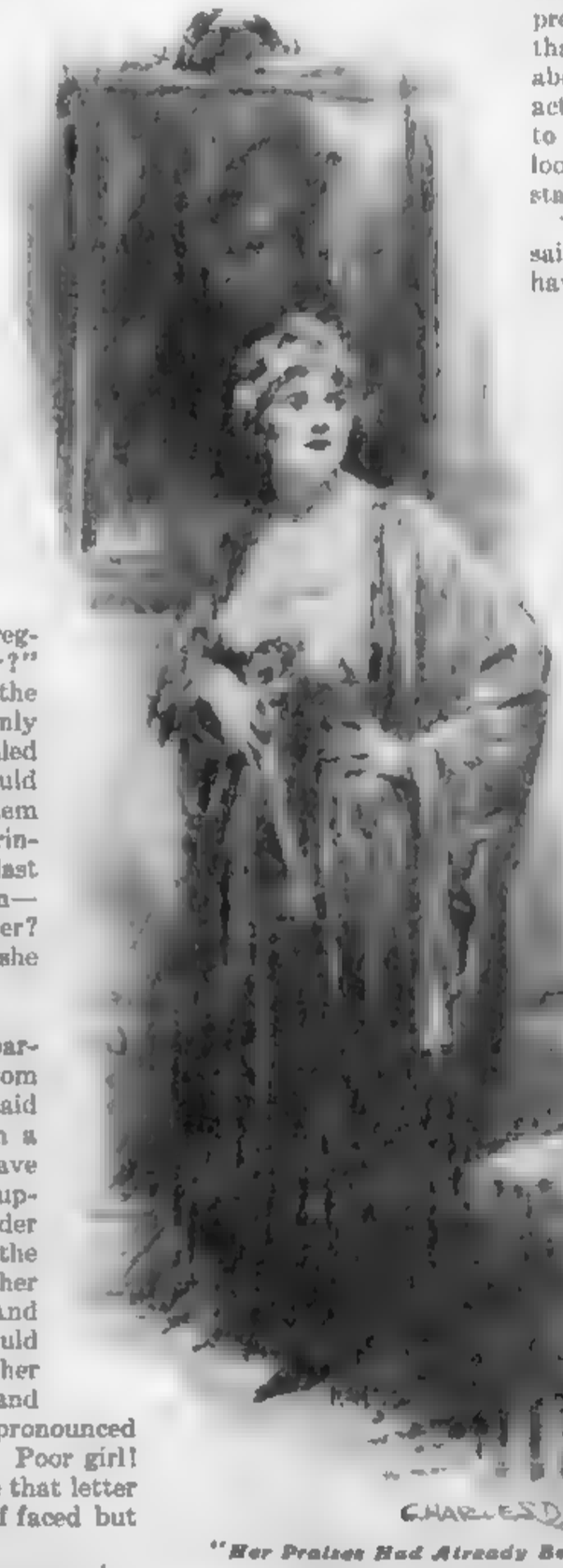
"It is hard to fancy such a creature," said the major thoughtfully. "Offhand he seems rather like an ogre in a fairy tale."

"Yes," agreed the captain. "Not only that unimaginable man but the whole episode has always seemed unreal to me. No doubt that very fact helped me to sustain the shock. For some months I went about like a man mercifully drugged. Then presently, when I began to get my feet on the ground again and saw that there was nothing to work for any more, I closed out the remnants of my business, and as soon as possible went into a training camp. And so at last I got over here in time to stop a machine-gun bullet."

"You never saw her again?"

"Just once, and quite by chance. After preliminary training my unit was transported to an embarkation camp near New York. On my first leave spent in the city I found myself thinking constantly of her, and even imagining that I heard her voice behind me or glimpsed her approaching in the crowd. I didn't know that she was in New York; I didn't know where she might be; but the thought of meeting her haunted me. Of course I had long wished passionately to know how life was using her, whether she had found it endurable, whether or not she had changed greatly; and yet I was afraid to know. I used to take out the picture of her that I always carried, look at it, and try to imagine what it would be like now, if she were really there before me in the flesh. How would it affect me, I wondered? Would the old anguish be rekindled, or was there no more feeling left for it to feed upon? I did not know.

"One afternoon, a few days before we were to sail, I went with some of our fellows to an officers' club which had been opened in the former residence of a wealthy citizen. Ascending the stairs I had a presentiment of her, so strong that on reaching the room above, where some ladies were acting as hostesses, I feared to look up. And when I did look up it was to find her standing there.



"Her Praises Had Already Been Sung to Me, and I Was Prepared to be Disappointed. Then I Saw Her"

"I don't know what we said at first, but I remember having the illusion that my body had melted like wax and that my spirit was living vapor, floating in the air. I was invisible except my eyes, which were kept from vanishing only by the intensity with which they held to her. I remember seeing her walk downstairs and enter her automobile while, as it seemed to me, I floated along like a toy balloon attached to her by a thread.

"In her limousine we drove out into the country, and then back—for I had to be at camp again that night. It was a strange talk we had. There was so much that was trembling, quivering, just under the surface of our conversation, so many questions not to be asked, so many answers not to be given, so many avowals not to be made. The air about us was saturated with passionate, unspoken thoughts, like electricity in the atmosphere before a thunderstorm.

"At first we tried to inform each other, not so much by direct statement as by implication; and correspondingly to comprehend much from the most shadowy utterances. More than once, when looking into her face for indications of what her life in the past two years had been, I would catch her curiously inspecting me in the same way, and would know that she was wondering too. Then we would feel embarrassed, and instead of speaking out would take refuge in small talk.

"It was all so different, so unnatural that I began to feel suffocated. I was actually glad when we turned back toward the city. And yet as our time together grew less and less I kept thinking to myself how horrible it was that this meeting, which might be our last, should be ruined by a constraint so false, so hideously unlike the spiritual harmony we used to know. I regretted that I had seen her again—regretted it as years before I had regretted looking into the coffin of a dead playmate, thereby supplanting my mental image of him as a happy lively boy, with a new and ghastly image of his figure lying amid lilies, under glass.

"As we passed out of Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street on our way down to the station, where she was driving me, she said something casual about the statue of General Sherman which stands there—that, when it was but a matter of minutes until we should part! It was grotesque! A wave of rebellion swept over me.

"'So,' I said, 'having nothing real to say, we must talk about statuary?'

"At that she reached out and touched my hand for an instant, and as I looked at her a wonderful light came flooding into her eyes. Then without any preamble she said:

"'My husband is kind to me. I am grateful to him. My mother has every comfort now, and her health seems to improve. I still feel that I did the only thing there was to do, and my greatest sorrow has been and always will be the cruelty to you. I live for my mother, the war and memories of what was. Life would be much more supportable for me if I could know that you—that there is someone ——'

"'Then be happy,' I said, 'for there is someone!' And I drew from my pocket the little morocco case containing her photograph.

"She took the case, and through her tears looked at the picture—a snapshot, showing her laughing, taken when I first knew her.

"'We used to laugh, didn't we?' she said. Then she added: 'Your picture of me for over there should not be a laughing picture. There is no more laughter in our world.'

"I explained that it was the only likeness of her that I had, small enough to carry constantly.

"'To-morrow,' she said, 'I will have another made—a picture of the woman whose heart goes with you and whose prayers attend you. Just one print, for you alone.'

"The new picture reached me just before I sailed. I have carried it ever since. To me, as I have said before, it is the portrait of an angel. No duplicate of it exists. In the farewell note with which it was inclosed she assured me of that. It is something entirely between her and me. That means a good deal to me. I thought of it when I was hit. I lay for a while in a shell hole turning things over in my mind, and the thought kept recurring: 'My uniform and equipment are the same as those of thousands of other fellows. If this is my finish they'll find me here, and I'll look pretty much like any other soldier killed in action; but they'll go through my effects and they'll find her picture in my pocket; and then I won't be like the rest. For she will give me individuality. We look a lot alike on the outside, but we're mighty different when it comes to the more personal things we carry in our pockets and our hearts.'"

He stopped speaking. We waited for a little while to see if he had finished; then thanked him for the story.

"Oh, I've enjoyed it," he said. "It's a luxury to talk of her." Then: "And now, major, it is your turn."

"Your description of this lady," the major began slowly, "might almost pass for that of the one of whom I am going to tell; with the qualification, however, that it describes her as she seemed to me when I first met her. In justice to the lady you have pictured, moreover, I should add that there are minor points in which the two would not resemble each other physically, while in character they would seem to represent opposite extremes. You spoke of large eyes set well apart. The beauty of the one of whom I speak was of the golden kind you have described, but though her eyes were of that heavenly blue, and were much admired—especially by men, for women sometimes said her eyes were predatory—they were not very large and were a little bit too close together. These defects were, however, almost completely overcome by the long upturning lashes which, when I first knew her and was feeling poetic about her, used to cause me to liken her eyes to mountain lakes with tall ferns growing at their margins. Also, her eyes were extraordinarily expressive. There was in them a veiled burning something which made them magnetic, mysterious, exciting, intoxicating. Even after I knew that the stories they told, and that her lips told, were utterly false, I have looked into her eyes and felt the strong spell of them overcoming me. To this spell

(Continued on Page 90)

PLACES OF DREADFUL NIGHT

By GEORGE PATTULLO

DRAWN BY HENRY J. SOULEN

TWO red-necked doughboys were trudging up the muddy main street of a village about fifteen miles behind the front lines, in the Montdidier sector. It was a sweet, mellow afternoon, and they had been shooting craps in lee of the church with some guys from the medical corps.

Along came a girl in a blue-gray uniform, who helped run the local Y. M. C. A. canteen. She was young, exceeding fair to see, and very well-bred; and she smiled and said "Hello!" For soldiers were just soldiers to her, and not individuals.

"Say," inquired one of them, turning his head for another look, "what's that girl's name anyhow?"

The other pondered a moment, snapped his fingers as a jog to memory, and then gave it up.

"Search me!" he answered. "But she sure can snore!"

"Boy, howdy! Where do you get that stuff, you rummy?"

"I'm giving it to you straight. Go and ask Slim if it ain't so. She slep' right beside me and Slim last night."

The statement was startling but true. With another Y. M. C. A. woman sharing her blankets she had slept not far from him and Slim, with only a bush between. I was there and slept not so many yards distant from the same bush, having horned in for the night between a young lieutenant of infantry and the brigade gas officer. Scattered up and down and round the fields were scores of soldiers and officers, snoring peacefully, with their noses pointed to the starry sky. What's more, there were probably half a hundred French civilians occupying choice bed sites under the brow of a ridge and just beyond a small orchard off the main highway.

It was not a picnic party or a frolic or a thrilling adventure or anything of that description. We were there because we didn't want to get bumped off and because we needed sleep. There was no sleep left in the dog-goned village and —— But I'll do the square thing by all concerned and tell you about it, for in the story of that night and certain other nights spent in towns and hamlets of cruelly harried France lies a warning to stay-at-homes of what war is growing to be for the civilian population—terror and death and ruin from out the dark.

All Front and No Back

THE Front is no longer in the trenches. That used to be a figure of speech; to-day it is literally a fact. The Front has leap-frogged over the trenches—twenty, fifty, a hundred miles. Month by month the air forces of the belligerents carry it farther and farther, making life a hideous nightmare for the inhabitants of hundreds of cities and towns and villages remote from the sound of the guns.

You read much in your newspapers of raids on London and Paris, of Allied forays against Rhine towns and boche arsenals and military works. But the attacks on the capitals are sporadic undertakings. What you hear very little about is the nightly systematic assault on the morale of troops and civilians by bombing. That has developed on both sides to a point at which soldiers would almost prefer to be in the trenches to resting in towns within fifty miles of the front line.

During the year I have been with the American Expeditionary Force, I have seen aërial warfare progress from occasional attacks on important centers and rest billets to steady, merciless, scientific harassment of cantonments, railheads, junctions, large villages and towns. The night raiders carry on a ceaseless campaign to shatter the nerve of the fighting man and wear down the morale of the civilian population in all the territory they can reach.

More and more the war is getting up in the air. Planes above and gas on the ground threaten to become the decisive factors. The rate at which the employment of both has developed points to future warfare as a hideous contest of laboratory experts and a pitiless slaughter of noncombatants to supplement the slaughter of soldiers.

Were a hostile army to secure a footing anywhere near the American borders it could wreck by night raids every city and town within two hundred miles of its front. A year or two and the Atlantic itself will be no barrier. A year or two and a European power could wage dreadful war against us without an invader's ever setting foot on our shores. Which is another excellent reason why the present fight should be carried to a knockout, that some safeguards may be obtained for a permanent peace.

If Germany is not beaten before 1920 we shall see giant dreadnoughts crossing the seas a few thousand yards above the waves—all bound eastward, I hope.

But there I go like a swivel-chair expert, handing out predictions and prophecy, whereas all I set out to give was the unvarnished tale of how the Hun bombed us out of the village of X, so that we were fain to repose on the hard ground in close proximity to a fairly thin crop of wheat.

But let me repeat—the Front is coming back to the noncombatants faster and faster. In large areas of France and Germany, wives and mothers, sweethearts and grandmothers, old men and babies are almost as much on the Front as the troops in the trenches. They are constantly exposed to a terrible death without the power of striking back. If ever there be another war, which God forbid, you'll be as much in the zone of fighting in New York and Chicago, in St. Louis and Kansas City and San Francisco, in Salt Lake City and Worcester, in Dallas and Detroit, as the soldiers on the firing line.

Think that over. Think that over; then, on the first still, starry night step out and take a look at your home and its surroundings. Let the precious peace and content of it seep into your soul. In that home is all you hold dear. For it—and them—you toil and plan and guide your life.

Take a glance at the sky. Imagine you hear in the upper reaches the terrible drone of enemy machines. Comes a lurid glare, the rending crash of a raider's bomb, falling walls and a smother of dust. Tiny flames are licking and writhing in a huge crater where your house stood a moment before; and somewhere amid the smoking débris lie the broken bodies of your nearest and dearest.

Go out and picture it to yourself. Why shouldn't it happen to you? It has happened to thousands upon thousands of noncombatants in Europe. Go out and let the picture sink into your mind; and if you don't come back with your teeth set in a fierce and holy determination to beat the warmakers into helplessness for eternity, if you don't come back with a grim resolve to hold out against any compromise or patched-up peace—and a patched-up peace is precisely what Germany will try to put over in the near future—then there is something wrong with your works.

I have seen eleven thousand people pouring out of a French city to sleep in the quarries and fields, night after night. I have seen the roads leading from a score of towns behind the battle lines black with peaceful noncombatants, wheeling bedding and mattresses for a night's rest in the open. I have seen —— But let's get back to my cozy bed beyond X.

We were *en repos*. The division was in the line and making it hot for Heinie. One of the regiments had taken Cantigny, but the regiment to which I was temporarily attached happened to be out for a rest. It was billeted in various villages of the region, a portion of it in X, which was also brigade headquarters. Besides several hundred of our own soldiers there were a few French in the place and quite a flock of camions. These were lined up alongside the highway which ran through X, and they gave the village the appearance of a concentration point.

How the Enemy Plays It Safe

EVERY night boche bombing machines came over that area to drop their tons of high explosives upon the American billets. Every night, from ten-thirty till two o'clock, we heard the rhythmical savage drone of their motors far up in the heavens. Every night our houses quivered to the shock of near-by explosions.

A small place about a mile from us appeared to be their special target. Again and again they bombed it, until, to the infantry resting there and the inhabitants who still clung to their homes, the dark hours became a shuddering horror.

Our turn arrived. We had long expected it and were ready. Trenches had been dug here and there for refuge, and everyone who felt inclined went into them on the approach of the raiders.

A select little coterie had been hustling there nightly at the first sound of the enemy machines. The bulk of the soldiers and the majority of the officers and civilians, however, gave no heed to the attacks. They slept tranquilly throughout the bombing, and either scorned to take cover or were too indifferent to the danger to do so. That is the way of the American soldier. He appears to regard caution as the badge of cowardice, the white feather, and goes calmly ahead, often taking wholly unnecessary chances—and suffering wholly unnecessary losses in consequence. It may be magnificent, but it isn't scientific war, and we are up against an antagonist who never neglects a safeguard, never takes a chance that does not serve a military purpose, and never sacrifices men except in attack. You may respect the courage of a bull which awaits in the middle of the track, with lowered head, the onrush of the engine, but you don't particularly admire his intelligence. Doubtless our men will change their viewpoint as time

goes on, because war is a cold-blooded business, and as the French say: "You can't successfully oppose flesh and blood against a machine."

It was a still, clear night.

"No use going to bed," warned the brigade gas officer. "Why the devil can't it cloud up for a change?"

The majority ignored his prediction and turned in. About ten-thirty o'clock we caught the faint, distant hum of the boche's twin motors. Followed a scramble out of bed and a hurried exodus of sundry officers from billets. They headed for the nearest refuge, fearlessly led by a staff officer who had formerly been with the artillery. He wore a trench coat over his pajamas, high, thick trench boots and a tin hat. Arrived close to the mouth of the trench, which was in a garden back of a large house, they found their progress barred by three elderly fat Frenchwomen, residents of the village. One was afflicted with asthma and none of them showed any speed.

The raider was now over the village, circling to get the drop on his objective. But chivalry still lives, I am proud to say! Instead of brushing the ladies to one side or running over them, as their instincts prompted, the officers fell in behind, that the trio might gain the refuge first. It just shows what civilization will do for a man. To be sure, they felt like bouncing a rock off the foremost, who held up the entire party by her waddling bulk, yet they were able to pace slowly in rear without betraying a single murderous impulse.

And then she stuck. Merciful heavens, she stuck in the mouth of the trench! And now the boche airman was directly overhead, seemingly poised to let one go.

We dropped our nonchalance then and there. Our careless but jerky and breathless whispering ceased, and we fell madly upon the unfortunate lady to wrench her from her peril. I grabbed an arm, the staff officer got hold of a—he got a good hold—and we pulled. All together—a major, two captains, and aids beyond count—we pulled. She came with an abrupt give, and the opening was clear. Once more the Frenchwoman started in

"Sideways, ma'am," implored the major; "sideways!"

Well, she filtered through somehow, and her two companions followed. The one with the asthma was wheezing painfully. She uttered little plaintive whimpers.

Time to be Up and Moving

ACCORDING to seniority the major now had right of way, but the staff officer in pajamas beat him to it. He crowded close on the heels of the ladies, with the major right at his elbow. And then abruptly the line stopped a second time.

"For the love of Mike, move up!" cried those in rear.

"Get a move on! What're you stopping here for?" demanded the major. "We aren't half deep enough yet."

"If you will kindly step off my shoelaces, sir," answered the staff officer icily, "I shall be glad to move."

Just then came the tearing crash of the raider's bombs, and everybody grew rigid. But the murderer had missed. He dropped three on the edge of the village—one in an orchard, two in a wheat field. So after a while, when the noise of his machine had died, we came out of the trench and went to bed.

There are no *abris* in these small villages, no protection against bombs but what the trenches afford. And trenches are only of service against flying splinters. A direct hit would kill everybody in them.

It is true that many of the houses have cellars, but if a bomb struck a house the cellar is where it would explode, so that the residents in a village are helpless against aerial attacks. Round some of the larger towns they have posted antiaircraft batteries, but the lesser communities are lucky if they get a machine gun or two. I have heard them chattering and whirring like mad things during half a dozen raids, but never to my knowledge did they stop the raider from flying where he wanted. It is commonly said that airmen fear machine-gun barrages more than any other defense, and that many a night killer has been brought down by them, which statement I am prepared to accept. But I never saw it done, and I've seen a boche raider skim so close over our billets that it looked as though he could have been reached with a stone.

Next night we had another visitor. I heard the noise of his machine round eleven o'clock, but did not rise from bed. My billet was in a house facing on a lane, not fifty yards from a tent hospital in which were many wounded from the battle of Cantigny.

He was flying very low. An officer from Oklahoma who happened to be reposing in a field that night, for his health, told me next day that the boche descended within three or four hundred feet of the housetops. I doubt it, but anyway he was close above us.

Listen, old-timers—*écoutez moi*—whenever you hear a raider above you in the night get out of bed. Stand up on your hind legs. You won't be half so scared. I have tried all known methods—in a trench, sitting in a chair, in the street, in bed and under the bed—and the very best method of keeping a firm grip on your nerve is to be up and moving. The very worst is lying still under the covers. The waiting becomes then an unutterable agony of suspense.

Well, I lay there like a sick fish, and perspired. Whuh-whish! Bang! The bomb made two distinct sounds in its descent. I hit the floor about the time a shower of tile and dirt and dust struck the bed. Windows were falling somewhere, the glass tinkling in cascades.

Whuh-whish! Bang! A second bomb exploded. And now, mingled with the choking dust that surged through the door, was a sharp, stinging odor that burned my windpipe and made me gasp. Of course, I made sure I was gassed, but it was only the gas of the chemicals in the bomb, which you always get in close proximity to a detonation.

Next instant a dim groping figure appeared in the doorway and a voice sobbed in terror: "Oh, m'sieu, m'sieu!" It was the ancient landlady of my billet, a woman well beyond the allotted span. She came trembling and crying into the room, feeling her way blindly through the smother, and all she could say was "Oh, m'sieu, m'sieu!" Over and over again she cried it, moaning and weeping.

It happened that a machine-gun major occupied the room above; and I shouted up to him:

"Oh, H——, are you all right?"

No answer, and I yelled again. Then somebody turned over in bed. I heard a grunt and "Ho—hum—all ri'." Silence once more.

The landlady's married daughter had now arrived from the back of the house and took charge of her. I went upstairs to investigate. There was H—— in bed, sound asleep. I woke him up to find out whether he was perfectly well.

"Ho—hum—where the Sam Hill—yes, all ri'. Is that you, George? Wha's the matter?"

He had heard the bombs, of course; his room had rocked to them; but he was fresh from a dugout in a warm sector of the front line and utterly exhausted after four days without sleep. So in his dreams he was back in that dugout, and the raider's bombs were merely a new kind of shell.

Heinie managed to hit the village twice that night. His first bomb demolished a house across the lane from our billet and killed a mule in the yard, a second did some damage on the edge of X.

We looked at the holes in the earth, at the shattered walls and roofs, at the torn carcasses of sundry animals. And that night quite a number of us went quietly forth to sleep under the stars, a safe distance from town.

Arriving late I could not find my friends in the gloom.

"Oh, S——," I yelled, "where are you?"

Enemy airmen were already droning overhead, en route for the capital.

"Here!" replied the brigade gas officer from the darkness. "Front, show the gentleman his room. All those with a bath are gone, sir."

Safe and Sound in the Fields

I CRAWLED in, between him and a lieutenant of infantry, under the brow of a ridge. The gas officer wore spurs for some reason or other—he had formerly been with the artillery, I take it. However that may be, he wore them and, being a stickler on matters military, refused to take the wretched things off so long as he was in uniform and with his boots on. It gave him a devilish advantage over us when an argument rose about covers in the chill of early morning.

That was the night the two Y. M. C. A. women slept on the hard ground. They took it as a fine lark, and we could hear them giggling as the boche planes went winging high in air. No bombs were dropped on X, but several villages adjacent to us were severely strafed.

What wonder that sleeping out grew to be popular in all that region! Both soldiers and civilians did it. They would pick out a nice spot in a field about three or four hundred yards from town, carry out some bedding shortly after nine o'clock, and obtain a sound night's rest. All round them bombs would be crashing; often they could lie snugly under the blankets and watch the boches dropping them in their own communities; but they were safe. And at dawn they returned.

Mark that. Despite the nightly punishment and the havoc wrought among their homes, the bulk of the civilian population did not forsake their towns. They stuck it out, carrying on their farming during the day as though nothing were wrong with the world

Such are the nights the population, and the American soldier, spend close behind the Front. Come with me now down the long white road leading Parisward from X, down the white road that runs through Beauvais. It is congested with motor trucks at this hour, which is eight o'clock of a June evening, but it is a noble avenue, bordered with magnificent trees.

And Beauvais is a noble old city. It was the chief town of the Bellovaci when the Romans invaded Gaul under Cæsar, and it has withstood many a stout assault since. The English failed to take it in 1433, and the celebrated Jeanne Hachette led its brave burghers against Charles the Bold in 1472. There is a statue to her in Beauvais, unless the Hun has knocked it down very recently. The cathedral is one of the largest in France, a dream creation of flying buttresses, on the order of Notre Dame in Paris. For many years the city has been an important manufacturing center, noted for its silks and carpets and tapestries

As we near Beauvais you can see the vast upper body of the cathedral

(Concluded on Page 58)

JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VII

THE days to Nettie Vollar seemed to be both unutterably dull and colored by a possibility of excitement like an undercurrent of hardly perceptible fever. Hermother, it was true, took on herself most of the duties of Barzil Dunsack's house; but there were still a large number of little things that returned unvaried with every morning, noon and night for the girl's attention. The cause of any impending excitement—except the mere presence of Gerrit Ammidon in Salem, now surely of no moment to her—she was unable to place. The feeling that pervaded her most was the heavy conviction that her life was a complete waste; she had the sensation of being condemned to stay in surroundings, in a service that never for a moment represented her desire or true capabilities. Her family, as she had grown into maturity, seemed strange, her place there an unhappy accident.

His Voice Rang in a Slow, Emphasized Fervor: "'Thine Own Wickedness Shall Correct Thee, and Thy Backslidings Shall Reprove Thee'"

At her brightest periods she pictured being suddenly, arbitrarily removed into happier appropriate regions. For a time that vision had assumed the tangible shape of Gerrit Ammidon; then this comfortable figure had abruptly left her to an infinitely more seldom return of her faint indefinite hope.

Through the inordinate number of hours when she was potentially alone she had developed a strain of almost painful thought, out of keeping with the whole of her naturally unreflective being. In moments such as the present—she was sitting in her room overlooking Hardy Street on its landward reach—she followed the slow turnings of her mind in the manner of a child spelling out a sentence. Two things seemed to her of the first importance—the existence into which she had been forced by the circumstance of her birth, and her unknown father himself; unknown, that is, except for vague promptings and desires, which for want of a better reason she traced to his personality. That he was superior, in that he had had a distinct measure of gentle blood, she was assured by her mother on one of the rare occasions when the subject was touched between them. To that she credited the greater part of her obscure dissatisfaction with conditions which she described as mean.

The latter evidently didn't disturb her mother or grandfather; she realized that the long-drawn silent severity of the old man had crushed what spirit her mother may have had. It was clear that the elder woman had been very pretty, with wide fluttering eyes that made you think of gray moths, and delicately colored cheeks; but all that had been crushed too. She was meek in a way that filled her daughter with determined resentment and fear. The resentment sprang from the silent assertion that she wouldn't be worn down like that; the fear followed the realization of the rigid power of the old man and the weight of all that held her powerless to escape. Naturally she was rather cheerful than somber; an involuntary gayety burst from her in the drabbest moments; she even dehed Barzil Dunsack with ribbons and flowers on her bonnet.

The prospect from her window offered no relief from the interior. It was true that in the other direction she could catch glimpses of the harbor; by leaning out she could get the comparatively full sweep at the bottom of the street. But there were usually things ugly and restraining between her and the freedom of the horizon. Her favorite place had been at the edge of the grass above the tide; but since his return Edward Dunsack had hit upon it too; and his proximity made her increasingly uneasy. For one thing he talked to himself out loud, principally in Chinese, and the sliding unintelligible tongue, accompanied by the sight of his gaunt yellow face, his inattentive fixed eyes, gave her an icy shiver. It was almost worse when he conversed with her in a palpable effort at an effect of sympathy.

She rose and wandered finally to the embankment of the garden. The water shimmered under the full flood of afternoon; she was gazing at the distance in an aimless manner that had lately fastened on her, when she heard a stirring of the grass behind her and Edward Dunsack approached. He was livid in the pitiless light, and seemed terribly fragile, a thing that a mere clap of thunder might crumble to nothing; she felt that she could sweep him away with a broom; yet at the same time there were startling gleams of inner violence, a bitter energy, an effect of deepness that appalled her

"If you should ask me," he declared, "if my opinion is of any value, I'd say that Ammidon owed you considerable. He led you to expect something better than his running away without a word; I'd have an explanation out of him. Of course if he had come back married—this affair with a Chinese woman isn't that—it would be all over. But somehow with things as they are I can't believe that it is."

"Do you expect me to go to their house, as you did?" she replied resentfully.

He turned such a malicious face on her that instinctively she moved back. For a moment he was silent, his meager leaden lips drawn tight over dark teeth in a dry grin, his fingers like curved wires; then relaxing he cursed the entire house of Ammidon.

"The truth is," he ended, "that you were a little fool. You had everything, everything in your hand and threw it away."

His gaze strayed from her to the surface of the water a short distance from the land.

"Threw it away," he repeated; "it can't be got in this country either."

He was, she thought, crazy. However, all that he said about Gerrit lingered in her mind; it fanned to new life the embers of her rebellion. If a chance should come she would let Gerrit Ammidon know something of the wrong he had done her. As her uncle had pointed out, the Chinese woman was different from an American, a white woman. Their entire position, Gerrit's and her own, was peculiar, outside ordinary judgments.

She saw him occasionally from a distance, as she must continue to do while he was in Salem, since no opportunity had been made for them to exchange words. That must come from Gerrit.

Her mother called her, and she went in, finding the elder in the kitchen.

"I can't get enough heat to bake," she worried; "you can bear your hand right in the oven. Your grandfather won't have his sponge biscuit for supper."

"I certainly wouldn't let it bother me," Nettie declared.

"Just tell him, and let him say what he likes."

Her mother turned, palpably startled.

"But ——" she began weakly.

"I know exactly what you're going to say," Nettie cut in; "he has it every night and he'll expect it. How much, I'd like to ask, have you been expecting all your life, and getting nothing? And now I am the same. I don't believe we're as wicked as grandfather lets on; and I'm certain he's not as good as he thinks. I don't admit we are going to hell, either; if I did I can tell you I'd be different. I'd have a good time, like some other girls I see. I guess it would be good, anyhow—with silk flounces four yards around. I'm what I am because I don't listen to him; I don't pay any attention to the pious old women who make long faces at us."

"You mustn't talk like that, Nettie," her mother protested anxiously. "It has a right hard sound. Your grandfather is a very upright, religious man. It's proper for those who sin to suffer in this world that they may be humble for the next."

"I don't want to be humble," Nettie told her. "The Ammidons aren't humble. Mrs. Saltonstone isn't."

A pain deepened visibly on the elder's pale countenance.

"You mustn't think it doesn't hurt me, Nettie, to—to see you away from all the pleasure. It tears at my heart dreadful. That is part of the punishment."

The girl made a vivid gesture.

"But you sit back and take it!" she cried. "You talk of it as punishment. I won't! I won't! I'm going to do something different."

"What?" her mother demanded, terrified.

"I don't know," Nettie admitted. "But if I had it to do over I'd kiss Gerrit Ammidon as soon as he looked for it."

"Nettie, do you—do you think he wanted to marry you?"

"Yes," she answered shortly. "He's like that. Whatever you might say against him he's honest."

Her mother began to cry—large slow tears that rolled out of her eyes without a sound. She sat with lax, hopeless hands in her lap of cheap worn dress stuff. Nettie Vollar felt no impulse toward crying; she was bright with anger—anger at what Barzil Dunsack had done with her mother, at the harm he had worked in her.

"You are a saint compared to Uncle Edward," she asserted. "I don't know what's wrong with him, but there is something."

"I've noticed it too: times his eyes are glazed like, and then his staring at you like a cat. It's a fact he doesn't eat right, and he forgets what's said as soon as a body speaks. Might he have some Chinese disease, do you think?"

"It's not like a real sickness. . . ."

The evening in the dreary sitting room with only the reddish illumination of one lamp was almost unendurable. Her grandfather sat with broad wasted hands gripping his shrunken knees, his eyes gazing stonily out above a nose netted with fine blue veins and harsh mouth almost concealed by the curtain of beard. Edward rose uneasily and returned, casting a swelling and diminishing shadow—obscurely unnatural like himself—over the faded and weather-stained wall paper. Her mother was bowed, speechless. Nettie wanted to scream, to horrify them all with

some outrageous remark. She would have liked to knock the lamp from the table, send it crashing over the floor, and see the flames spread out, consume the house, consume ——

She stopped, horrified at her thoughts.

She didn't want things like that in her mind, she continued, but the echo of dancing, of music, of the Salem Band marching up Essex Street with Mr. Morse playing his celebrated silvery fanfare on the bugle. She wanted to laugh, to talk—yes, to love! Why, she was young, barely twenty-one; and here she was in a house like the old cemetery on Charter Street. Before they went to bed her grandfather would read out from the Bible, but always the Old Testament. Finally he rose and secured the volume, bound in dusty calf, its pages brown along the edges. His voice rang in a slow emphasized fervor:

"'Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way?

"'And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria, to drink the waters of the river?

"'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts.

"'For of old time I have broken thy yoke, and burst thy bands; and thou saidst, I will not transgress; when upon every high hill and under every green tree thou wanderest, playing the harlot.

"'Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?

"'For though thou wash thee with nitre ——'"

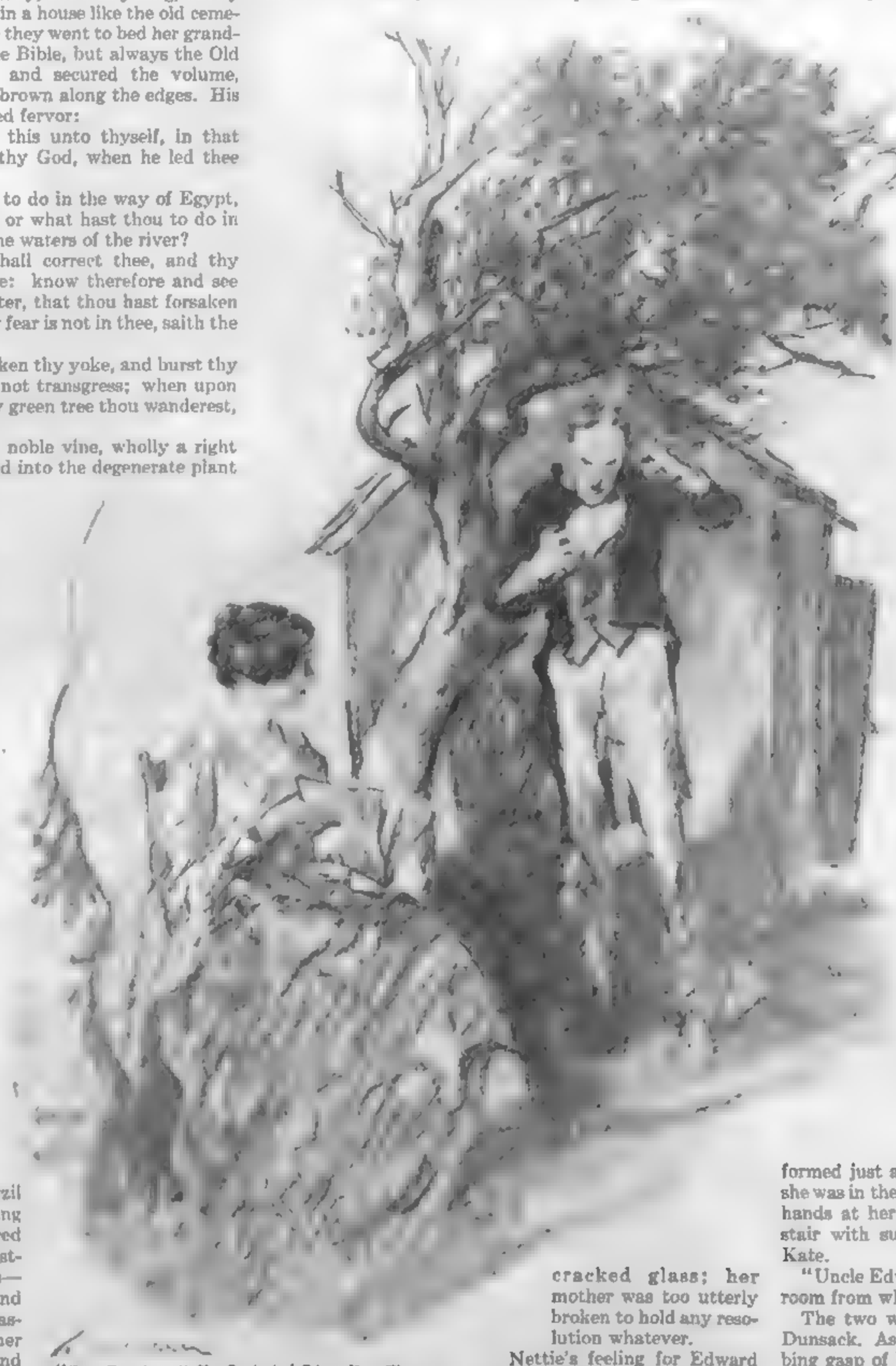
Nettie was impressed, intimidated, in spite of the contrary resolution in the kitchen. The words seemed to burn into her mother, herself, like boiling fat from a pan; and a great relief flooded her when she could escape again to the temporary relief of her room. It was hot, the windows were up, and she made no light, that might attract mosquitoes or force her to draw the close shades. She stood undressed, luxuriating in the sense of freedom of body. She was richly white in the gloom; her full young beauty gave her a feeling of contentment and strength, and equally a great loneliness. It wasn't corrupt, a "degenerate plant," she thought with a passionate conviction like a cry.

She determined to say no prayer to such a ruthless Being; yet soon after, in her course nightgown, she found herself kneeling by the bed with hard-clasped hands. It was a prayer for which Barzil Dunsack would have had nothing but condemnation. She implored the dark, the mystery of Augustness, for carnal and light things—yes, for waltzes and quadrilles and songs and pleasure—young pleasure, all the aching desires of her health and spirit and nature and years; but most for love. She said the last blindly in an instinct without definition, with the feeling that it was the key, the door, to everything else; and in her mind rose the image of Gerrit Ammidon. She saw his firm direct countenance, the frosty blue eyes and human warmth. He needn't have come at all, she added, if it had been only to double the dreariness of her existence.

She wondered a little, her emotion subsiding, at the interest her uncle showed in her affairs. It wasn't like what else she had gathered of him; and she searched, but without success, for any hidden reason he might have. He actively blackened the name of Ammidon while he was lost in too great an indifference to be moved by any but extraordinary pressures. Everything left his mind, as her mother had said, almost immediately. Suddenly weary, she gave up all effort at understanding.

A wind moved in from the sea, fluttering the light curtains, and brought her a sense of coolness and release. It came from the immense free sweep of ocean, to which her sinking consciousness turned in peaceful recognition and surrender.

Altogether in the days that followed she realized a greater degree of mental freedom than before her revolt. She had removed herself, it appeared, a little outside the family, almost as if she were studying them calmly through a window. A large part of the terror her grandfather had possessed for her had disappeared, leaving for her recognition a very old and worn man; she was sorry for her mother with a deep affection mixed with impatience. At first she had tried to put something of her own revived spirit into the older woman, but it was like pouring water into a cracked glass; her mother was too utterly broken to hold any resolution whatever.



"The Truth is," He Ended, 'That You Were a Little Fool. You Had Everything, Everything, in Your Hand and Threw It Away"

Nettie's feeling for Edward Dunsack became an instinctive deep distrust. It was almost impossible for her to remain when—as he so often did now—he approached her to talk about the injustice of her mode of life and the debt Gerrit Ammidon owed her. He would stand with his fingers twitching, talking in a rapid sharp voice, blinking continuously against any light brighter than that of a shaded room or dusk. He seldom left the office or went out through the day; his place at the dinner table was far more often empty than not. But after their early supper, in the long, late June twilights, he had an inexhaustible desire for her to stroll with him. She occasionally agreed, for the reason that they invariably passed in the vicinity of Washington Square and Pleasant Street and saw the impressive block of the Ammidon mansion. However, they never met any of its inmates. Once they had walked directly by the entrance. Some girls, perhaps a woman, certainly two men, were grouped in the doorway; it was growing dark and Nettie couldn't be certain.

Edward Dunsack nearly hesitated before the bricks leading in between the high white fence posts topped with carved twisting flames; and in a sudden agony at the possibility of his stopping, Nettie hurried on, her cheeks flaming and her heart, she thought, thumping in her throat.

Her uncle followed her. There was a trail of intimate merriment from the portico, a man's voice mingling gayly with those of the girls.

"That was the Brevard who's in the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company," Edward Dunsack informed her. "I hear he's a great hand for leading cotillons and balls—the balls you ought to take part in."

On and on he went with the familiar recital of her wrongs. It carried them all the way over Pleasant and Essex and Derby Streets, home.

The next day, however, he was forced to go about the town, and returned for dinner in a state of excitement evident to anyone.

He ate without attention whatever was before him, and, extravagantly pleasant, related how he had conversed with Mrs. Gerrit Ammidon in the family carriage in front of the countinghouse of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone on Liberty Street. Nettie was surprised that his concern was caused by such a commonplace event.

"The women of China ——."

Words failing him, he waved a thin, dry hand. His father frowned heavily. Then abruptly, as if he had been snatched out of his chair by an invisible powerful clutch, he started up and disappeared.

The afternoon passed the full, and Nettie, bound in preparation for supper, for Redmond's, the Virginia Oysterman's at Derby Wharf, stood waiting for some money.

"I can't think where I left my reticule," her mother called, "unless it's in Edward's room, where I cleaned this morning. Just run up and see. He'll be at the office."

Above, Nettie found the door closed, but it opened readily as she turned the knob: she went in without hesitation. The interior she naturally thought was empty; and then with an unreasoning cold fear she saw that Edward Dunsack was lying on the bed. Some of his clothes were tumbled on the floor, and he wore his black Chinese gown. The room was permeated with a heavy smooth odor; on a stand at her uncle's hand was a curious collection of strange objects—a little brass lamp with a flickering bluish flame, a black-and-silver object like a swollen unnatural pipe, stained bodkins, a lump of what she took to be tar.

Her attention was caught by Edward Dunsack's face; it had fallen back with his pinched chin pointing toward the ceiling, it was the color of yellow clay, and through his half-opened eyelids was an empty glimmer of gray-white. She shrank away involuntarily, and the word "Dead!" formed just audibly on her trembling lips. In an instant she was in the hall, calling in a panic-stricken voice, her icy hands at her throat; and her grandfather mounted the stair with surprising agility, followed by his daughter, Kate.

"Uncle Edward," Nettie articulated, waving toward the room from which she had fled.

The two women followed the rigid advance of Barzil Dunsack. As he saw the figure of his son there was a stabbing gasp of his breath. He halted for a moment, and it seemed to Nettie Vollar that suddenly his determined carriage crumbled, his shoulders sagged; then he went forward. The bed had high slender posts that at one time supported a canopy, but now they were bare, and an old hand held to one as he bent over.

"Is he dead?" the older woman asked.

Barzil Dunsack made no immediate reply; his gaze turned from his son to the stand, the fluttering lamp and its accessories. His head moved slowly in the act of sniffing the pungent haze swimming in the interior. Nettie could see his face, and she was appalled by an expression grimmer than any she remembered; it was harsh, implacable and stricken, as empty of blood as the countenance on the bed. The hand on the post tightened until it, too, was linen white.

Nettie drew close to her mother's side, putting a supporting arm about the soft shaking shoulders.

"No," said Barzil Dunsack in a booming voice, "not dead, and yet dead forever. Go downstairs," he commanded.

They backed, confused, to the door. "If Edward is sick ——" Kate Vollar began.

The old man's face blazed with intolerable pain and anger. "Woman," he demanded, "can you cure what God has smitten?"

His eyes alone, hard and bright in the seamed and hairy face, drove them out into the hall.

Below in the sitting room Nettie exclaimed: "He might have told us something!"

"Whatever it is," her mother returned, "it's dreadful bad. I've felt that all along about Edward; he's never been himself this last time."

Mechanically she found her reticule beside the painted ostrich egg from Africa.

"You'll have to get the oysters anyhow," she told her daughter, maintaining the inevitable pressure of small necessities that defied all tragedy and death.

Nettie escaped with an enormous relief into the sunny normal tranquillity of the afternoon. The house had become too horrible to bear; and even on the thronged length of Derby Wharf, like a street robbed of its supports and thrust out into the harbor, she was followed by the vision of Edward Dunsack's peaked clayey face.

She got the oysters, and in an overwhelming reluctance to return walked out to the end of the wharf, where a ship was discharging her cargo—heavy plaited mats of cassia with a delicate scent, red and blue slabs of marble, baskets of granular cakes of gray camphor, rough brown logs of teak, smooth dull yellow rolls of gamboge, bags with sharp conflicting odors, baled silks and half chests of tea wrapped in bamboos and matting painted with the ship's name, Rose and Rosalie.

There Nettie found herself beside a little girl clasping the hand of a bulky old gentleman in pongee and a palm-leaf hat and following every operation with a grave critical regard.

"I guess," the little girl said to her companion, "it's only the cheap sort of tea, a late picking, or it would be in canisters."

She was, Nettie realized, the youngest Ammidon child with her grandfather. The latter looked round and recognized Nettie Vollar.

"How's Barzil Dunsack?" he asked immediately.

She was at a loss for an answer, since she could not describe the subject of the inquiry as all right or explain their unhappy condition.

"Intend to stop in," Jeremy Ammidon continued. "Last time I was there I went up like a rocket."

Laurel—that was the child's name, she remembered—gazed at her intently.

"I was saying to grandfather," she repeated precisely, "that this wasn't really much of a cargo. Nothing like the one Uncle Gerrit brought back in the Nautilus. We were having an argument about Salem too. But of course all the big cargoes are going into Boston," she sturdily confronted the flushed old man.

"You're William all over again," he asserted, almost annoyed.

Both their expressions grew stubborn in a manner that in view of their great difference in age and experience Nettie thought quite absurd. What a beautiful dress the child had on—Porto Rico drawn work, with pale yellow ribbons to her bonnet!

"I wish you'd stay here a minute with Nettie Vollar," Jeremy told her, "while I see the wharfinger."

He went unhurried along the wharf, and Laurel Ammidon drew closer to her.

"She's not much of a ship, either," Laurel said, indicating the Rose and Rosalie. "She's built like—like grandfather. They're different now. I went to New York to see the Sea Witch launched, and she's the tallest vessel afloat, with three standing skysail yards and ringtail and water sails. She's black and has a gilded dragon for a figurehead; and, though she went out in a gale, ran to Rio in twenty-five days. I talked to Captain Waterman too; he commanded the Natchez, you know."

"You've studied a lot on ships," Nettie commented.

"I know the main truck from a jewel block," Laurel replied complacently. "But Camilla's a frightful lubber. I should think she'd make Uncle Gerrit sick. She does me."

Nettie Vollar was seized by the temptation to question Laurel about Gerrit Ammidon, about his wife—anything that touched or concerned him. A wave of emotion swept over her, a loneliness and desire the cause of which she would not face. She wanted to take Laurel's hand in hers, and with the old ponderous comfortable gentleman go up to the serenity of their gardens and wide happy house. She wanted Gerrit Ammidon to smile at her with his eyes blue like a fair sea. . . . His father was returning.

Laurel again grasped the large hand and they turned to leave. Jeremy Ammidon nodded to Nettie. Nothing remained for her but the house on Hardy Street. Then she saw that the others had stopped and were signaling for her.

"Captain Dunsack . . . old friend," the elder said abruptly. "Stubborn as the devil! No worse than me, though; no worse than me. Confounded proud too! You let me know if there is anything—that is, if you need ——"

He stopped, breathing stormily, glaring at her in an assumed angry impatience.

"Thank you," she answered, "but there's nothing."

What most shocked her on the return home was the manner in which their life callously continued when she felt it should have been shattered by their suffering in Edward Dunsack's room; yet not so much theirs as her grandfather's. He took his place at the head of the table, the grace went up as loudly as ever above their heads; but in spite of that she saw that the old man suddenly looked infinitely older. His knife slipped insecurely and scraped against the plate in fumbling and palsied hands. All at once she had a feeling of gazing straight into his heart and finding—like a burning ruby hidden in earth—such an agony beneath his schooled exterior that she choked thinking about it.

Nettie wondered what he would do if she put an affectionate arm about his neck and told him of their sympathy. She knew now that her Uncle Edward had been smoking opium, and that it was a worse vice, more hopeless and destructive, than drink. But she was certain that he'd repel her; he looked on them all—Edward Dunsack, her mother and herself—as sinful, "degenerate plants." Even now, she realized, there was no weakening of his spiritual fibers such as had plainly overtaken his physical being. He had a blasting contempt for the unrighteous flesh.

When they had risen from the table Edward Dunsack appeared, and sinking weakly into a chair demanded a cup of tea. He knew nothing of their discovery, of the fact that they had stood above his revolting insensibility. After the tea he seemed to revive; he lighted a cheroot and said something about going out. It wasn't possible, however; his knees sagged walking the length of the floor in the sitting room he fell into a leaden apathy. Nettie Vollar's gaze rested on the volume of the life of the missionary who had died at such an early age on the Isle of France. The lamplight spread over the depressing mustard-yellow paint of the woodwork with its obviously false graining and deepened the blackness of the fireplace. Throughout the reading of the Scripture Edward Dunsack never shifted his slumped position; his face, with smudged closed eyes, seemed fixed in a skeptical smile. The hollows of his temples were green.

The reading finished, old Barzil said: "I wish to speak to Edward alone."

The latter straightened up. "Eh!" he exclaimed "What?"

He resettled his stock and crossed a knee with a show of ease. Nettie followed her mother from the room. Her last impression was that of a startling resemblance between young man and old—her uncle's face was as ruined as the other's—between father and son.

"I wish he'd go away," her mother surprisingly asserted; "I won't sleep for thinking of him lying there like a corpse."

"He'll not," Nettie replied, musing; "something is holding him we still don't know of."

She had lately begun to realize a great many things of which only a month before she had not been aware—that sudden illuminating view of old Barzil's inner pain, of her mother's wasted spirit, and the sense that some unguessed potent motive was at the back of her Uncle Edward's apparently erratic strolling and reiterations. Nettie stopped to wonder a little at the change in herself; she was more alive, more included. There were no reasons that she could see why this should be so; never had the present, the entire future, been darker. With her deeper consciousness, too, came an increased shrinking from life, a greater capacity for injury; and there could be no doubt that it was an older Nettie Vollar who in her mirror returned the questioning in the resentful black eyes.

No further mention was made of the opium, no hint escaped from the two men of what Barzil Dunsack had said to his son after the evening reading of the Bible. An evidence of the miserable episode was visible for a while in the difficulty of any attempted general conversation; then that died away and everything was apparently as it had been before. But the rising gayety and widespread public preparations at the

(Continued on Page 106)

Nettie Could See His Face; It Was Harsh, Implacable and Stricken, as Empty of Blood as the Countenance on the Bed

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.50. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Education

ONE day early in September a little company of men met in an office. They were about to undertake one of the weightiest businesses that can devolve upon American men. One of them was the superintendent of education; the others were principals of the several public schools of the city. The school year was beginning. From that day on until June the minds of more than fifty thousand young Americans would be officially in the hands of the men in that room. Their discussion, in a general way, was as to how they should deal with those young minds.

The superintendent presented a very important idea—namely, that the children's compositions should be kept in portfolios, with the names and grades marked on the outside; also that a hundred per cent in spelling should be required of graduates. Somebody earnestly urged that more attention should be paid to oral arithmetic. Nobody even hinted that the subject of a world war might be mentioned during the year to those fifty thousand young Americans.

And that particular city is typical. Most of our public-school instruction in this year 1918 is ordered like that—with reference to how high a pupil should stand in spelling and what attention should be given to oral arithmetic, but with no reference to anything that has happened since July, 1914.

Some millions of young Americans sit day after day within walls that hear no echoes from Metz and St. Quentin—whose echoes, in fact, take no cognizance that such a thing as a Western Front exists in the world. They are the only walls of that description in all America.

If you are of age probably you do not realize that the fighting round Santiago, Cuba, is the latest American military exploit which is brought to the attention of the coming generation by those who are specially trained and paid to engage its attention.

It is an old and melancholy subject—this scholasticism of most of our public-school instruction, its obstinate detachment from life.

Some weeks ago we saw a big brown tent pitched a few rods off the main street of a village. The banner over the entrance said Chautauqua. The tent was packed and overflowing with an audience listening to a young man in khaki. Considered strictly as a literary performance, it was not a remarkable war lecture; but we saw dozens of children sitting breathless—there a boy with parted lips, his eyes rapt and shining; here a girl whose slim throat contracted with emotion.

That figure on the platform had been in it; his hands had touched the guns; his eyes had seen the trenches. He would be an awful blockhead who could not take that for a point of departure and get those children interested in American history. But next week those same children would sit half stupefied over a colorless account of the War of 1812.

They say it cannot be done; that the textbooks were all prepared long before the war; that education must begin with the old stuff. All the same, it will be done. It has got to be done.

Boring children and then complaining that they will not learn properly is not educating them. Public-school instruction must find its points of departure in the living bustling world, to which pupils' interest naturally runs.

More!

ONE day comes Secretary Baker with a detailed statement that the War Department must have seven billion dollars more than it figured on a few months ago—raising the year's war bill above thirty billions. There are the objects and the items, calculated to a dollar.

Next day comes Mr. Hoover with a statement that we must ship seventeen million tons of food across the Atlantic—all worked out to the last ton on the basis of carefully examined facts. Three and a half million American soldiers in France must be fed; the needs of the allied armies and civilian populations are just so much.

That is the law of this war. Its one persistent word is More!

You know what you have done to meet the war in saving food, fuel and money. It is not enough. Look about—on any city street, into any hotel, in a country town, on a farm. Compare what you see with what you have read about conditions where there is a real war pinch. You know well enough that the belt can be tightened many notches.

We have now entered the great year of the war. We can finish it within a twelvemonth; but probably by nothing short of the greatest effort of which we are capable. That German line is still a long way from the Rhine. Say to yourself "More!" with every motion you make—until the Kaiser says "Enough!"

Necessaries

IF THE question had come up during the Civil War anyone would have said that a device by which a man could talk to his neighbors over a wire was certainly unessential; but we consider telephones essential nowadays.

With the exception of wheat, there has hardly been an article of food on which Europe and America have leaned more heavily during the war than on potatoes, which were unknown to white men until Spaniards discovered them in South America in the sixteenth century.

A few years before Europe saw the first potato it saw the first portable timepiece, or watch, which we should hardly know how to get along without now. Yet, if you consider it, to only one person out of a thousand is a watch really essential. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine could get along without portable timepieces if they only thought so.

Adam Smith reports: "The first person in England who wore stockings is said to have been Queen Elizabeth, who received them as a present from the Spanish Ambassador." We could go back to winding our legs in cloth and get through the day's work.

Taine suggests that civilization began in England when the population found out how to warm a habitation without suffocating in smoke.

At every step backward along the human path something that we now, as a matter of course, take to be essential to living disappears. At every step forward some new convenience gets woven into our habits; so that we presently, as a matter of course, take it for an essential; and once we have so taken it, it becomes just as essential as anything else.

Fifty years hence the essentialness of automobiles will no more be questioned than the essentialness of watches or stoves.

The Value of an Income

A PROPERLY graded income tax is the fairest of taxes; but it is impossible to devise any broad scheme of taxation that bears with exact equality on those subject to it

In 1916 only some fourteen thousand farmers reported taxable income—or, roughly, one out of four hundred; while about one doctor out of fourteen and one lawyer out of five paid income tax. Those facts have been held up as evidence of the comparative poverty of farming; but one must have a very limited knowledge of American life not to know that a farmer with a net cash income of four thousand dollars a year is, at least nine times out of ten, much better off in every material way than a city professional man with the same income. He pays no house rent, an item that probably absorbs a fifth of the income of a man in a big city earning four thousand a year. He gets a great deal of food without cash outlay. Nine times out of ten he enjoys that satisfaction which comes of a secure independent position; while a city doctor earning four thousand a year treads a more or less precarious path, with anxieties over his family's future. In satisfactions, a farmer's four-thousand-dollar net cash income is worth more than a city professional man's income of the same amount.

What sane man would hesitate between choice of a four-thousand-dollar income from investments, that came to him regularly and certainly without effort on his part, and a like income to be earned by work that consumed most of his daylight hours week in and week out, with the standing chance that it might stop at the end of any week through his illness or loss of his position?

As a means of satisfaction the first income is worth double the second.

At its best, taxation is only a rough approximation to the equities of the case—tolerable when it bears with comparative lightness upon the whole sum of national income.

Farms and Railroads

IN RAILROAD parlance an original shipment is one that is not received from any other line, but starts its journey on the line in question. Year after year about two-fifths of all the grain raised in the United States—wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat—moves on railroads in original shipments. In some cases the same grain may be counted twice, as where it is shipped from a country elevator to a terminal warehouse, then presently taken out of the terminal warehouse and shipped to the seaboard.

From twenty to forty per cent more than all the cotton produced in the country moves on railroads in original shipments—being shipped, warehoused and shipped again, so that in tonnage "originating on line" the roads handle the whole crop and from one-fifth to two-fifths more. Original rail shipments of tobacco amount to more than double the crop; and of wool they amount to from two and a half to three times the total domestic product—but here imported wool counts in railroad returns.

These figures, compiled by the Department of Agriculture from Interstate Commerce Commission reports, give as impressive an idea as anything well could of the tremendous rôle that land transportation by rail plays in American industry, and particularly in farm industry.

The rate advances ordered by Director McAdoo have been accepted without question or complaint by everybody, with the negligible exception of a few who are professionally engaged in attacking railroad charges. Undoubtedly the country at large understands that its paramount interest in railroads is in good service.

Growing

PIG iron is the basic article for iron and steel products. In 1913—our best year before the war—we made thirty-one million tons of it against Germany's nineteen million tons and England's ten million. The Government is calculating on something over twenty million tons of steel in the last half of 1918.

In 1913 we exported, in round numbers, a billion dollars' worth of manufactures, against a little over two billion by Great Britain and a little under two billion by Germany.

In 1917 our exports of manufactures were somewhat over four billions; England's about two billions; Germany's practically nil.

The Census Bureau calculated the value of all manufactures in 1914 at twenty-four billion dollars. Our imports of raw materials to be used in manufactures have doubled since then. Probably the value of manufactures has doubled. Allow for a seventy-five-per-cent advance in commodity prices, and there is still a large gain. Gross value of farm products in 1917 was double the 1913 figure. Individual bank deposits were twenty-six billions in 1917 against seventeen billions in 1913.

The dark side of war absorbs attention. It ought to. But economically there are great offsets to the losses—wholly due to better organization, higher energy, and more teamwork in the broadest sense. If the war ends next year the United States will be stronger industrially and economically than it ever was before. It should face the future with a higher confidence than ever before.

That future will be in our own hands. If we can use the opportunity intelligently there is nothing to fear.

THE SUBMERGED SLEUTHS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE original submarine was called Nemo—or was Nemo the name of the captain? It is a long time since I read Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea—but anyhow there was a Nemo in it somewhere, and in these war days that is a very good name for all our submarines operating in foreign waters—an excellent name—so in the course of this narrative of the doings of our underseas craft I shall call each one the United States Submarine Nemo, and if the enemy can get any information out of that he is smarter than he has yet shown himself to be.

To proceed: One of the lads on the United States Submarine Nemo was by way of being a song-and-dance artist before he put on the navy blue, and he cheered the crew of his sub on the long vigils with songs and parodies of his own contrivance. A favorite on Nemo is a parody of that good old one Sailing, and this is the way it begins:

Trailing, trailing, under the bounding main;
The sub comes up, and looks around, and then goes down again.

There is plenty more, but those two lines are enough, for in them is epitomized the work of the submarine operating defensively in war waters; that is, the United States submarine and the English submarine—which are not out to sink merchant vessels or hospital ships or to shell survivors in lifeboats, but are detailed to stalk the German subs who take their pleasure in such murderous diversions—stalk them and fight them, and sink them if possible; to warn surface vessels of their proximity, and to engage enemy war craft if any should appear; but that is a far cry. Just at present the Germans are not taking much of that sort of war.

Potentially, and in the stories of the sea, life on a submarine is an adventure of great excitement and not without its romance. Actually, life on a submarine is a long, monotonous, dreary grind, a ceaseless vigil, an uncomfortable and cramped billet, a succession of days and nights cooped up in small spaces, entirely surrounded by machinery, and a nerve-straining occupation where a mistake may mean a disaster, not to the enemy but to the man who makes it and those under sea with him. Always, of course, there is the chance that a fight may develop; that the much-desired contact may come the way of the various Nemos that sleuth back and forth on patrol in the prescribed areas; that a Fritz may be heard, seen, chased and sunk—where there is oil there is hope—but Fritz can see and hear as well as the next one, and his business is to keep out of the way of Nemos, just as it is the business of the Nemos to get in his way and stop and sink him.

No Events

THE consequence is that a patrol cruise of a Nemo usually is a patrol cruise and no more—a certain number of days and nights during which the Nemo stays out at sea, listening—listening—listening for the Hun, down most of the daytime, coming up at night for a few hours of fresh air, with the men standing their tricks at all the various and complicated valves, gauges, tank controls, rudder controls, engine controls, air controls and no end of other controls while nothing happens. "No events," as the submarine captains put it.

Not an event save the skillful and eager management of a big, sensitive, delicately balanced mass of machinery; not an event but days and nights of the most acute and nerve-straining vigilance; not an event but the exercise of superb caution every minute and superb ability in order that there may be no mistake and no accident; for when all's said and done, despite the numerous improvements in submarines, one mistake and down you go, maybe never to come up; one undetected flaw in vital machinery, one major error of judgment—and it is likely to be Kitty bar the door.

Still, when you have done this sort of thing week in and week out, with proved, picked, highly trained and specialized crews, it must be allowed that there is a certain monotony about it. It isn't very exciting to sit for a four-hour trick with eyes fixed on depth meters, hands on wheels, ears glued to listeners, hands grasping valve controls, or to stand straining at the periscope, sweeping a tenantless horizon and a vacant sea surface—not very exciting, especially as the only person who can see anything but the machinery he operates or the sweating sides of the sub is the man at the periscope, and most of the time all he can see is salt water. The novelty of being down in a submarine soon wears off. It is a grind, but those capable young persons who run our Nemos eat it up. They are as eager at the end of a patrol as they were at the beginning of one, and many of them reenlist for the service.

When you come to think of it there is the same sort of exaltation about handling a submarine as there is in flying an airship. In each case you are bluffing Nature. Here is an enormous contraption of steel and machinery, with guns and torpedoes, and carrying a lot of men, that you maneuver with the greatest ease and certainty. If you want her to float she floats. If you want her to dive she dives. If you want to go fast you go fast. If you want to go slowly you go slowly. If you desire to proceed fifteen or fifty or a hundred feet beneath the surface all that is necessary is to give the word, and obediently and quickly Nemo dives headlong or sinks as gracefully as a leaf falls to the desired depth and stays there as long as you please. A five-word command and you are up again. And everybody aboard has a hand in the doing of these marvels—a sort of band of prestidigitators putting something over on Mother Nature every minute.

Then, too, there is the chance—always the chance—that a Hun may be seen and taken—that there may be a fight, and the torpedo men are just as eager and just as alert, when they come back to the mother ship to lay alongside for a time, as they are when they begin the new adventure that marks each separate voyage. On a submarine, as on a destroyer, you never know your luck.

It wasn't so long ago that one of our submarines out on patrol sighted a German.

For five days and nights the crew of that Nemo had been patrolling, back and forth and back and forth, sighting nothing but an occasional trawler or merchant vessel; and then one morning off to the starboard there came into the vision of the periscope a Hun, awash on the surface and proceeding slowly.

When Sub Meets Sub

"ENEMY submarine on the starboard bow," said the man at the periscope as calmly as if sighting enemy submarines on the starboard bow was an hourly occurrence.

The men on watch were at their stations, of course, and the rest of the crew were in their bunks or gathered aft in the engine room, but the interior of that Nemo came to life as if every man in it had been stirred to action by an electric shock.

Evidently the Hun saw the Nemo about the same time the Nemo saw her, for the Hun drew off to starboard and in a few moments went down precipitately. The Hun had nothing on the Nemo, for she went down also. Then began a long trailing game, a blind listening contest. The men at the hydrophones sat oblivious of all else, straining their ears to catch the thud of the Hun's propellers. Every man on the Nemo was at highest tension. There wasn't a sound save the low orders of the control officer, the responses of the men after each order had been carried out, and the officer's "Very good."

We maneuvered as circumstances dictated, still listening, and wishing for forty more mechanical ears than we had. This continued for nearly four hours. Then the listeners heard the German's propellers and reported: "Sound of propellers dead ahead, sir."

We came up with a bang, and, sure enough, there was the German, dead ahead, proceeding at about six knots. Every exterior detail of her was visible. We steadied, pointed, and fired two torpedoes. The Hun saw them coming, zigzagged and poured out a dense black smoke from her exhaust.

There was a flash from the stern of the Hun, and then, zip! came a shell. Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! came four more.

"What do you know about that?" asked the captain of the crew in general. "The guy is firing at us. Give him a couple more torps."

We snap-fired two more torpedoes at him, but he wasn't taking any. He dived and disappeared, this time for good and all; and long hours of listening did not reveal him again. After the second torpedo of the snaps the Hun listed violently and we had hopes. Also, we had contact, and that is the phase of it that buoys. Some day—some day—every

Breaking It Gently

Nemo will have its chance, and a few hours like those repay for months of patrol with "No events."

The Huns are not keen about this submarine-against-submarine stuff. They run usually. They prefer hospital ships and lifeboats to Nemos or to the British subs. Fritz isn't anxious for combat. What he likes is a big, broad-sided merchantman or troop or hospital ship to fire at, undeterred by destroyers or other harassing disturbers; and he generally turns tail when another submarine comes after him.

On another occasion when a Nemo was cruising at night on the surface they saw some merchantmen and some trawlers and drew away, for it is the business of a submarine to see and not be seen; but also it is the business of the submarines, when seen, to send up recognition signals for reasons that shall be set forth later. The patrol continued, and two hours later something showed about a mile away, off the starboard bow. This something looked like a fishing boat. Cautious advances were made, and then suddenly the lookout in the tower said "Submarine!" and dropped below, pulling down the hatch. There were two or three commands in the control compartment, and Nemo sank like a stone.

Then began a sleuthing match, a stalking of the quarry that was as stealthy as an Apache trailing an enemy, and as relentless. It might be that Fritz was sticking round. There was no way to see. All we could do was to listen.

After a time we took a quick look with the periscope. "Holy mackerel!" said the man who had the eyes. "There she is. Close aboard."

Fritz had just come to the surface. His bow was up, and the stern well down in the water. "Snap shot!" ordered the captain. That was the only chance.

The Nemo was pointed and the torpedo snapped. Just before the torpedo Fritz began to go down. He, too, had taken the chance of a look round, and he got below before the torpedo reached him. It was an escape of seconds, for the torpedo was straight, but it was enough, in two ways: It was enough to let Fritz by, and it was enough for him, because he scuttled away under the water, and he was twice as big and powerful as the Nemo that had at him.

When a Mistake Was Made

I HAVE told these incidents baldly, instead of burning red fire and putting on the tremolo for the recital, because in all my experience with men who do things round this globe the least melodramatic in their aspects and their operations are the men who man the submarines. I have been down with them and watched them at their work, and it is my opinion that for calm, nonspectacular efficiency, for absolute cold-chilled nerve and for utter absence of pose and side, and for modesty of demeanor, they have no superiors in any branch of the service. It doesn't sound very thrilling to say that the United States Submarine Nemo cast off at such an hour, proceeded to sea, and remained on patrol a certain number of days; but for all that there isn't a day that isn't a drama or a night that is not a melodrama, considered as a feat of seamanship, navigation, mechanical knowledge and efficiency and scientific mastery of opposed forces by the officers as well as the expert application of that mastery by the men.

There isn't a minute when a submarine is at sea or under sea when an error is not capable of developing into a disaster. Consider for a moment the cold, unwarped judgment that must be set upon the submarine before she goes out. Every one of the complicated mechanical details—and the submarine is a colossal congeries of mechanical detail—must be in perfect order, so that there may be no untoward occurrence and the submarine may return safely to port as well as remain safely on duty. Every valve, every control, every minute section must be working perfectly and must be kept working perfectly. Every possible mistake must be guarded against. The fallibility of the human mind must be reckoned with. Certain dependence must be placed on others to do essential portions of the work of operation. Courage must be known, and oftentimes subjected to great strains.

The pilot of an airship, for example, in difficulties has an unimpeded air space to operate in, and a chance of making a landing on all the face of the earth. A submarine in difficulties has nowhere to go but down, and unless she can be made lighter than the water that surrounds her the crew of it are done. Working smoothly a submarine handles as easily as a motor launch; but let the valves get wrong or the tanks too full or the air fail and the men in the recalcitrant craft are looking into the eyes of a terrible death, death cooped up in impenetrable steel walls, death from suffocation, which is one of the most frightful ways that death can come.

"No events," records the captain; or he tells with a wealth of nautical detail of his various divings and risings, of his courses here and there, of how he saw a stray tramp steamer or two, and picked up a trawler here and there—"No events." Yet every minute was an event, for all the time he was out he was, in a most matter-of-fact way, to be sure, but none the less certainly, doing what verges on the miraculous, operating and maintaining hundreds of tons of steel under water, swimming like a fish with a vast conglomeration of machinery, steel plates, high explosives—to say nothing of a considerable quantity of human freight.

They take it as a matter of course that they will come back successfully, and they do; but for all that death is always grinning at them through the thick glass in the eyeports. Something goes wrong. If that something cannot be corrected there they are, and their air supply is sure to be exhausted after a certain time. They laugh at the thought that anything can go wrong, but——

United States Submarine Nemo was on patrol, everything working smoothly, the men at their stations, in their bunks or talking in little groups in the open spaces. An order was given. A mistake was made. A valve was opened too far. A tank was heavily overflooded. Instead of descending a few feet the Nemo went down like a shot—down—down—until the needle on the pressure gauge registered one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, which means she dropped to almost three hundred feet. The Nemo was not built to go to that depth. Theoretically, of course, she could withstand such pressure, but practically it was not wise to get her into that position.

At one hundred and twenty-seven the needle hung, quivered and steadied. The Nemo was on bottom, and apparently on soft bottom, for she had settled into it with no jar—mud, most likely—stuck in the mud three hundred feet below the surface of the water. And if they couldn't get her off soon they all knew what would happen. Death was not only grinning through the eyeports at them but gibbering.

As calmly as if they were on practice patrol not half a mile from the mother ship, the captain gave his orders. He tried to blow out his tanks. There was too much pressure against him. He quietly went through expedient after expedient calculated to get the Nemo to rise. She didn't rise. Instead she lay there, immobile, bow tilted down, at an angle of two and one-half degrees. One hundred and twenty-seven pounds' pressure puts all the valves and tubes on a submarine to severe test. The stern tube valves began to leak. Water seeped in. Presently there was a good deal in the bilges. Order after order was given calmly, and as calmly carried out by the crew. There was no consternation. There was no hurry. There was no inefficiency. Everything was done, methodically and efficiently, that the knowledge and the experience of the commander indicated.

The Nemo didn't budge. She lay there with her nose in the mud, quivering somewhat from the efforts made within her to get her in motion, but stuck—stuck, it seemed, hard and fast.

"All hands aft!" ordered the captain.

The crew, except those needed at the controls, crowded to the far stern of the ship.

"Start motors!"

The motors began to hum. The men in the stern, used their bodies—teetered up and down—as an aid. The bow rose slowly, but did not break away. The angle became three degrees four—five—six.

Like Floating Stilettos

THEN with a shake and a shock the Nemo started up rapidly, at an angle of fifty degrees, plunged for the top as if alive and ashamed of lingering so long in the alien mud.

When she had risen a hundred feet, which only took a few seconds, the captain ordered: "Open middle ballast Kingston for blowing."

"Middle ballast Kingston open, sir," reported the valve man.

"Very good."

It was as unemotional as if they were out on practice.

The pressure in the tank jerked open the starboard valve so quickly that one of the slide blocks broke, thus preventing the closing of the valve, but the Nemo was started, and a few seconds later she broached on top, came up with a lunge, as a swimmer comes up from a dive, rising like a porpoise, and then settled back on the surface, afloat and on even keel. They had been down one hour and ten minutes, fighting with death.

And later the captain reported: "There was no panic or excitement. Every man stood by his station as calmly and efficiently as if at drill."

Those were American sailors, and there are thousands upon thousands of them in foreign waters, men just like these, on all sorts of ships; to say nothing of hundreds of thousands of the same caliber waiting at home for their chance. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

The submarine mother ship came up from the submarine base to the destroyer base where I was, to have her bottom scraped, and I went back with her, convoyed by two restless destroyers through the dangerous sea. There were no alarms. Everything went peacefully as might be, and when we swung into the inner harbor where the submarines lay I had my first sight of our Nemos. A covey of them nestled round a buoy, looking like nothing so much, with their sharp sterns all pointing out harbor, as a collection of floating stilettos.

(Continued on Page 24)

A Tread as Good As It Is Safe

Driving conditions, from now until next spring, especially demand tougher, safer tires.

That demand clearly indicates Republic Tires, with tread of Staggard Studs.

Republic Staggard tread *is* safer; it *does* last longer in rough winter service.

No other non-skid is so scientifically built to hold the road.

It gives *maximum grip with minimum friction* on wet or snowy streets and roads.

Its Prōdium-toughened rubber resists to the utmost the slashing effects of sharp ice, and wears very slowly, like finely hardened steel.

Car owners who have learned to set store by Republic Tires in fair weather—and they are legion—will doubly value them after a winter's experience.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 22)

The submarine mother ship functions for the submarines exactly as the big supply ships function for the destroyers. She is the guide, philosopher, friend, doctor, purveyor and director. She has stores, machine shops, and all the paraphernalia needed to keep the subs in order and to feed and supply the men who operate them. She lies in one of the most beautiful landlocked harbors I have ever seen, and she hums with activity day and night.

"Sir," said the captain of a Nemo that had been under repair, to the commanding officer, "I desire permission to submerge at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good," replied the C. O.

"Sir," said I to the C. O., "I desire permission to submerge with him."

"Very good," he repeated; and the next morning they gave me a suit of overalls and a pea jacket, and I did that same.

Years ago—nearly twenty, I should say—I went down the Potomac River from Washington with sections of the naval committees of the Senate and the House, at the invitation of one or the other of the rival submarine builders, I have forgotten which—to have it proved to the satisfaction of the statesmen who were making appropriations for naval construction that an iron boat really could operate beneath the water, and that it was a practicable and formidable instrument of offense and defense. I went down in that submarine. As I recall it, the late Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and the late Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, were two of the fellow passengers on that perilous trip. We dived, stayed under a few minutes, and came up, and all thought we had had a most remarkable and almost miraculous experience.

Going Down

Compared with the Nemo I went down on this time, that submarine was a toothpick alongside a railroad tie, for size; and compared with some we have, and are building, she was even smaller, by comparison, than that. Also, so far as efficiency, improvement and general advance of construction are concerned, that first submarine was merely a rough working model, a toy.

They put me up on the bridge, alongside a keen-eyed, browned, agile young sailor who handled signals, and the captain; the preliminary orders were given, and the Nemo moved out to sea smoothly and quietly. There were certain compass matters to be regulated while we were topside, and these were regulated as we cruised about.

Then the captain said to me: "Drop down below, for we are going to dive."

There was a hatchway, a tubular hatch, and on the sides of that hatch two or three projecting iron steps. Also two hand ropes. So, not being a skilled submarine merger or emerger, I practically dropped and landed in the middle of more sorts of machinery than I had ever seen before, than I fancied there could be. The captain and the sailor came after me. The hatch was slammed. Going down!

There were eight men in that place, stowed away among various intricacies of machinery; and I made a somewhat bulky ninth. The captain was one, a lieutenant was another, and the rest were men of various ratings, at their stations. One man sat on a low box, or bench, and controlled the engines. Two others crouched with their hands grasping good-sized brass wheels, not unlike automobile steering wheels, only larger; and directly in front of each were two depth gauges, eighteen to twenty inches across, on the faces of which flickered long sensitive needles, and round the edges of which were set figures, from one to three hundred, as I recall them; possibly higher than that.

The lieutenant stood watching these gauges over the heads of the crouching wheelmen. Close to these was another man, who operated the vents, and on the other side of the compartment other men who did strange but effective things with levers. A great gyroscopic compass took up a lot of space, and pipes and tubes and other mechanical things were strung about in bewildering confusion. This was the operating compartment, the heart of the sub.

The lieutenant gave a series of orders, supplemented now and then by a direction from the captain. The men at the various controls reported the execution of the orders as soon as the necessary operations had been made, and in the words of the command. That was about all the conversation there was. I tried to keep out of the way, with ill success at times. The indicators of the depth gauges began to move—five feet—ten feet—fifteen feet—with the sharp eye of the lieutenant always on them, as he gave his orders to open this or close that, in the process of stabilizing the ship.

Twenty feet—twenty-five feet—thirty feet—thirty-five feet—we went down without a jar, holding level at various depths for processes that appeared important, but that meant nothing in my young life. Presently we were at sixty feet, and cruised about a bit. After that we went deeper and climbed higher. For a time we were not far beneath the surface, trying the periscope. The periscope is a tube that moves up and down in a casing, and is the eye of the ship. It is a vertical telescope, the angles of refraction being so arranged that the sight is horizontal while the instrument itself is vertical. It revolves in a complete circle, and is turned by means of two brass projecting handles at its lower end. The man operating it stands with his eyes to the eyepiece, and constantly turns the periscope, sweeping the surface of the waters, moving his head and body with it, of course, in order to retain his field of vision. A periscope is made of metal. It is long and heavy. Swinging it about and standing at strained attention at it for a few hours at a time is a man's job.

The hydrophones are forward. Our skipper gave his listeners some practice, for there were plenty of ships about and he constantly demanded report on their positions as per compass. These orders go to the listeners through speaking tubes, and are passed along by the lieutenant, who is executive officer and who stands by the depth gauges. They let me have various looks. I picked up several ships, including an American destroyer or two and some British ships. The periscope in good light sets them forth plainly. A ship a mile or so away passed over the field of vision in complete miniature. A destroyer at that distance looks like a ship about two feet long, but every detail of her is seen.

Descents in ordinary form are made so easily and steadily that there is no sensation of dropping about them. The only guide to where you are is the depth gauge. Nor is there any difference that is apparent at a hundred feet over five feet. It is all calm, level, steady. A quick dive gives somewhat the sensation of a quick dropping of an elevator, but only somewhat. Indeed, the ordinary sensation of diving in a submarine is no sensation at all. You would know nothing about it if the depth gauges were not making telltale fluctuations before your eyes.

When Matches Won't Light

Cruising is the same. You hear the water rushing along the sides when submerged, but the movement of the boats is so steady that there is little sensation of movement. When they are awash the story is different. A submarine rolls gracefully, and persistently, about half over in a heavy sea, when she is proceeding on the surface of a rough sea; and the interior thereof—with the motion and the smell of the oils and various other things—is no place for a person with a squeamish inside—no place at all—the zero of habitations. But below the surface, far enough down, with a heavy sea above, the submarine oscillates pleasantly, swings gently from side to side, and is a comfortable place of abode.

The engines and the galley, an electric range are aft, the operating compartment amidships, and the bunk room and torpedo tubes forward, in the smaller boats. In the big ones there are torpedo tubes both forward and aft. When a torpedo is fired the torpedo isn't aimed, but the boat is, for the tubes are fixed. The captain and the lieutenant have bunks; the men sleep in berths that let down and are ranged in tiers; and the guest has a cot.

I was curious to know what the men did on these long trips, aside from their station duties and watches. I discovered. They sleep. There is more sleeping done on a submarine, and less sleeping also, than on any other craft afloat. That is, when the men are off watch they spend much of their time in bed, but when they are on watch there never was a more wide-awake and more vigilant lot of youngsters. They have some reading matter, and spin yarns in the engine room and in the forward compartments, but largely they sleep the off-watch hours away, and it is amazing how much sleeping one can do. It is no trick at all to stay in bed, snoozing, for twelve hours; no trick at all, that is, for a guest. The men take their sleep in shorter stretches, but they take a lot of it.

After a submerged run of twelve hours or so the air gets a bit heavy, though not at all oppressively so. One notices it when a trial is made at lighting a match. Matches start bluely, gasp and go out. If by the skillful utilization of the sulphur on the sticks a cigarette is lighted, the cigarette, despite most valorous efforts, burns only half an inch or so before it expires languidly. Water is precious. An allotment of a small amount is made each day, and that must suffice for face and hand washing and other purposes. There is none for shaving, or not much, and as a consequence when a submarine comes in after a cruise the men bring in with them variously assorted whiskers. The food is good, for the electric ranges work well, and the supplies are plentiful and varied. The men are under the strictest discipline, of course, and are allowed two cigarettes a day when below—if they can get them going and keep them afire.

After about three days of a cruise the Nemo begins to sweat. Moisture condenses on the inside of the steel plates and drips off, steadily and with a malignity that is common to inanimate things concerning which there is a great essay to be written—On the Utter Depravity of Inanimate Things. Have at it some day. Clothes become clammy and moist, and the whole ship gets moister inside. But what of it? Each night we come to the surface and let the cool, sweet, fresh ocean air in; and submarining is submarining, and is taken as it comes. But a nonsweating submarine would be an advance in that phase of naval architecture—a distinct advance.

A long stay down gives a heavy feeling in the head and forces an increased respiration. Sometimes battery fumes are annoying, and if by chance any fumes of gasoline are escaping there is a noticeable exhilaration when coming to the surface. "Gasoline jags," the sub men call them, but they are hardly that. The gasoline fumes gently jingle the crew, and next day the headache is most marked.

Recognition Signals

So they go for days and nights, ranging back and forth over their given beats, listening, looking, watching for Hun subs—mostly listening. The perfect submarine of the future will be one gigantic ear, or a pair of them, one on each side. Ears—ears—ears—that is what they need; and that, through the inventive genius of Americans, is what they are getting. Their contests mostly are contests of blind listening. They cannot see when they are below, but they can hear, and must. Every minute of a submarine cruise the listeners are at their posts, ears straining at the hydrophones to detect the beat of another propeller—no matter whether it is propeller of friend or of foe. That part of it will take care of itself—detect the beat and let Nature take its course. Once the telltale noise is heard and up they come for a quick look, and if nothing is seen drop down to trail again, following the sound like Apaches—following—following—changing course to keep along with it, maneuvering to get closer to it, hoping it may be a Fritz.

That is all there is to the warfare of submarine against submarine—ears. Fundamentally, I mean. The submarine that gets the best ears will do the best work. Of course the human equation will count, too, for ears must be operated, and what they hear put to advantage, but there is no need of going into that phase of it. We have the human equation in full and effective supply. Give them the ears they need and the results will come immediately. And we're getting them—the ears. Improvements are being made every day. Presently the perfect submarine will be evolved, the submarine that will be primarily an ear—an ear before it is anything else; and tacked to that all the other machinery for operation that now exists, and will exist in improved form. Then it will be all over.

When a submarine leaves a base to go on patrol it becomes the free and independent ranger of all the seas, also the object of suspicion for all other craft. In the large way one submarine, whether ours or English or Hun, looks like another submarine. That is, at distance they are all long, low-lying craft, with certain similar protuberances in the way of bridges, conning towers, periscopes, and so on. The motto of the surface craft is: All submarines look alike to us, and it is up to the friend to prove himself a friend or take whatever may arrive in the way of shot, shell, ramming, depth charges, or any of the other pleasant little devices for rending underseas craft apart and sending them to the bottom.

A submarine on patrol is distinctly off his own. Of course he has his orders, knows his beats, and is to stay out a certain length of time, but his hand is against the hand of every other craft, unless proved a friend; and the hand of every other craft is against him. The orders are: If you see a submarine slog it unless it gives the proper recognition signals and proves up to be a friend; and don't wait too long, either, for recognition signals. A reasonable time only, and then go to it. Likewise that is the schedule on which the submarine operates. Take nothing for granted. Hit and hit quickly, unless you get the signal that it is a friend.

An Added Danger

This adds a certain spice to submarine patrolling. The submarine captain and crew must look out not only for foes but must equally be on guard for friends. An American destroyer or other war craft is very likely to, and quite justified too, in taking a shot at any submarine that appears unless that submarine proves up; and an English destroyer or sloop is expected to do the same thing. Take nothing for granted. If the sub is a friend let the sub say so. There are adequate signals to be given. If the sub is an enemy two minutes' delay before attacking it may mean the escape of it. One sub looks like another sub. Go to it unless it advances, friend, and gives the countersign.

It is a hazardous game, this submarining. Two minutes' delay in sending up a recognition signal may mean a barrage of depth charges that will shake that recalcitrant submarine to pieces or the perforation of it by shells. Those destroyer and sloop chaps are very quick on the trigger. So the submarine is wary. Nemo keeps out of the way. When a ship is sighted, if it is a friendly ship, as it usually is, Nemo ducks and disappears, unless the ship is too near, and then the recognition signal is given. If a submarine is heard or sighted the utmost precautions are taken to find if it is Hun or English. That isn't so difficult as may be imagined, for the courses of patrol are known to all commanders, and the chances are vastly in favor of any submarine sighted by a Nemo being a Hun. Still, there have been run-ins between friendly submarines, as the completed naval history of this war will show.

Firing at friends by friends from surface ships is more common. That is, delays in sending up recognition signals have caused hostile attack on Allied submarines by Allied ships, for the law of the sea is exact. Every submarine that shows is held to be an enemy submarine until it proves that it is a friend. That is the drastic rule. If it is an enemy it is wanted. If it is a friend let it say so. Otherwise, watch out! Wherefore, as I have said, the submarine on patrol is a free moral agent. It is entirely off its own. The hand of every man is against it until it shows its colors, and oftentimes that hand is a hasty hand, an insistent hand, a heavy hand.

Sights at sea, especially at night, are dim and sometimes uncertain. A submarine sees something. It looks like another submarine. Fritz often camouflages. He hoists a sail, when he is running on the surface, to make himself look like a trawler, and at a distance the silhouette of a trawler, with a short mast forward, the derrick amidships, the small deck house and the rectangular sail it often carries aft, is strikingly like that of a submarine. It takes a lot of looking to make the distinction, and a lot of restraint not to let go a torpedo or two, until it is certain just what is in sight.

However, the submarine has the advantage. He can let down and use his periscope and hang round unobserved, if lucky, until he makes sure. He is in constant touch with patrols, too, who tell him where other submarines have been sighted, and off he plugs to those locations to see what he can see and find what he can find. There is some zest to the life, even if the crew does have to stay jammed into such close quarters; and mostly there are no events, save a patrol well and faithfully made.

One of our subs was peacefully proceeding, a short distance beneath the surface, when there came a great whirring through the hydrophones.

(Continued on Page 26)

These are times to know what you buy

Uncle Sam expects every dollar to do its duty.

It is up to every man to buy with both eyes open—buy only what he needs and be sure that he is getting full value at a thrift price.

You know just what you are getting when you buy Styleplus.

The *prices* are known—one price for each grade the nation over.

The quality is reliable—always a big value at the price.

The Styleplus plan is to *concentrate*—make a few grades in big volume—reduce costs—produce exceptional clothing value at each price.

Two grades in Styleplus suits: $25 and $30.

Three grades in Styleplus overcoats: $25, $30 and $35.

If you want the style touches that make the well-dressed man *at thrift prices*, visit your local Styleplus Store.

Sold by one leading clothing merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"Each grade one price the nation over"

Trade Mark Registered

Copyright 1918
Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Concluded from Page 24)

"Aëroplane above, sir," reported the listener.

The captain stuck up his periscope and had a look. It was a friendly aëroplane, and he didn't bother.

The aëroplane flew back again, turned and made another flight. After the third flight the captain had another look. He saw that the pilot was working feverishly to let loose a depth charge on him, but that apparently the releasing apparatus was stuck.

The flyer made a fourth trip, and a fifth. "That bird is in earnest," said the captain. "I'll go up and give him the glad hand."

The submarine rose—and the aëroplane swung at it again. From it came pop-pop-pop-poppity-pop!

"His engine's missing," thought the captain as he sent up his recognition signal. But the aëroplane's engine wasn't missing. The popping the captain heard was from the aeroplane's machine gun, and that recognition signal didn't get up a second too soon.

Any hard feelings? Not in the least. A dinner in port on the first convenient occasion ended that episode, with reciprocal good will and admiration. And there have been other occasions when friend has popped at friend, one way or another. It is all part of the stern game of war.

Show us, is the demand, for this game admits of nothing on supposition. It is a game of realities, stark and stern. Everything beneath the sea is potentially an enemy to everything else beneath the sea and above it, and the only way to escape attack from friend is to give the countersign. Otherwise, take your chances. Submarine and antisubmarine warfare is no tea party where the fact that one is present assumes that one is desirable and friendly and nice folks. In this game everything is a Hun until proved not a Hun. Fritz is not getting by on friendly assumption, even if real friends are sometimes mussed up a bit here and there.

Strange things happen. A Nemo was patrolling, and located a German submarine not far away. Maneuvering for position, the Nemo heard another enemy submarine a considerable distance off to the starboard. That was good, hunting two of them at the same time, and the crew of the Nemo cheered up amazingly and prepared to get after them both. There was a period of cautious reconnoiter and maneuver, for it was not known whether the German subs had seen and heard Nemo.

Presently Nemo came up to have a look, and discovered one of the German subs not far away, a quarter of a mile or so, just rising to the surface. Nemo swung to take a shot, and while swinging noted that the German was doing the same thing. Before Nemo was head on there came a tremendous explosion close by the German submarine, which rose in the air in the midst of a mighty column of water. The periscope and conning tower could be seen distinctly in the giant swirl of it. Then the German disappeared.

Nemo cruised about, and saw the oil on the water; submerged, but could find no trace. Then presently the listeners heard the high-pitched code call of a German submarine, repeated over and over again. The other German was somewhere off in the depths calling for her mate. Nemo put on a similar high-pitched call, but got no response, and after sticking round for a long time went along. Nobody knows what happened, but presumably the German's torpedo exploded either in the tube or just after leaving it. Anyhow, that Hun seems to have been disposed of effectively.

Another time a submarine on the surface, or near it, blew up with a mighty blast. Patrols rushed over. There was nothing save a rising and frightful mess of human remains, wreckage and clothing. A sea boot that belonged to a German floated up, and a cap or two. There was some sort of German inscription on the boot, which has not yet been deciphered. The Hun indulges a fantastic proclivity for marking his possessions. He writes on everything. The life preservers that some U-boat survivors, picked up by one of our destroyers, used had painted on one side of them Wilhelm, and on the other side *Gott*.

They have their troubles, these subs. Machinery breaks, valves stick, engines kick up and kick over, and a thousand and one problems present themselves. A Nemo came in one day and reported by signal: "Starboard engine disabled; port engine under repair; one-fourth of crew on sick list with influenza." Pleasant little place to have that miserable influenza that has been devastating England and Europe—down in a submarine! I can imagine the delights of a temperature of one hundred and two, alternating with chills of forty below zero and a headache that would split a concrete skull, in a narrow berth of a submarine, a hundred feet or so below water, with the plates sweating and the batteries odoriferously in evidence, and the acid fumes floating about, and so on.

Do they mind it? They do not. Before those influenza boys were steady on their pins they were clamoring to get back to the job. We know about the navy spirit, and what it is and what it means; but after my experiences with those submarine sailors and the knowledge I got of their mode of life, I venture to reserve a portion of that navy spirit as the property of the submarine sailors. If there is a navy spirit, an American spirit, an on-the-job spirit—those boys have it, and theirs is the tough end of the job too.

As I have before remarked: Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue! coupled—as my British friends would say—coupled with the names of the men who sail under the seas in our submarines.

The Salvor Versus the Submarine

By ROBERT G. SKERRETT

TAKING a bone from a hungry dog is risky business. Robbing the U-boat of its prey is proving of pretty much the same venturesome order. But, even so, the thing is being done right straight along, week in and week out, over on the other side of the Atlantic. And what makes the subject of especial interest to us is the fact that American genius and Yankee cunning are now playing a very important part in this vitally necessary work. Within the last few months the United States has become represented in the Joint Salvage Council of the Allies, and we are ready to do our full share in the field of maritime wrecking.

Besides sending to Europe some of the best of our civilian and naval salvage experts, we have equipped and dispatched a number of vessels that are uniquely outfitted for the speedy and effective handling of damaged or sunken ships. These boats have reached their appointed stations over there.

Back about February the Government, profiting by experience abroad, decided to take over the control of maritime salvage operations along our coasts and likewise in European waters where American ships were concerned. To this end there was created a special salvage division, and its personnel was recruited from officers in the Construction Corps of the Navy and men in private undertakings familiar with such tasks.

A British Battleship Plowing Through a Rough Sea

The first work of our experts sent to the other side was to study conditions and to devise ways in which we could act to best advantage. The salvage steamers since prepared for the service embody everything thought essential to effective operations, and reflect the judgment of men whose brilliant achievements in a peculiarly difficult branch of engineering have placed us in the very forefront of the art.

Our salvage corps in Europe, however, is not succoring or refloating American ships only, as was originally intended. We have pooled our skill and equipment with those of our allies and are now actively coöperating with the Salvage Department of the British Admiralty. And that we may have an idea of the capacity of the men we have sent abroad, just let us review briefly some of the amazing things they have done in American waters in the past few years. They tell better than anything else just what Yankee resourcefulness really means—a resourcefulness that does not hesitate to put tried agencies at work in untried fields and by means of sheer audacity to accomplish the seemingly impossible.

To begin with, there was the S. S. Royal George, a big liner of fifteen thousand tons, which ran high upon the rocks in the St. Lawrence—that graveyard of ships—while racing seaward during a heavy fog. Substantially forty per cent of her underwater plating was damaged and great rents torn in her steel skin, through which the river ebbed and flowed freely.

The vessel had in her at the time of her grounding only a moderate amount of cargo, and there was, therefore, comparatively little that could be taken out of her to lighten her. This was done, but it failed to break the grip of the bowlders that had pierced her bottom; and it was found impossible to drag her off bodily, despite the efforts of a flotilla of powerful tugs, augmented by a number of larger steamers. To make things worse, the rise and fall of the tide was a matter of sixteen feet, and the Royal George struck at high tide.

A New York salvage expert was summoned to Quebec and, undismayed by the problem, promised to get the ship off; and he did so. He sealed the decks and hatches above the injured holds, fitted air locks to the hatch covers, and then went ahead as if his job were one of subaqueous tunneling. He turned compressed air into the flooded compartments, and in an astonishingly brief span of minutes forced the invading water down and outward through the rock-torn gaps until the water was level with the top edge of the uppermost injury. Then he sent his gangs of sand hogs down through the air locks into the holds.

These men, who had also learned their trade in driving tunnels under rivers, laid planks over the wounds, starting at the top of each, and filled the crevices with clay. The compressed air helped to hold these "pudge" boards in place and at the same time drove the water down and out as the rents were gradually covered. In this way the Royal George was given sufficient buoyancy to raise her clear of the river bed and permit her to be towed into deep water; but this was only half the task.

Winter was near at hand and with it the likelihood of the St. Lawrence's freezing before the liner could be taken to the nearest dry dock and made fit for sea. A great deal of money was at stake, and her owners wanted to get her back to England so that she could be overhauled and made ready for service.

The situation was met in a thoroughly original manner: the steamship was repaired just where she floated.

(Continued on Page 29)

Six million letters from men in the American Expeditionary Forces were brought to this country recently by a French Steamship!

"There is now a Fisk Tire for every motor vehicle that rolls."

MOTOR TRUCKS are more essential in the handling of Uncle Sam's mail than ever before.

"Speed Up" has been the business slogan to win the war.

The delivery of mail with the greatest despatch has been accomplished only with the assistance of the motor truck.

Delays are disastrous! Dependable tires prevent delays and give uninterrupted service.

Fisk Solid Tires are dependable—full of brute strength. When you need Solid Tires—buy Fisk.

FISK SOLID TIRES

A riveter in an Atlantic shipyard

A "holder-on" in an Atlantic shipyard

"We're making Bill's Coffin"

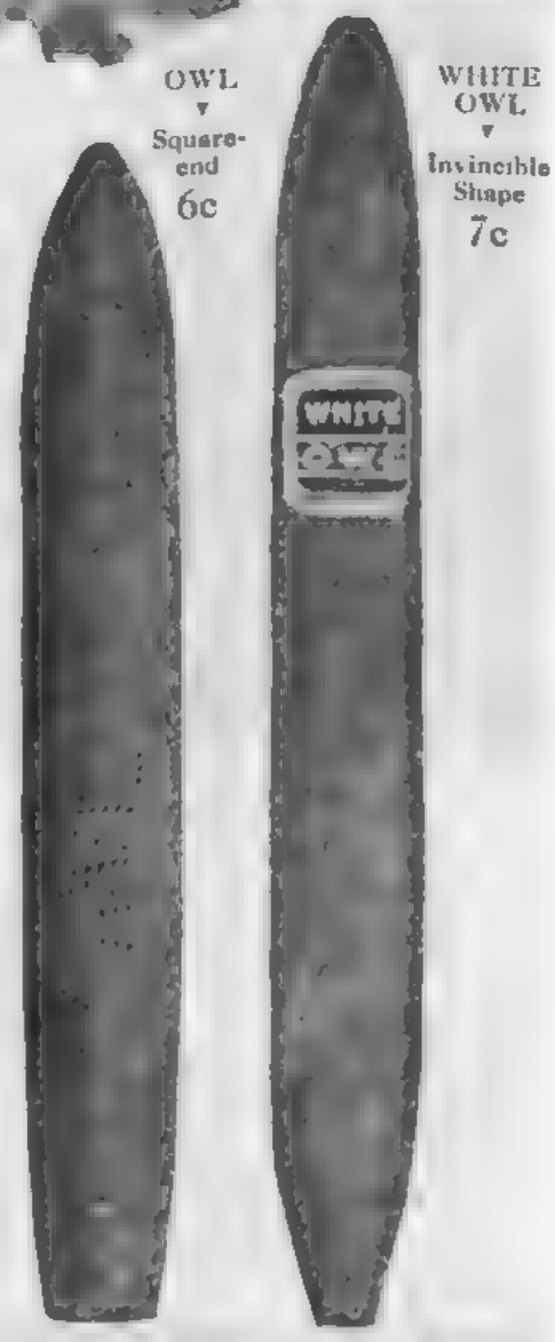
"YEP. We're out for the record. Jim, he's 'holder-on'—holds the red hot rivets in place. I drive 'em in. And every tap gets another Yank ship one step nearer her christening.

"'Making Bill's coffin' is what Jim calls it. Meaning, of course, old Bill Kaiser of germany. For every Yank ship that slides down the ways means that Victory's nearer in sight. Hey Jim, *you* say something to the folks."

"Aw, I'm no talker. Come along, lad, we've got our work to do. You've wasted the price of three Thrift Stamps already, standing there chinning."

* * *

Dependable workers in shipyards almost always like the dependable OWL and WHITE OWL. Dependable Yanks "over there" are fond of them, too. Dependable men in *all* lines think they're *great!* Likely as not you will, too. Why not find out?



Branded for your protection — Banded

DEALERS:
If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us.

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
119 W. 40th Street
New York City

OWL 6c

white OWL 7c

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

(Continued from Page 26)

The sand hogs made patterns of the patch plates needed to seal each wound in the hull. These patterns showed, also, just where threaded bolts were to be screwed into the patch plates, and these marks corresponded exactly with others placed round the injuries, where holes were drilled through the sound steel of the hull and temporarily plugged with wooden stoppers from within.

As each patch plate of steel was made ready it was lowered over the side of the ship and brought into position by divers standing upon a submerged and weighted platform. At the right moment the wooden stoppers were pulled out and the bolts on the patch plate shoved inward. Working quickly, the sand hogs fitted nuts on the bolts and screwed them tight; and in this way the patch plate was drawn securely into place, a lavish use of red lead effectually completing the seal. The repairs thus made were found, when the ship was docked at Halifax for inspection, to be so sound that nothing more was done on her at the time, and the Royal George ran thence to England laden with a profitable cargo of lumber.

Again, the steamship Uranium, bound for New York via Halifax, stranded upon the rocks just outside of that Nova Scotian port. She was refloated after five days of work and towed into Halifax; but, as luck would have it, the only suitable dry dock was occupied. The question was how to get her to New York, where she could be properly docked and overhauled without delay. Her bow and forward bottom were seriously damaged and it was quite impossible for her to put to sea in that condition.

Compressed air, resorted to by an American salvage expert, saved the day. The wounds were covered from within with sheets of flexible lead so bent that they fitted snugly over the rents. Upon the lead sheeting was laid a mattress of cement. When the injured compartments were charged with compressed air the temporary patches were held securely against the pounding sea, and the craft reached New York after a two days' run with her damaged holds substantially dry. She made the trip loaded with a valuable cargo.

There was the case of the steamship Zeeland, hastening up the St. Lawrence for a load of munitions, which was driven far up on the flats during a period of foggy weather. The mud was dredged from both sides of her and a path dug sternward back to the river channel, and the ship lightened to the utmost by the removal of water ballast, coal and much of her portable equipment. Even so, powerful tugs and other craft were unable to free her because she rested upon a mound of mud immediately beneath her that could not be cleared away.

Clever Work

The man who salved the Royal George effected the release of the Zeeland. He did it by means of a film of air bubbles discharged from holes tapped in the bottom of the liner. The compressed air passing outward and upward broke the suctionlike grip of the mud, freed the ship, and permitted her to be towed back into the river's fairway.

Finally, to skip many other notable performances, there was the big tanker Gut Heil, sunk in the Mississippi just below Baton Rouge, which was raised by means of compressed air after lying on the river bed, abandoned for quite five years. In sinking she had turned over on her side, and in the course of her submergence had become filled with many hundreds of tons of silt. The problem was to get rid of this burden, turn the ship upright in shallow and nontidal waters, and then refloat her so that she might be taken down to New Orleans for repairs.

Compressed air did the trick. Buoyancy so obtained and cunningly distributed righted the vessel after she had been freed of the bulk of the mud within her. The task was one that involved the nicest sort of juggling with water ballast and buoyancy so that the ship would come slowly upright and not swing violently back upon an even keel and then lurch over in the opposite direction and fill and sink again. The salvors had to control a dead weight of quite five thousand tons. The performance stands without a parallel in the annals of marine wrecking.

And what about the divers who have gone over with our flotilla of salvage craft? For, after all, a great deal depends in most marine wrecking undertakings, especially if a ship be sunk, upon the capacity and courage of the underwater workers. The British believe that the limiting operating depth is thirty-five fathoms—two hundred and ten feet—when the man is peculiarly rugged and fit for diving. On the other hand, our naval divers have descended more than three hundred feet below the surface and have rendered useful service there in effecting the refloating of a sunken submarine.

Again, the opinion holds abroad that it would not be commercially practicable to undertake salvage work at a greater depth than a hundred and twenty feet; and yet American divers have gone down into the frigid inky gloom of a foundered ship, one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, and have recovered from her some tons of mail pouches, a large quantity of silver bullion and the purser's safe. To do this they had to cut through the upturned steel side of the vessel and to follow a slanting, slimy and devious pathway to their goal in the very bowels of the craft.

These performances on the part of our people mean that salvage operations over there may be carried out successfully on deeply sunken ships either in seeking to raise them bodily or to recover parts of their cargoes, the divers, at the maximum submergences, merely serving to guide by telephone the needful mechanical efforts, originating above, upon the wrecking steamers.

The fundamental reason for this widened operative zone on the part of the subaqueous toiler is the use of compressed air drawn from storage flasks instead of being furnished by hand-driven pumps, which at times are dangerously uncertain. Further, with an ample and unfailing flow of this vital element assured, it is now possible for the diver to control his air supply to a nicety, and to meet confidently the changing requirements of his more or less hazardous environment.

Gallant British Wreckers

Finally, as a result of experiments made by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of our Navy Department, it has been found practicable and safe to reduce considerably the length of time a diver must remain in the water when coming up from a deep descent in order to bring about a readjustment of certain physical conditions induced by the compressed air he has breathed. By the prompt use of the recompression chamber, one of which is on each of our salvage boats, the development of "bends" can be prevented and the aftermath of still graver bodily reactions effectually offset.

With our men collaborating with the English and French experts, there is good reason to believe that 1918 will prove a bumper year in neutralizing the grim activities of the Kaiser's U-boats. Indeed, this cannot help but be so if we recall what the British have already accomplished in reclaiming ships that have been sunk or in working them into port after they have been grievously injured.

One of our own salvors has paid this spontaneous tribute to his English professional brethren:

"For sheer grit and dogged persistence, I take off my hat to the British wreckers. I first saw them in action when they made port with the torpedoed Celtic last April. She was hard hit. Her great bulk of twenty-one thousand tons was made heavier and more difficult to handle by reason of the water that had poured into her through her gaping side. The Irish Sea at that particular time was in an ugly mood, thanks to a nasty wind; and, believe me, it was a man-sized job to get hold of that ship and to tow her into a haven, all the while battling with the threatening sea to keep the craft from filling up and going to the bottom.

"The Celtic was potted somewhere in the neighborhood of the entrance to St. George's Channel, where a number of other big ocean-going vessels had fallen prey to lurking U-boats. Within an amazingly brief while after she sent out her S O S calls, a flotilla of salvage vessels and tugs were gathered about her.

"The stricken craft rolled deeply and sluggishly as the waves beat angrily against her massive hull. The salvors' problem was to get alongside of her for the twofold purpose of putting pumps aboard and of securing lines by which she could be towed into harbor. Her fires were out and her own pumps were, therefore, incapable of helping. The risks involved on the part of the wrecking boats were not unlike those of sidling up against the bluff shoulder of a rocky billow-washed headland.

"The little salvage vessels stuck valiantly to their job, even though more than one of them was smashed grievously against the liner's steel body. Despite all the handicaps, the wreckers toiled undismayed and finally landed their self-propelled pumps on the sloping and slippery deck of the wounded Celtic. With these powerful pumps discharging thousands of tons of water hourly, the salvors fought on more nearly even terms with the menacing sea, and were able to work the injured liner havenward and to guide her safely through mine fields—a peril to friend and foe alike that beset them at several points during the passage.

"It was a fine example of British pluck, seamanship and applied mechanics. In the end the work of the submarine was neutralized and the U-boat robbed of a seemingly certain victim."

Up to date the Salvage Department of the British Admiralty has been able to restore to service in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty sunken or damaged ships, and by these performances has been able to discount the ravages of the rabid U-boats by well over a million tons of ocean-going bottoms. This branch of the fighting fleet—for it is a recognized part of the regular navy—has come entirely into being since the outbreak of war.

Strange as it may seem, the British Navy, with its enormous peacetime fleet, was well-nigh entirely lacking in salvage facilities until the concluding months of 1914. Various disasters had quite failed to awaken the authorities to the need of government-owned salvage craft and wrecking gear. At the start the Admiralty's Salvage Section was devoted to taking care of stricken battle craft; but by October, 1915, its main function had become that of dealing with damaged or sunken merchantmen. Mines, storms, collisions and the sinister submarine had by then taken such a toll of tonnage that it was imperative that something be done toward offsetting the losses—in short, to refloat and to repair any sizable vessel which could be saved.

The man chosen to head the newly formed department of the Admiralty is not a naval officer. He is a practical and very successful marine salvor. Captain Fred W. Young, the man in question, is a bluff, sea-tanned type of British mariner who scoffs at gold trappings and prefers to work in his shirt sleeves. He can well afford to neglect the mere badges of authority, for he has behind him a record of things done in the field of wrecking that has won for him world-wide recognition.

Submerged Pontoons

Ten years ago he wrought a salvage wonder when he turned over H. M. S. Gladiator, lying on her side in the open waters of The Solent, and refloated that dead weight of six thousand tons notwithstanding the fact that the cruiser had a hole in her side fifty feet long which reached from her gunwale down to within a few inches of her bilge keel. He did this by means of submergible pontoons. Since then he has gone on adding to his laurels. No wonder the lords of the Admiralty have given him a free hand.

Captain Young first recruited from civil salvage enterprises a corps of experts and a force of divers familiar with the waters contiguous to the British Isles; and he also requisitioned some of their vessels. The next step was to outfit a goodly number of obsolete gunboats by placing aboard an array of portable pumps, no end of piping, long lengths of chain cables, heavy wire hawsers, massive blocks, diving gear, air compressors, oxyacetylene blowpipes for cutting metal, line-firing guns, wireless apparatus, and a long list of paraphernalia peculiar to the wrecking business.

The converted gunboats have proved to be especially suited for the work now cut out for them; and for good and sufficient reasons it has been found advisable not to strip them entirely of their armaments—this not only to hold off submarines that might interfere with the reclamation efforts but actually to help save the damaged ships by sinking them before trying to refloat them.

Quite eighty per cent of the work of the Admiralty Salvage Department lies in succoring a wounded ship before she can go to the bottom in deep water, as instanced in the case of the big liner Celtic. This does not mean necessarily getting the damaged craft directly into port, but, more often than otherwise, constitutes keeping her afloat until she can be towed close to shore and beached, preferably, in a more or less protected position, sheltered from the sweep of storm-tossed seas.

In order to lend assistance promptly, the coasts of the British Isles are divided into a number of districts in which are placed groups of salvage vessels, with trained personnels, ready to be hastened to any ship in distress within any of these operative zones. Where the exigencies of the case demand it aid is dispatched from several of the nearest stations.

A large freighter, laden with a cargo of foodstuffs valued at fifteen million dollars, was torpedoed by an unseen U-boat shortly after entering the home waters over there. Salvage vessels were rushed to her relief; but she went to the bottom a short way offshore in fairly deep water. Her shelter deck, fifty-seven feet above the keel, was just awash for about two hours at low tide. The torpedo that got the ship tore a hole in her side forty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. Before the war a craft so circumstanced would have been declared a total loss, in all likelihood, and left untouched, or have been blown up if an obstruction to navigation.

But the Salvage Department looked upon her as a promising problem, and Captain Young's men tackled that job, fortified by special facilities which have been developed or perfected since 1914. Among these are the submergible electric pump and the so-called standard patch.

Pertinacity Wins

The ordinary wrecking or lift pump, which is operated at the surface, can raise water only a matter of twenty-eight feet or so, while the submergible pump can be lowered deep into the flooded interior of a sunken ship and lift out of her hundreds of tons of water hourly to a height of from seventy-five to eighty feet. Electric current is supplied by means of an armored cable from one of the salvage boats, and this connection can be broken and the pumps left safely in the hold of the wreck in case of stormy weather and the temporary abandonment of operations.

Pumps of this sort were placed deep down in the submerged stokehold of the freighter in question, and by the aid of divers accustomed to the perilous work of exploring the interior of sunken ships holes were drilled and blasted in divisional walls of steel, so that the water could drain into a common sump in the stokehold and engine room and thence be discharged surfaceward. In this way the freighter was lightened sufficiently at low tide so that part of her cargo could be removed and her position shifted into shallower water. There she was temporarily patched, thousands of tons of the goods aboard were unloaded, refloated by further pumping, and then towed to port for permanent repairs.

But the salvors' operations are sometimes rudely interrupted and their labors discounted and multiplied. The weather is one of the foes to success and the interfering submarine is another. A seven-thousand-ton cargo carrier had nearly reached her haven when she was intercepted by a U-boat and torpedoed. Her captain promptly headed her for the shore and beached her in shallow water before rescuing tugs hove in sight. The Salvage Department then took her in charge, closed the gaping hole in her side by means of a standard patch, pumped her out, and a few days later had her afloat and bound for the nearest repair base.

But the enemy was alert and, before the harbor was made, torpedoed her again. The second injury was on the side opposite the patch; but, notwithstanding the force of the explosion the temporary closure remained substantially water-tight.

The ship was once more beached and patched; but she had been landed in an awkward place and was so high and dry that she could not be pulled into deep water. In order to refloat her, sliding ways were built under her, much as was done in the case of the U S S Monongahela, which was carried ashore by a tidal wave in the West Indies in the late sixties. The vessel was then launched without further mishap and a little while later was overhauled and refitted for active service.

The so-called standard patch is really an adaptation of the patch plates devised for

the repair of the S. S. Royal George. It is doubtful whether our experts will use it at all, since the patch plate is believed to be easier to make and susceptible of quicker adjustment. The standard patch, however, has proved of undeniable value, and has made it possible to save many a vessel that might still be resting on the sea bed. It is fashioned of planking six inches thick, strengthened by metal strips, and modeled so that it will fit snugly against the outside of a ship and effectually cover the injured area

The form of this patch depends upon the shape of the vessel and the particular part damaged. First, divers are sent down with an adjustable mold of wood prepared after the known contours of the craft in question; and the underwater workers set this against the hull and mark just how the patch must be made to seal the hole. After that, the patch is constructed ashore or possibly on one of the salvage vessels.

When ready it is lowered over the side and guided into place by divers working both outside and within the wounded craft; then it is drawn snugly into place by means of hawsers attached to the inner face of the patch and leading into the vessel; finally the timber shield is secured firmly by bolts passing out through the sound shell plating of the hull.

Before the war it was not thought practicable to raise a sunken vessel of more than sixteen hundred tons by means of pontoons attached to wire hawsers passed beneath a ship, because it was feared that a heavier load would cause the steel lines to deform or cut right through the hull plating. Even so, a laden collier, representing a dead weight of substantially twenty-eight hundred tons, was lifted from a depth of seventy-two feet.

Sixteen nine-inch wire ropes were placed under her in the form of loops and secured to four big salvage craft placed above and on either side of the wreck. Then compressed air was employed to drive the water out of the collier's ballast tanks and some of her lower compartments. Thus lightened, the boat was got clear of the bottom and carried shoreward a distance of more than a mile, where she was eventually refloated by conventional salvage operations.

Sinking to Save

The American tanker O. B. Jennings, carrying sixteen thousand tons of oil, collided last April in the English Channel with a large freighter, also partly laden with oil and other highly inflammable commodities. The stem of the latter vessel tore a great rent in the tanker's side and the friction caused by the impact set the Jennings aflame. The rescuing tugs found it impossible to subdue the blaze, and to save the splendid ship and her valuable cargo she was deliberately sunk by gunfire.

Divers afterward closed the wound occasioned by the collision and plugged the holes made by the shells. The Jennings was raised, towed to port, and temporarily repaired and run to the United States for thorough overhauling. On the fifth of August, unfortunately, the tanker was attacked by a U-boat off the coast of Virginia when homeward bound and sent to a watery grave.

The British ship that collided with the Jennings also took fire, and the explosions that followed killed pretty nearly all of her crew. Notwithstanding she was so dangerous as a powder magazine, the wreckers undauntedly approached her to save her. The character of the men in the salvage flotilla was splendidly evidenced by their courage in boarding the flaming freighter in order to attach hawsers so that she might be pulled stern first against the wind for the purpose of preventing the spread of the conflagration within her.

After towing the vessel for nine hours a mine exploded under her, parting one of the cables, and a moment later two other mines burst beneath her stern. Finding it impossible to get hold of her again, the craft was sunk by gunfire near an exposed inlet on the south coast of England. The steamer has since been raised.

Dangerous Work

As might well be expected, the Germans are alive to what is being done to negative their destructive efforts, and U-boats are continually on the alert to interrupt the wreckers at their tasks. Upon two occasions at least, hostile submarines have stolen close enough to their quondam prey to launch torpedoes at the salvage craft, and have succeeded in sinking several of them.

Again, vessels of the salvage fleet have stumbled upon mines more than once, and a number of them have been damaged or sent to the bottom through these mishaps. The weather is plainly not the only thing that adds to the hazards of the salvors' labors; but there is still another menace, which frequently develops within the injured ships themselves. Certain cargoes—such as grains, other vegetable matter, meats, and so on—when exposed to the action of sea water give off poisonous gases, and these have proved extremely troublesome and even fatal where the men were unfamiliar with their noxious character.

One of the worst of these has been sulphureted hydrogen, generated by decomposed cereals. The chemists who have done so much toward developing antidotes for the treatment of soldiers gassed on the firing lines have found ways to neutralize the cargo gases, and the simple expedient of spraying the rotting freight with a prescribed mixture has practically disposed of the asphyxiating menace.

Some chemicals essential to waging war also react when exposed to water and give off both poisonous and explosive gases, and these can be disposed of successfully only by stimulated ventilation and by taking other precautionary measures.

For instance, one American salvage concern was called upon to refloat a ship sunk in the harbor of St. John, New Brunswick. Among the cargo were a good many tons of calcium carbide, which, when water worked into the containers, gave off acetylene gas and also heated the metal tanks to the point of red-heat. At low tide the whole inside of the ship above water was filled with the gas, and the explosive fumes remained in pockets when other parts of the craft were cleared of it by ventilating blowers.

As a very low percentage of acetylene in the air makes an explosive mixture, it was necessary to devise some form of detector. As a result an ingenious and simple gas gun was evolved, and by taking samples of the atmosphere within the steamer it was possible to tell quickly and surely whether danger lurked there for the wreckers. The gas gun will play a helpful part abroad among the craft of our salvage flotilla.

The question naturally arises: What can be done in cases of ships a hundred and more feet down? A submarine, because of the pressure-resisting type of hull and its normal fitness to run under water, lends itself exceptionally well to raising by means of compressed air applied internally so as to provide buoyancy while expelling the invading water.

This is not practicable in the ordinary ship, unless she be in a position where it is possible for divers to work inside her, strengthening her decks, sealing hatches, and otherwise bracing her to hold, without rupturing, the expansive or bursting force of the confined buoyant air.

Therefore, the main refloating agency will, in most cases of deeply sunken craft, have to be applied externally in the form of a direct lift and through the medium of pontoons.

A New Instrument

As we know, the British salvors did this very thing in raising, from a depth of seventy-two feet, a collier involving a dead weight of twenty-eight hundred tons. In cases of this sort one very vexatious part of the problem is to get the wire-rope slings evenly distributed beneath the ship, and to put enough of them in place to divide up the total burden so that no single cable will bear a load sufficient to crush in the vessel's structure. The layman may not realize it, but a large craft is really a pretty ticklish thing to handle when filled with water, and the careless application of lifting forces may all too easily break the boat's back.

A big American engineering concern has given us an instrument that will make it practicable to salve ships of some thousands of tons' dead weight which lie deeply submerged.

This apparatus is an evolution of the towing machine that is in constant service in the moving of long strings of heavy-laden coal barges, and the like. In short, it is the automatic tension engine. With each sling or sustaining cable controlled by a mechanism of this sort, it will be feasible, so the experts say, to insure a uniformity of action and a perfect equalizing of the entire load represented by the sunken craft and its cargo.

British salvors have already shown how the big wire hawsers can be passed down and under a vessel not only lying totally submerged but when more or less deeply embedded in the mud of the sea floor. A diver with a hose discharging compressed air can achieve a great deal in a short time in clearing away the mud or sand beneath a ship, thus forming tunnels through which the slings can be led.

Starting with light lines, and gradually increasing the ropes in size, it is a comparatively easy matter eventually to get heavy steel cables in place under a vessel. It was in this way that our divers outside of Honolulu got the heavy supporting loops under the U. S. Submarine F-4 and made it feasible to drag that boat into shallow water from a depth of three hundred and six feet, and to raise her.

Costly Undertakings

We have proved practicable, in times of peace, salvage tasks that the British have essayed only under the impelling stress of war. Again, a desperate shortage of seagoing tonnage has brought about wrecking feats that would probably not have been dreamed of commercially because of the great expense involved.

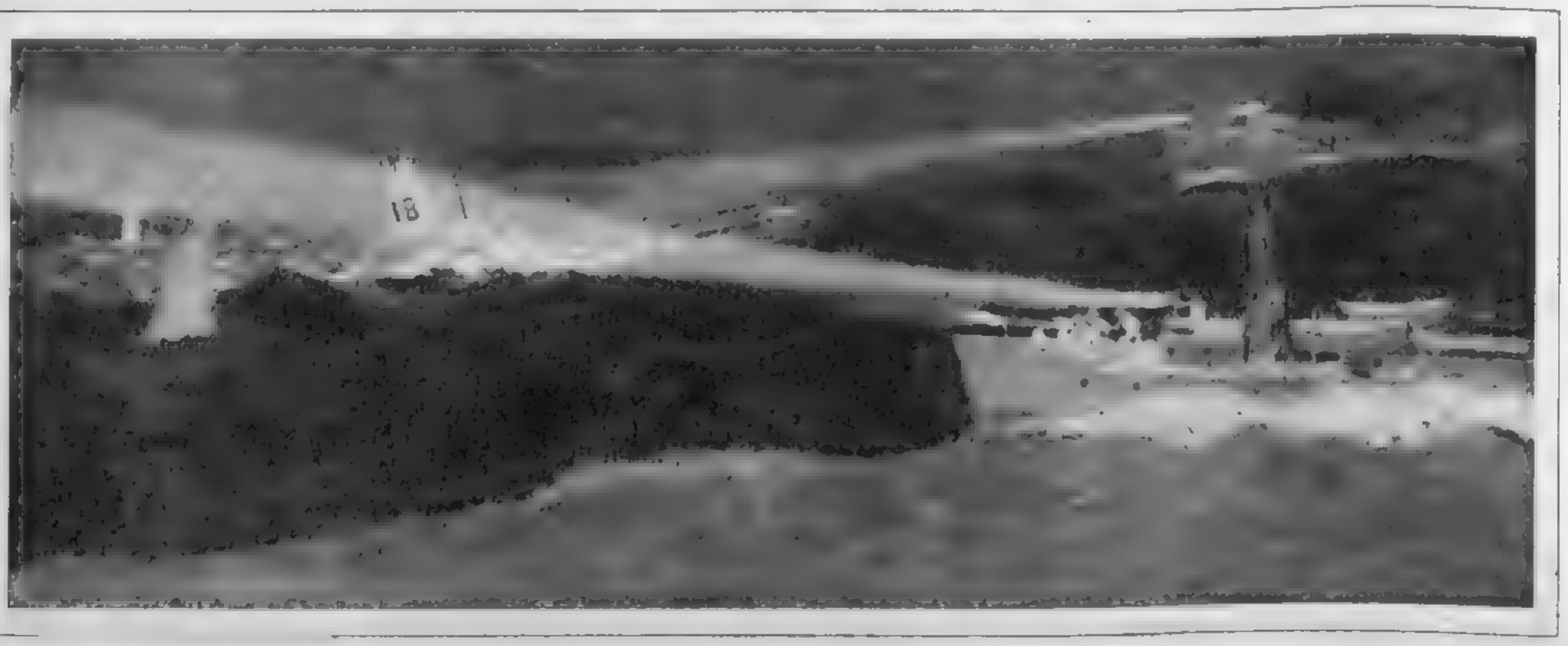
However, with substantially unlimited funds now at their disposal, the salvage engineers are taking long chances and doing amazing things. Meantime they are learning much that will cheapen operations in the years to come, when the wreckers will be asked to consider with the cold eye of business the question of refloating or raising hundreds and hundreds of ships which now, for various reasons, cannot be given consideration.

We have gone to Europe to help in a great work and our men can be counted upon to do their part in offsetting the ravages of the Kaiser's U-boats. They are likewise over there to profit by the experience of the British, French and Italian salvors. If the enemy's submarines continue to raid our coastal waters and to add materially to their grim toll, we shall have plenty to engage the attention of the domestic division of our Navy's salvage corps; and our work abroad will then stand us in good stead.

The men who in this fashion are fighting the sinister Teuton sea asps, who are battling with the treacherous, changeful sea, and who are trying to minimize navigational accidents induced by dimmed beacons and blinded running lights, are, indeed, a splendid body.

They are facing perils and struggling with difficulties that demand complete self-forgetfulness and unfaltering determination to succeed, if it be physically and humanly possible.

Theirs is a he-man's job; and they are tackling it like red-blooded, two-fisted fighters. They are heroes—all of them.



KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Outlast the Factory

"Fenestra" Factory Kreolite-Block Floored

—fourth Kreolite Block floor in six years for this concern

Wood is the ideal factory flooring—it has for most purposes the texture best suited to the conditions it must meet.

Kreolite Blocks make wood floors practical for factories—give an end-grain wearing surface—treated to insure durability and permanence.

And the treatment is so successful that Kreolite Blocks "outlast the factory."

Nothing else combines such softness, warmth and resilience with permanence.

The big share of our business comes from those who have tried everything and know from experience that Kreolite Block is the right combination of texture and permanence.

* * *

The Detroit Steel Products Company is a good example of the experienced satisfied user of Kreolite Block Floors.

Their first Kreolite Block floor was laid in September, 1911—another in October—another in November.

After five years' experience with these floors, Kreolite was again ordered for the big floor of the new sash shop—48,600 square feet—erected in 1916.

Kreolite Block had proven its desirability, its warmth, resilience and permanence, under the most trying conditions.

"Fenestra" steel window sashing produced in these factories, calls for a floor that will stand heavy trucking and contact with the sharp steel edges and corners of the material used.

* * *

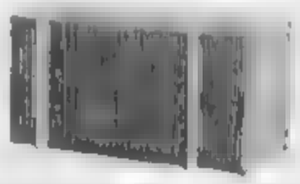
Kreolite Wood-Block Floors are particularly well adapted for use in Machine Shops, Foundries, Warehouses, Loading Platforms, Area Ways, Roundhouses, Paper Mills, Tanneries, Stables and Garages.

Without obligation on your part, we will have one of our Engineers call at your plant, study your floor problem and recommend the type of Kreolite Block and construction best suited to your needs.

Kreolite Wood-Block Floors are now in such general use that we can probably refer you to some one in your vicinity who can tell you about their experience with Kreolite Blocks.

Write us and we will respond with the information you desire

Our book about Kreolite Factory Floors will interest industrial executives, construction engineers, architects and contractors. Write for it.



For Street and Road Pavement

Kreolite Lug Wood-Blocks prevent buckling and afford a safe and sure foothold for horses and perfect traction for automobiles. Write for booklet—"Why the Lugs?"

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities

BENWAY'S LUCK

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

TOM BENWAY'S grandfather was fond of aphorisms, usually of a horsy flavor. One of them was: "If a colt's got any temper in him you can be tolerably sure you've got him broke when he gets to be about twelve years old, but not before then."

And respecting his grandson he often gave his son this advice or remonstrance: "Larruping a high-tempered colt don't do any good, Jim." Sometimes this remonstrance saved young Tom's hide, and sometimes not; for all the Benway men had hot tempers.

Departing this life Grandfather Benway left to his grandson a legacy of five thousand dollars, stipulating that it was to be handed over to him whenever, after reaching the age of twenty-one, he bought a farm and married. At the age of twenty-two, having completed his four years' course at the state agricultural college, Tom fulfilled both conditions by marrying Elt Rogers' daughter and purchasing the old Bilsborrow place.

Concerning both ventures the neighborhood was inclined to skepticism. As to the wife, it said Elt Rogers' daughter was used to more money and a better way of living than young Benway could give her; she'd never be satisfied on the ramshackle old Bilsborrow place. As to the farm, when Ezra Lanham was reminded that Tom bought it for a song he retorted: "'Tain't worth a song—half swamp and half sand. If that's what a boy gits by four years at agricultural college I'd ruther my boys went fishin'."

The Bilsborrow place was low ground—the lowest part a wet, heavy black soil known as muck land; the higher part decidedly sandy; and all the soil "sourer'n swill," Ezra said.

But the muck land ran back to a pond, and the shore of this pond was a deposit of marl. To sweeten that sour soil and make it fertile one had only to dig out the marl and spread it over the ground. Tom Benway knew the marl was there before he bought the place. He'd had all the soil carefully analyzed; he was building on science. Yet that boggy pasture of muck must be thoroughly regenerated by the plow, the lowest spots drained by tile; the sand must be built up. That meant hard work, scientific planning and time.

Probably only a rather obstinate and self-confident young man would have undertaken it. "All the Benway men is stubborn as mules and cross-grained as hickory knots," said Ezra Lanham.

It took three years of hard work and all Tom's money; but by the middle of June, 1918, he surveyed the result with a deep and just satisfaction. The ramshackle, contemptible old Bilsborrow place was a picture in green hues—the darkest hue for the mint on the muck land, another shade for the onions; then on the higher, sandy soil, the greens of the corn and potatoes. Every row marched straight as a ruler, with not a weed in between; and all visibly growing with such vigor that it seemed every particular stalk and leaf felt bound to make up at a leap for thirty years of half sterility. Travelers by motor and wagon slowed down, as they passed the place, to admire it.

Benway's satisfaction was like that of an artist who after long effort stands back to survey his canvas and feels that he has achieved a masterpiece. Almost anybody could take a good farm and raise good crops on it; but he had made this green fertility out of the waste with his own brain and muscle. A light of inner contentment brooded in his gray eyes; his shaven lips bent slightly with a smile; he slipped a brown arm round his wife's waist as she sat beside him on the edge of the old side porch at sunset and remarked out of his satisfying dream:

"We'll fix the old house up right this fall, Nellie."

But perhaps for a young man inclined to be headstrong and self-confident it wasn't altogether good to have such causes for self-approbation. At any rate when he added "We'll show the slow pokes what farming ought to be," it was by no means free of vainglory.

It Was Like a Boy That This Casual Insult Should be Just the Last Straw That Gave His Misfortune a Barb and Drove it Home

She was wearing a calico dress, as most farmers' wives did; but it was not merely a dress; it had an air. And her dark hair was coiled and braided as though she had been going to a party. He had to wear overalls and thick dusty boots; but if there was ever a day when she couldn't slip on a fresh-looking dress and touch up her hair before supper she accused herself of letting down.

The baby was two years old now. There had been plenty of real, muscle-trying work to be got through with day after day round the old house, which was dingy and inconvenient. They'd had to economize closely these three years while they were getting a start. Many a time she looked at her pretty hands with a little ache in her heart—observing that in the perpetual battle between manicuring and dishwater the dishwater was getting rather the best of it. Many a night she went to bed dog-tired. Their diversions were comparatively few.

It grieved Benway to see her look tired and the marks of toil on her pretty hands. He would have slaved for her; died for her—but keeping one's touchy temper in hand is different. There were times when he said things that he bitterly repented of a quarter of an hour later. At such times she needed to call up a little more of that stanchness which carried her through day by day.

But this sunset, as they sat side by side on the edge of the old side porch, his arm round her waist, there was no memory of the lapses of his unruly temper between them. The house stood on a small knoll near the road, with seven big oak trees about it. From the side porch they could look off over that flourishing green picture under the mellow light of sunset. With these war prices for all sorts of farm produce, the old place was simply growing bunches of greenbacks. They had won.

Such was the happy situation in mid-June. And on the twenty-first of that month—by a malevolent freak unknown to the oldest inhabitant and unmatched in the records of the weather bureau—a killing frost fell. Benway's low-lying farm got the full brunt of it. That morning under a careless rising sun the beautiful green picture was all wiped out, and in its place lay an expanse of withered dead brown—as though the desolate ghost of the farm had abruptly come back into its own. Except the garden on the knoll by the house not a growing thing was left.

Benway had not only used up all his money, he had gone nine hundred dollars in debt. It was bitter. He surveyed the ruin from the old side porch without a word.

About half past eleven he came into the kitchen, where his wife was getting dinner, dropped himself into a chair and dropped his battered cloth hat on the floor. She avoided looking at him, because—after all the brave, cheerful words she had spoken that morning, and tried to make sound convincing—she didn't wish him to see how red her eyes were. Yet without looking she was acutely aware of him.

He was wearing thick muddy shoes, overalls and a collarless calico shirt—an exceedingly undistinguished costume. But he stood six feet and weighed a hundred and eighty. Cords of muscle ran down his bare brown arms. In spite of the chill air his shirt was open at the neck, baring a triangle of tanned chest and the round column of his neck. His brown hair inclined to be curly. To the young woman, who was frying potatoes in a skillet at the moment and whose heart throbbed with pity at the base of her throat, he was substantially the same as Napoleon on the morrow of Waterloo—only worse than that, for in a long game fight he had won a clean bright victory by all the rules; and then by a sort of monstrous jest it had been snatched away.

She wished to say something quite incidental; but all she could think of was: "Jennie telephoned she was coming out this afternoon to take Bobbie and me for a little ride." Jennie was her elder sister, married to Wilbur Leffingwell, cashier of the bank at Fulton, and able to maintain an automobile regardless of frost. The bitter thought occurred to Benway that Jennie would be commiserating her, and probably in secret thinking it was just what she might have expected when she married that blockhead Tom Benway.

He ignored her remark, but made one of his own, his moody eyes on the floor: "I may as well enlist, Nell. Nothing for me to do here. The Government will allow you thirty dollars a month. That's about as much as I can do for you. I can be some use with a musket." That was what he had been thinking about all the forenoon.

His startled wife gave a mournful little cry: "And leave us, Tom?"—meaning herself and the baby. It was a heartachy little cry, accusing him of deserting them. Standing by the stove, one hand on the skillet, the other holding a big spoon, but still a picture of dismay, she urged: "You oughtn't to, Tom. It's not your place. The Government doesn't want you in the Army. It wants you on the farm. You're in Class Four. A man that can raise as much food on the old Bilsborrow place as you'd have raised this year if it hadn't been for the frost ought to stay here until he's called. If they need you more in the Army than here they'll call you."

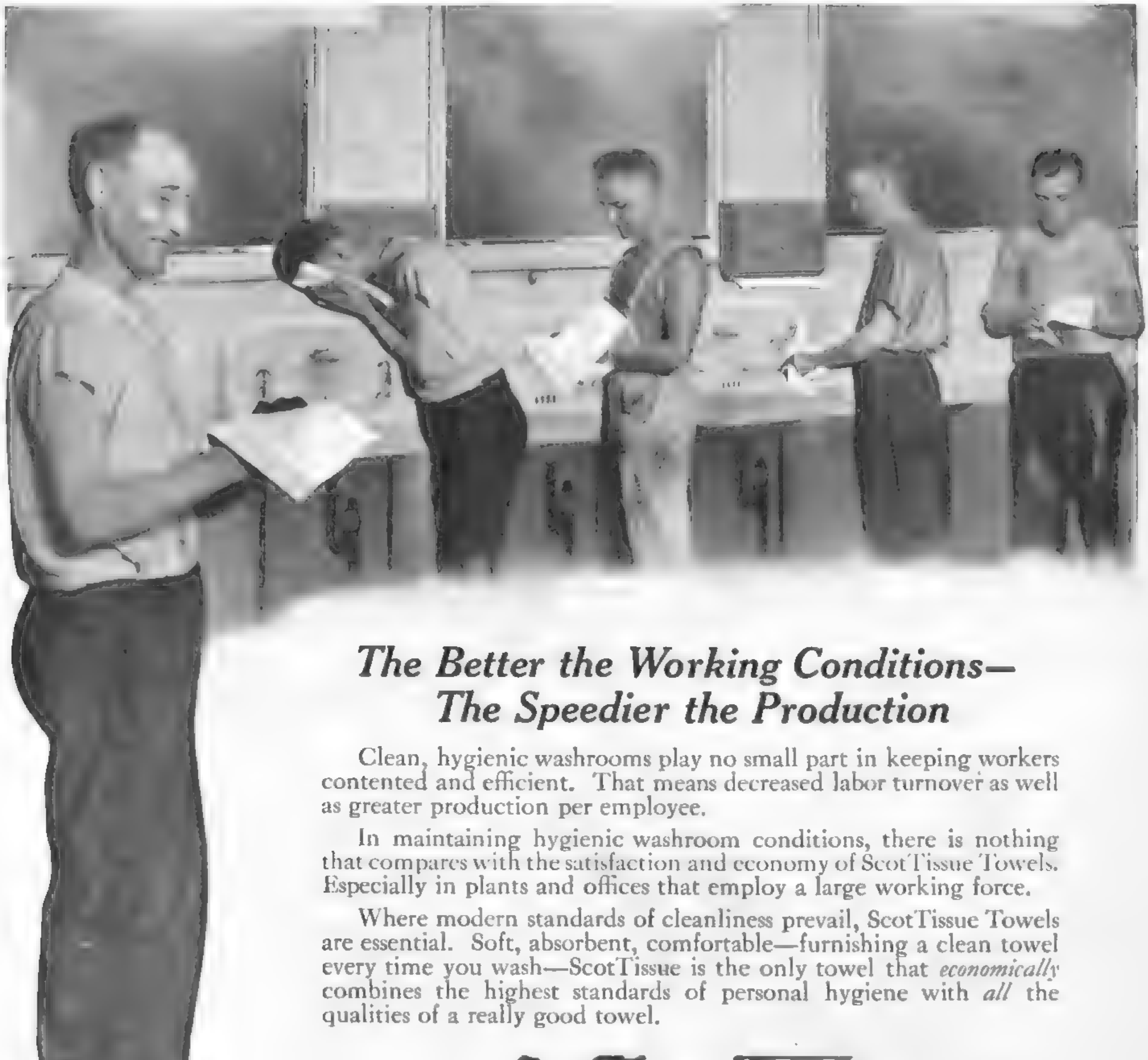
Then, the first keen shock of the proposal having passed, she divined that his idea of enlisting was only a gesture of wrath and desperation. Stung by a sense of intolerable wrong he lunged as a goaded colt leaps over a bank or into a wall. It hurt her, for she felt it to be a weakness in him. But she had learned that if he was prone to fall he was always struggling to his feet again, and opposition was poor tactics with him.

So she concluded her argument in the following illogical fashion: Giving the potatoes another turning over with the spoon so they would brown properly she stepped to his chair, hugged his curly head against her breast and said in his ear, under her breath: "You couldn't help the frost, honey. Don't bother any more about it just now. Wait a while before you decide anything."

He knew well enough in the bottom of his heart that his idea of enlisting was only a gesture of desperation and wounded pride; and that she knew it too. He was at once humiliated and comforted. And there the matter rested.

The next day he took his cherished team—bays, fourteen hands high, both of them, and clean as whistles—and went to work hauling gravel for the road commissioners at six dollars a day, which with careful management would buy feed for the horses and meet their living expenses.

(Continued on Page 35)



The Better the Working Conditions— The Speedier the Production

Clean, hygienic washrooms play no small part in keeping workers contented and efficient. That means decreased labor turnover as well as greater production per employee.

In maintaining hygienic washroom conditions, there is nothing that compares with the satisfaction and economy of ScotTissue Towels. Especially in plants and offices that employ a large working force.

Where modern standards of cleanliness prevail, ScotTissue Towels are essential. Soft, absorbent, comfortable—furnishing a clean towel every time you wash—ScotTissue is the only towel that *economically* combines the highest standards of personal hygiene with *all* the qualities of a really good towel.

ScotTissue Towels

"for use once by one user"

With ScotTissue in the washroom, towels can never become a source of illness. Laundry labor is eliminated. So is laundry expense. Towel costs are low. In most instances, one ScotTissue Towel is ample for drying the hands—another for the face.

Scott Paper Company

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Papers

Chester, Pennsylvania

Address Nearest Office

30 Church Street, New York — 356 Market Street, San Francisco — 311 E. Austin Avenue, Chicago

ScotTissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

A test in your washroom quickly will demonstrate ScotTissue's advantages for you.

Help Win the War By Conservation

ScotTissue individual towels, "for use once by one user," conserve linen, cotton, and man power by eliminating laundry work.

Use them, and ScotTissue Toilet Paper, without waste.

We have pledged the Government on behalf of our customers and ourselves to observe the Government rulings in respect to the use of paper, one of which is that it must not be wasted.

Two Ways of Doing Business

One is to make a product along the lines you lay down and ask the public to accept it for their own use.

The other is to study the needs of the public and then to design and build a product exactly suited to those requirements.

Years ago, we adopted the *second* policy. We believe it best for our customers and best for ourselves.

The line of United States Tires for passenger car and light delivery use consists not of one tread or two treads —but five separate and distinct treads, covering every known condition of motoring.

'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', and 'Plain'. Also two for trucks—'Nobby Cord', the premier heavy-duty pneumatic, and the Solid Truck Tire.

Each is the development of years spent in studying the specific conditions which must be met in all sections of the country. Each has the super-strength and dependability which our 76 years in the rubber business have taught us to build into tires.

No matter what car you drive or what roads you travel there is a type of United States Tire to give you supreme service.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

(Continued from Page 32)

But that fall from the estate of farmer to hired hand was not the limit of his degradation. He owed the Fulton County Bank nine hundred dollars, due in October. Obviously there would be no money in October.

He had taken care to say on every apt occasion that Wilbur Leffingwell, cashier of the Fulton County Bank, was a good fellow. But there was this fact between them: The elder Rogers sister had married Wilbur Leffingwell; she had a nice little house in town, a maid, an automobile; she bought her clothes in Sauganoc City—when she didn't buy them in Detroit or Chicago. The younger Rogers sister had married Tom Benway; she lived in the ramshackle old Bilsborrow place, did her own housework, and now and then appeared in a dress that looked suspiciously like one Mrs. Leffingwell had worn the season before.

There was that fact between them. The prosperous husband of a Rogers sister was ten years older than the frost-blighted one. He was lean and rather leathern of countenance; a precise, dryish sort of man. When young Tom laid the financial situation before him, the cashier rubbed his long leathern chin and remarked dryly that there would be no trouble about renewing the note for a year; Tom could just ask Father Rogers to sign the renewal with him and undoubtedly Father Rogers would do it.

Whereupon Tom swallowed and his eyes fell. Bottling up his speech he left the bank with a furious determination to see it in hell before he would ask his father-in-law to sign a note with him. That humiliation rankled.

It came on to the tenth of July, Benway still hauling gravel for the road commissioners. It was a hot day, and the hauling was heavy. He felt an odd, penetrating compassion for his sweaty toiling horses—as though he had dragged them down to a loss of caste and a special servitude and degradation in having to work for wages. He got off the wagon to ease their load up the long hill and tramped along beside the wagon wheel, in rusty shoes and overalls, his calico shirt wide open at the neck, a battered straw hat on his curly head, his gray eyes looking out somberly from under its brim, his lips firmly shut—a man doggedly bending his back under misfortune.

He heard the honk of an automobile horn some distance behind him; then closer and more insistent. The graveled roadway was narrow up the hill, with soft dirt at the sides. He didn't propose to pull over into the soft dirt, where very likely the ponderous wagon would stick; so he trudged on. The horn clamored just behind him and he heard angry shouts. But in hardly more than a minute he would be at the top of the hill; the car could wait that long, it seemed, with no great hardship; so he kept to the firm roadway.

Reaching the top of the hill he pulled over and saw a green touring car with the top down roll past the other side of the wagon. A swarthy, hatchet-faced man was at the wheel, and there were two other men in the car. So much Tom saw at a glance. Then the hatchet-faced driver, craning his neck, looked across the flanks of the horses and called Benway a vile name. The next moment there was a cracking sound; the off mare reared and threw herself aside; both horses were jumping. Benway reined them in, quieted them with his voice, and ran round to see what had happened.

After passing the wagon the hatchet-faced chauffeur had thrown his car toward the horses, crowding in on them. The end of a mud guard had struck the mare's knee, a corner of the folded top had torn her shoulder. Both wounds were bleeding, and the mare, running with sweat from her long pull up the hill, was quivering with fright and pain.

Abuse of a horse under any circumstances provoked Benway's wrath. This wanton injury to his own tired horse—well, he looked down the road after the fleeing car; a turgid vein stood out on his square tanned forehead; his eyes changed to a darker color; his jaws set; his chest swelled out. If he could have laid a hand on the hatchet-faced man just then there would very likely have been a case for the coroner.

When he reached his destination, where the gravel was to be dumped, two or three men noticed the mare's hurts and remarked upon them. Benway recited the circumstances in the fewest possible words—not in a way to invite conversation. He didn't want to talk to anybody about anything.

This gravel wagon was a ponderous affair, the box hung low between broad-tired iron wheels. The box itself was made of loose two-inch planks. To dump the load one turned the planks up edgewise, whereupon the gravel fell through. It required considerable strength; often two men worked together at it. Benway dumped his load alone, and as his strong hands gripped the planks they itched for a grip on that hatchet-faced chauffeur. The men recognized his mood and discreetly let him alone.

On the way back for another load he pulled into his dooryard to give the mare's wounds such surgery as he could. Wounded, she must go on with her day's work; outraged, he must go on with his day's work. The compulsion and the helplessness ground him as between two millstones. Doubtless the green touring car was far off now and he would never see it again. One must just grin and bear it.

Nell came out when he drove into the yard, and he could hardly bear to tell her about it. Talking—vain words—humiliated him. She exclaimed with pity and indignation over the mare's wounds; helped him wash them and bind up the knee—and all the while furtively watching him. He was too leaden, avoiding her eyes. When the surgery was finished he went into the kitchen to wash his hands and get a drink. Coming back across the side porch he stepped down on the ground, still avoiding his wife's eyes, and looked a moment at his hurt horse. . . . He couldn't even save his horse from having her shoulder torn by a hatchet-faced dog in an automobile! Such was his helplessness! Abruptly he sat down on the edge of the porch and for the first time since the frost bowed his face in his hands.

Her heart was riven. After all, he was only twenty-five—almost what one might call a boy. It was like a boy that this casual insult and injury of the road should be just the last straw that gave his misfortune a barb and drove it home. She ran over to nestle beside him and slip an arm round him, her cheek against his calico shirt sleeve.

He patted her knee and mumbled—meaning the mare—"Probably she'll be all right in a couple of days"; and got up abruptly.

Running to the Doorway Lem Noted a Moving Dust Cloud Three-Quarters of a Mile Away

About thirty minutes had then elapsed since the green touring car struck his horse. He gave a final look to the mare's bandaged knee, and combed down her mane with his hand. While he was doing that Nell heard the telephone ringing and went inside to answer it. Benway had climbed into his wagon and was driving out of the yard, when she called to him excitedly from the doorway and ran toward him.

II

MEANWHILE the green touring car, having reached a point a mile west of the village of Fulton, turned south and described a flanking or encircling movement, thus entering the village from the east, when it stopped at the curb on the corner in front of the post office.

The hatchet-faced driver was distinguished—in addition to the forward thrust of his high-bridged nose—by a pair of restless eyes, dark and round as a hawk's. Beside him on the front seat sat a stocky man whose gray felt hat was pulled down over his brows and who looked out from under the brim with a sarcastic squint. The other passenger, on the back seat, was tall and lean, with heavy jaws and a mouth as straight as though it had been marked out with a ruler. He had been in the village of Fulton once before this; but that was five years ago, and he wished to refresh his recollection. Alighting from the car at the post office, therefore, he sauntered up Main Street.

This was half past two of a Wednesday afternoon when corn must be cultivated, wheat and barley harvested, the second growth of alfalfa cut, apples and berries picked, potatoes sprayed—when, in fact, the long days were too short for all the work to be done in that region. Besides, the thermometer under the awning in front of Alf Rexford's drug store registered ninety-two degrees above zero. So Main Street presented a very deserted appearance, which pleased the tall man.

Midway down the block he passed the Fulton County Bank, and the glance which he sent in a casual manner through the broad plate-glass window disclosed a completely deserted appearance there; which also pleased him.

He sauntered on to the next corner, occupied by the Fulton House—a two-story red-brick structure—just beyond which, and a rod or so back from the street corner, stood a huge elm tree, round whose mighty bole a rude plank bench had been constructed.

Three men sat on this shady bench, gossiping. The one in the middle—coatless and vestless like the other two—was rather under medium size, wiry and middle-aged. He wore a bushy red mustache; and a heavy watch chain, from which a lodge emblem depended, dangled from the watch pocket in his trousers and was looped round the suspender above the pocket.

That much the tall man noticed as, glancing from the street corner, his eyes casually met the eyes of the man on the bench. The tall man's mind mechanically registered this comment: "A rube"; and therewith dismissed the person on the bench—who, in fact, excited no more interest in him than the plank on which he sat or the dog that drowsed in the dust at his feet.

Well pleased, the tall man turned and retraced his steps to the car, moving a little more briskly. The car then rolled smoothly down the curb to a position in front of the Fulton County Bank, which the tall man entered, closely followed by the stocky man carrying a brown leather bag, while the hatchet-faced chauffeur sat at the wheel, his engine running and a heavy automatic pistol lying on the seat just under his coat tail.

Cashier Leffingwell was alone in the bank at the moment. He rose from his desk rather languidly, stepped to the brass wicket in the glass screen that surmounted the counter and picked up the twenty-dollar bill which the tall stranger had asked him to change. The next moment his mind comprehended two black and deadly pistol muzzles and two glowering, murderous faces—and then fairly went out of commission, his hands going up of themselves.

Crouching, the stocky man with the bag had run noiselessly along the counter and through the little parlor at

(Continued on Page 37)

An Announcement About the Shortage of Clicquot Club GINGER ALE

BECAUSE of war-time necessity, our sugar supply has been greatly restricted. We are indeed glad that our soldiers and sailors, our people in their homes, and our allies abroad are going to have this sugar.

We are content to wait till it is reasonable that we should have the sugar we need to make Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

A beverage can be sweetened with something besides sugar, but our scientists have not yet found a sugar substitute which we are willing to use in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. The absolute purity of this product means so much that we prefer to have the rapid growth of our sales retarded temporarily rather than to permit Clicquot Club Ginger Ale to deteriorate in quality.

One of the things we are most anxious to do is to preserve without change the taste of Clicquot Club, which is exactly the taste a good ginger ale should have. Remember, whether you can get your whole supply or not, your grocer is doing the best he can for you, even if he can't always get full supply of your favorite brand.

The Clicquot Club Company

Millis, Mass.

(Continued from Page 35)

the rear, one of whose doors opened to the space inside the counter. So he was fairly at the cashier's elbow when the two pistol muzzles revealed themselves.

The tall man came behind the counter also, ran into the open vault, then to the money drawer beneath the counter. It was all done very swiftly, in a sort of breathless rush. But the cashier, hands up, looking into a deadly weapon and into the stocky man's deadlier face, had time—deep within him—to experience a sensation as of falling through space, together with a cavernous goneness. So when the tall man, having finished with the money drawer, leaped toward him, gun in hand and tigerish, Cashier Leffingwell thought he was going to be killed, and he thought of his wife and child. His pale face puckered, for those are thoughts to pierce the marrow of any man. When the tall man merely commanded "Get into the vault," he obeyed promptly and with a blessed sense of relief.

All this had been quickly accomplished. The job was done and the brown bag contained twelve thousand dollars. The hurrying robbers grinned at each other as they ran for the door.

They should not have run. In the last four months they had robbed three small banks in outlying parts of Chicago, with one murder and one victim still in the hospital in a precarious condition. They had concluded that it would be well to choose another scene for their next operation, and the tall man had recalled Fulton. They had rehearsed the affair carefully, selecting the route they would take in driving from Chicago to Fulton and the somewhat different one on which they would get back as soon as possible, for there is no hiding place like a big city. But in Chicago the vital thing was a quick get-away—fast work, a leap into the car and off at top speed; five minutes' start was everything. So at Fulton they ran for the bank door and the waiting car, which was an error.

While the robbery was going forward William Callahan, judge of probate court, had come paddling across the street from the court house—which sat back forty feet or so off Main Street—in his shirt sleeves, a bank passbook grasped in his right hand, progressing at the rate of a tortoise, his broad red face all screwed up with the affliction of sixty years and two hundred and forty pounds under a temperature of ninety-two in the shade. If upon opening the bank door he had seen two strangers merely walking briskly from the little parlor at the rear, one of them carrying a brown bag, he would undoubtedly have stepped aside to let them pass.

But he saw two strangers running, and a strange automobile, with the engine going, waiting at the curb. His mind was by no means so slow as his body. The tall man, being in the lead, brushed by him, by which time the judge had got into action. Dropping his passbook and crying "Hold on there!" he laid two capable hands on the stocky man's arm.

It might still have been managed. A vigorous punch would have knocked the wind out of the judge. But the stocky man's nerves were on edge; Chicago precedents were in his mind. His pistol barked. Judge Callahan reeled, clutched wildly out for support and fell to the floor. The car was already in motion when the stocky man sprang into it, and gathering speed swiftly. When it passed the Fulton House corner it was going forty miles an hour—and fifty at the next corner—with long empty stretches of good country road ahead. It still seemed a good get-away.

The pistol shot wrought an instantaneous transformation in Main Street. People popped from doorways; heads popped from upstairs windows. The village had not been asleep. It had merely been waiting for something—anything—to happen. At the suggestion of a happening it was immediately astir. Men were running toward the bank. Excited questions were shouted.

The wiry, undersized man with bushy red mustache and dangling watch chain whom the tall robber had noticed sitting on the bench beneath the big elm stood up, listening, when he heard the shot. Almost at once he saw a green touring car with the top down, containing three men, rush westward past the Fulton House corner, and put his short legs in brisk motion. His name was Milton Sears, and he was sheriff of Fulton County.

When he reached the bank two men were already bending over Judge Callahan. The sheriff ran by them. The interior of the bank seemed quite empty. But his shouts were rewarded by a sound of kicking on the inside of the closed vault door, and by putting his ear to the crack in the door he could get Cashier Leffingwell's instructions for releasing the combination lock. In a minute he had the door open; in another minute he had the cashier's story.

By that time Doctor Barker had arrived and was kneeling over Judge Callahan; also an excited, constantly-augmenting crowd filled the cement sidewalk and was beginning to overflow into the street. Ignoring victim, doctor and crowd, the sheriff moved with speed and precision. Selecting three individuals in the crowd he addressed each of them individually, to the same effect—namely: "Grab an automobile, get some men and guns, follow the robbers along the Polkville road; remember, a green touring car with the top down; be fast."

Lank Ed Dexter, in a flapping vest—county clerk of Fulton County, and a considerable figure in local politics, personally acquainted with every inhabitant of the region over ten years of age and with every crossroads—was just joining the crowd. Him the sheriff immediately commandeered, getting his attention by gripping his arm.

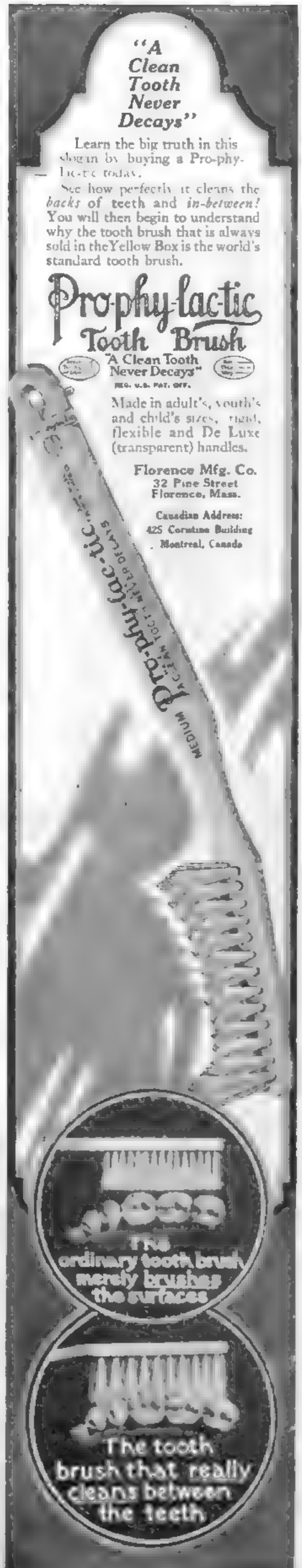
"Ed, the bank's been robbed. They've shot Judge Callahan. Three men in a green touring car, top down, did it. They've gone west on the Polkville road. You run upstairs there to the telephone office and put those girls at work. Call up Hi Matters at Peter's Corners; then call up Polkville. Call up every farmhouse beginning four miles out. Keep track of that green car. If they turn off you can trace 'em. Stay right there, Ed; keep the wires busy. Never mind people that just want to talk."

And as the lank county clerk loped toward the stairway that led up to the telephone office the sheriff ran to the jail. Before his election to this office he had served four years as deputy sheriff and in that capacity had gained much experience in running down automobiles which set local authority at naught. But little more than five minutes after the shot was fired the sheriff was turning west in Main Street, astride a motorcycle, hatless, goggled, the gutta-percha butt of a revolver sticking out of his hip pocket.

Meanwhile the green touring car was making fifty miles an hour over a broad, smooth state road. To its occupants' urban eyes the landscape over which they rushed seemed almost empty of humanity. Usually they would see no sign of life as they sped past a farmhouse. Here and there, over the broad undulating fields, a man was driving a harvesting machine, or two or three men were getting in hay. It seemed an excellent get-away.

The tall man, who captained the enterprise, had calculated on the telephone and laid out a course which avoided the town of Polkville, eleven miles west of Fulton. He had not taken Peter's Corners into calculation because he was not aware of it. Any road guide might be excused for ignoring Peter's Corners, for it was only a spot where two main roads crossed, with a little

With a Reading Crash the Car Struck the End of the Wagon


"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
Learn the big truth in this slogan by buying a Pro-phy-lac-tic today.
See how perfectly it cleans the backs of teeth and in-between! You will then begin to understand why the tooth brush that is always sold in the Yellow Box is the world's standard tooth brush.
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes, rigid, flexible and De Luxe (transparent) handles.
Florence Mfg. Co.
32 Pine Street
Florence, Mass.
Canadian Address:
425 Coristine Building
Montreal, Canada
MEDIUM
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth

Vive La France!
The Blue Devil

A PRECISE facsimile of the Uniform worn by the dashing "Blue Devils" of France, whose fame girdles the globe

Mothers can buy no more trig and picturesque suit for their boys. Boys will delight in its spruce soldierly set-up. It has all the snap of a smart salute.

Made of Blue Serge with light Blue-and-White Soft-Rolling Collar; Shield of French Jersey with Blue-and White Stripe; Red Anchor and White Service Stripe on Sleeve; Cloth Belt with Silver Buckle; loose Knee Length Pants with button to the Blouse; French Sailor's Satin Tie

This is a facsimile of the Sampeck Record of Military Styles. Boys: Write for "Standards," a free booklet, illustrating and describing the Heroes of the World War and illustrating the flags of our Allies in *actual colors*

SAMUEL W PECK & CO
NEW YORK

Sampeck Clothes
The Standard of America

crossroads general store on the right and a country blacksmith shop on the left. But nowadays the blacksmith shop was aspiring. Two posts at the roadside in front of it supported a large signboard on which appeared the rudely lettered word "Garage." This was the establishment of Hi Matters; but Hi had gone fishing and the place was in charge of his apprentice, literal-minded and bullet-headed Lem Winterbotham.

Running from the telephone to the doorway Lem noted a moving dust cloud over the crown of the hill three-quarters of a mile away, as though a car were passing, headed west.

Peter's Corners seemed as deserted as everything else when it swiftly rose on the vision of the hatchet-faced driver of the green car. He observed no sign of life about the sleepy little general store on the right or the shabby little blacksmith shop on the left, and his alert eyes only mechanically registered a clump of bushes on the left beyond the blacksmith shop. The bushes reeled backward as the car sped by. Then the country air was rent by a great roar, instantly followed by the sound of a number of smart little blows against the body of the car. Something stung the tall man's arm, and the robbers' nerves had scarcely absorbed that shock when all of them heard the most unwelcome of noises—the ghastly whistle of air escaping from a punctured tire.

The hatchet-faced driver mechanically pressed the accelerator down to the floor board and the car leaped into higher speed. In a moment Peter's Corners was far behind; the still country air and the empty country scene enveloped them; but the left-hand rear wheel was pounding on a perfectly flat tire. At that speed it wouldn't do. The driver slowed.

The tall man stood up, steadying himself by holding to the side and back of the car, and looked behind. Nothing in sight, and not a sound.

"We may as well change it," he said.

The car stopped. All three sprang out and addressed themselves without a word to the changing of the tire. They were silent because speech was utterly futile. As to their feelings, the tall man would have given the entire contents of the brown bag for one fair shot at the person who had saluted them out of the bushes at Peter's Corners with both barrels of a shotgun, the shells loaded for duck, and punctured a tire. Bullet-headed Lem Winterbotham, having quickly reloaded his weapon, had stood for a moment in the bushes in an attitude of challenge, but as the car rushed on out of sight he returned to the blacksmith shop with a rather contemptuous idea of the robbers, and telephoned to Fulton.

The three men worked rapidly, yet it took them a good five minutes to change the tire. They had gone barely half a mile farther when they saw a farmhouse a few rods ahead at the right and a woman in a shapeless calico dress standing by an oak tree at the roadside looking in their direction. When they got a little nearer she turned and ran toward the house. As they passed, the woman, still running, threw a glance at them over her shoulder. They saw excitement in her face. Undoubtedly she was going to the telephone. That salute at Peter's Corners was notice that they had underestimated the efficiency of pursuit by wire.

The tall man thought he heard the faint, prolonged blast of an automobile horn in the rear. Obviously they must get off that main road.

He craned forward, studying the roadway, and in a moment directed the driver: "Turn to the right there; run slower after you turn."

He had meant to take a right-hand crossroad some two miles farther on in order to avoid the town of Polkville. No doubt this crossroad would answer just as well, and by running slower they would probably escape attention—for a car moving at fifty miles an hour and upward is a conspicuous object.

The crossroad was hilly and by no means so good as the highway they left—being narrow and very indifferently "improved" by dumping loose gravel on the dirt. Over some stretches traffic had pounded the gravel down to a fairly smooth surface. In other places it left much to be desired. The hatchet-faced driver kept the car down to thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. But a hot, still emptiness enveloped them and in spite of mishaps the tall man, two minutes after they turned into the crossroad, felt it was a very good get-away.

III

YOUNG Tom Benway, sitting on a hard board across the box of his empty, ponderous and bumpy gravel wagon was thinking for the moment of something besides his own misfortunes and humiliations. The news his wife had given him set up an excited speculation in his mind.

The description was not only a green touring car with the top down, containing three men; but a green Eclipse car—for by that time the two men in Fulton who casually noted the make of the car when it rolled into town had reported that detail. Tom had noticed the distinctive hubs of the car that contained his enemies. He felt pretty sure it was an Eclipse. Naturally he was speculating on the probability that his enemies were the bank robbers. Like every other right-minded person he hoped the robbers would be hanged, for Judge Callahan was a deservedly popular man, and the report said his wound was dangerous. But the probability that the robbers were the very men who had struck his mare lent a special zest to Tom's hopes in that respect.

He was speculating about it—aimlessly enough, because he was a good four miles off the state road between Fulton and Polkville, along which the robbers had fled.

At their own slow gait the horses pulled the clumsy wagon over the crown of a hill and started down the other side. Tom then heard the blast of a horn behind him. He stood up in the wagon, looking back, and just before the crown of the hill which he had passed a moment before cut off his vision he saw a green touring car with the top down roll swiftly into view on the top of the next hill. He looked ahead, spoke sharply to his horses, and further astonished them by lashing the flank of each with the knotted ends of his lines. Trotting downhill with a heavy wagon was poor horsemanship, but when the horses reached the bottom of the hill they were galloping. Tom hit them another cut, reined them in sharply and pulled over to the right.

When the hatchet-faced chauffeur reached the top of the hill he saw, down below, a heavy work wagon, a team and a driver in overalls who was standing up in the wagon and seemed to be having some trouble in managing his horses. He automatically blew his horn. His keen and expert eyes noted that the beaten roadway at the foot of the hill was narrow, only a single track, running through what looked like a pocket of deep loose sand. At the right the roadway was bounded by a long, rank tangle of sumac. At the left the ground fell away sharply to low, wet-looking pasture. Anyone who has tried it knows that deep, loose sand is poor stuff to manipulate a car in. If there is a worn wheel track through it one can stick to the track. Otherwise one is in difficulties.

The man at the wheel took it all in expertly and noted that the wagon did not stand parallel with the road, but at an angle to it. Yet its tail fairly cleared the track; there was room to pass; and he was in a hurry. So with another honk he let the car take advantage of the down grade.

Whatever trouble the overalled driver was having with his horses he could look over his shoulder at the oncoming car, whose momentum increased with the grade. The chauffeur's eyes were on the road; but there was an instant in which it occurred to the stocky man beside him that this overalled youth was the same man whose horse they had bumped. That impression instantly merged into another—the impression of the man in the wagon shouting to his horses and throwing himself back on the lines with all his might. The horses, excited and on edge from the gallop, responded promptly. Those in the car had time to see the tail of the wagon projecting over the wheel tracks and to give a three-voiced yell. Getting the car out of the track through the sand and materially checking it were alike impossible. Two of the men were in the act of springing up and the chauffeur was throwing himself violently to the left when, with a rending crash, the car struck the end of the wagon.

IV

SHERIFF SEARS saw a woman in a shapeless calico dress standing at the roadside in front of a farmhouse. Seeing him she began waving her hands. He slowed down, running toward her and craning over.

"They took the next road to the right; I saw 'em from an upstairs window," she shouted.

But the sheriff didn't get the last of it. At "next road to the right" he nodded and put on speed.

Some rough and hilly patches of that crossroad were worse going for a motorcycle than for an automobile; but he calculated they couldn't lose him far. Soon, topping a hill, he looked down on a surprising scene.

The wreck of a green touring car lay mainly off at the left of the road on sharply sloping ground, though some wreckage was scattered elsewhere. A pair of bay horses dragging a gravel wagon were disappearing over the top of the opposite hill—but going only at an ineffectual kind of gallop, for the left hind wheel had been knocked off the wagon and the dragging axle acted as a brake. A human figure hung in the wreckage of the car. Another human figure, in overalls, lay flat on its back, with arms extended, on the right-hand side of the road. As the sheriff dismounted this figure sat up with a blank expression, and he recognized young Tom Benway. Simultaneously an automobile horn shrieked some little distance to the east and was answered by farther horns. The sheriff then saw a tall person dazedly getting to all fours on the soft, wet pasture land at the left of the road, and drew his revolver.

When the first pursuing car arrived Sheriff Sears had the tall robber in custody—still decidedly limp and half stunned. The stocky robber was recovered in an insensible condition from the lowland at the left. The hatchet-faced chauffeur was evidently worst hurt of all, but still breathing. Young Doctor Arthur arriving in the third car found both his legs broken and signs of internal injury.

Besides the first pursuit which Sheriff Sears had organized, volunteers had joined in the chase, not only from Fulton but from several farmhouses where there happened to be a man and an automobile available. Soon there were a dozen cars and thirty or more men on the scene. As the robbers were captured there would have been little for them to do—except listen, with exclamations of satisfaction and admiration to Tom Benway's terse statement of how it happened—but for the following circumstances:

Before the first car arrived, Sheriff Sears noticed a brown leather bag lying on the ground some distance to the left of the wrecked car. A second glance showed that it was open and some of its precious contents spilled out. He marched his dazed prisoner over there and stood guard until Elt Rogers coming in the second car took charge of the treasure. Not a great many minutes later Cashier Leffingwell reached the scene, and to him the bag was naturally delivered. He examined its contents and announced that two thousand dollars was

(Concluded on Page 41)

GRUEN
Verithin and Wrist
WATCHES

When you own a watch with the name "Gruen" on the dial, you own the finest modern example of Swiss watchmaking art—with the complete service of an American workshop behind it

IN the quaint old Swiss city of Madre-Biel, Switzerland, watch-making is practiced today, as it has been for centuries, almost as a religion.

There the Gruen movements are made under American ownership and management, by the Gruen Watchmakers' Guild—a group of the best craftsmen whose one ideal is perfect workmanship.

The headquarters of this guild is in America, in a picturesque workshop at "Time Hill," Cincinnati. Here the beautiful Gruen cases are hand wrought and in them the movements adjusted and timed.

The Gruen Watch is obtainable only through one of 1200 Gruen jeweler agencies—the best in every locality—to whom the sale is confined. Duplicate repair parts may be had through these agencies at all times.

FIXED PRICES:

Gruen Verithins	$ 30 to $200
Very-Verithins	40 to 225
Extrathins	225 to 350
Dietrich Gruens	300 to 765

Owing to war conditions, prices quoted are subject to change without notice

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS' GUILD, Dept. B-5, "Time Hill," Cincinnati, O.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Canadian Branch, Toronto, Canada

A—The Gruen Verithin. Plain or decorated case. Solid gold $55 to $250. Case filled, $10 to $60.

B—The new Louis XIV style. Solid gold, $80 to $250. Gold filled (ultra quality), $55 to $65.

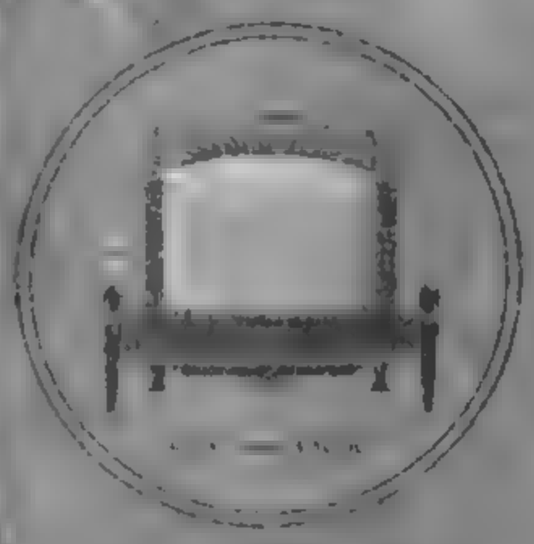
C—No. 7541. Rectangular shape. White gold and platinum top, set with AAA diamonds. Gruen Precision 18 jewel rectangular movement, $[illegible].

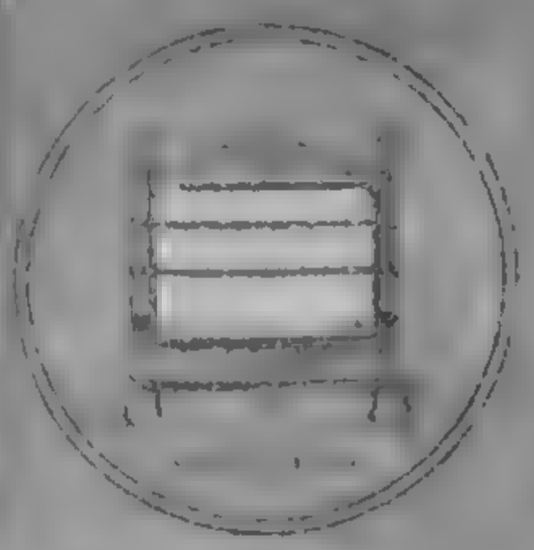
D—The Master. Plain or decorated. Solid gold, $60 to $[illegible].

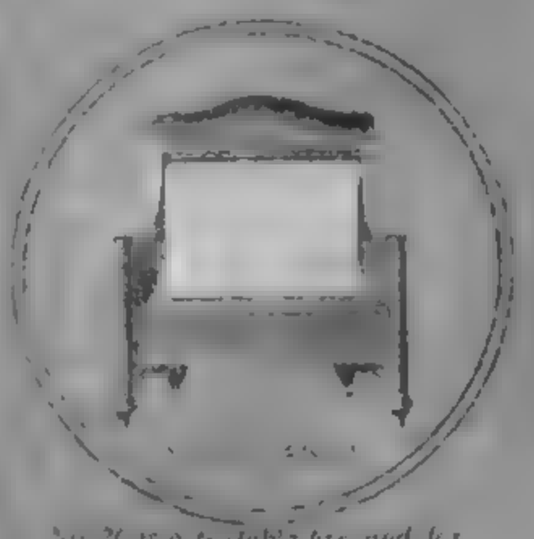
To insure getting the finest diamonds obtainable look on inside of case for this quality mark AAA

How the Gruen Patented Winding Centre makes an accurate watch thin. The reasons why staff makers watch more delicate.

[illegible] the Gruen Watch [illegible]







Will Heat the Largest Room in the House

Can be used all day for one-half the cost of starting the furnace. Saves using the furnace for two months in Fall and Spring and in the cold months of Winter enables you to enjoy solid comfort with the furnace checked.

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

Is a wonderful new gas fire with none of the shortcomings of the gas log or asbestos front

Complete and perfect combustion has eliminated odor.

Heat always at your instant service and results so marvelous that your own investigation must really convince you.

Average cost 2 to 3 cents per hour with city gas, 1 cent with natural gas.

The Government asks for coal conservation. Let your patriotic duty become a pleasure by the use of the ***Humphrey Radiantfire.*** It is possible to save a ton of coal a month.

See the Humphrey Radiantfire at our local agency or write us for particulars:

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY
Kalamazoo, Michigan

44 West Broadway, New York
1231 Arch St., Philadelphia
765 Mission St., San Francisco
[illegible] E. 6th St., Cincinnati
1209 Boardwalk, Atlantic City
1417 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh

No. 21 is a portable fire and for use where there is no fire place

Prices quoted apply East of the Rocky Mountains

Endorsed by all Gas Companies

(Concluded from Page 38)

missing. So the gathering addressed itself to searching for the money.

The roadway itself and the falling ground at the left lay quite bare and open, with not even a weed big enough to conceal an object of the bulk of a bundle of bank notes. A very few minutes was sufficient to convince any reasonable person that no bundles of bank notes lay there. The wrecked car certainly contained no objects of that description. A number of men expressed the opinion that Cashier Leffingwell was mistaken; but the cashier was very positive. He was personally acquainted with the money in his bank, and after checking over the contents of the bag the third time he recalled distinctly that four packages of brand-new twenty-dollar gold certificates, each package containing five hundred dollars, had been lying on top of the neatly corded little stack of bank notes in the vault. The robbers certainly took them, for they would have been the first bundles of money coming to their hands when they rifled the vault. Besides, he had looked over the vault before leaving the bank and was certain all the bank notes were taken. It was those four particular packages that were missing now. Cashier Leffingwell was as certain of that as of his own name.

So the search was renewed and extended. All the ground, even beyond a radius from the wreck which probability prescribed, was carefully gone over. Even the thicket of sumac at the right of the road was searched with care. The tall robber was questioned; but having recovered his mental faculties he contented himself with telling the questioners cynically to go to hell. He was searched. His two insensible companions also were searched—for which there was ample time before the motor hearse from Polkville, hastily improvised into an ambulance, arrived to take them away. Many theories were advanced—none of them sounding very plausible—and a good hour and a half consumed.

After the first half hour Sheriff Sears took only a very perfunctory part in the search. The deputy sheriff arriving in the fifth or sixth car had brought a pair of handcuffs and the sheriff gave the tall prisoner to his keeping. Then, mostly, he just stood round or sat in the dusty grass by the roadside looking on.

Tom Benway, limping somewhat from the injury he had received when thrown from his wagon, lent a hand in the search. There was a fixed line down the center of his forehead; he looked gloomy or sullen. His horses, tired to begin with, and dragging a heavy wagon on three wheels, hadn't gone far. A farmer's boy brought them back and told him the wagon was beside the road just over the hill. Tom seemed not much interested in the fate of the vehicle. He tied his horses by the lines to a sumac root and continued his search doggedly for the missing money.

The money wasn't there. Even Cashier Leffingwell reluctantly accepted that conclusion. The general opinion was that if it had really been taken from the bank it must somehow have got lost on the way; but a number of substantial citizens assured the cashier that he'd find the money somewhere round the bank; the robbers must have dropped it at the beginning of their flight.

One by one the cars with their passengers disappeared over the hill. Only Sheriff Sears and Tom Benway were left on the scene of the wreck. The sheriff righted his motorcycle, which he had overturned in the grass by the roadway, and lifted it round to head toward town. Tom walked over and untied his horses. When he straightened up from his stooping posture—that sullen line still down the center of his forehead—the sheriff was standing beside him.

With a prickling of nerves and a sudden hum of blood in his ears Tom looked down into the face of a wiry, undersized, middle-aged man with a bushy red mustache and a heavy dangling gold watch chain and lodge emblem which had faintly moved the tall robber to mirth. The way this man's blue eyes looked into his eyes might have reminded him of the shiny blade of a sword.

"I hear you've been having bad luck, Tom," said the sheriff.

As the young man, rather groping for a foothold, said nothing, the sheriff added: "Crops all gone; cleaned out, eh? Must have been two, three years you've been working to make something out of that old Bilsborrow place."

"Three years," said Tom automatically, and still groping.

"Three," the sheriff repeated. "Lot of hard work gone for nothing. Expectations gone. Hard luck. Maybe you're in debt some, too, eh?"

It might seem an impertinent question, in spite of the friendly tone; but in his confusion Tom answered simply: "I owe the bank nine hundred dollars."

"Nine hundred," the sheriff repeated. "Maybe Leffingwell's been sort of grumpy about renewing it too. I see. Sore at the game, eh? Sore at the bank too. Working for the road commissioners and got your mare bumped. Sore at that too. I sort of doped it out that way."

He lifted a hand with a bent forefinger and combed down his bushy mustache, reflecting a moment.

"I don't know how this war strikes you," he observed, when his bright blue eyes returned to the young man's frowning face, "but I been thinking a good deal about it. My boy's over there, you know—Ezra. I been thinking a good deal about it," he repeated. "Five, six million dead, I suppose; and more to come. Maybe Ezra among 'em. I'm a Republican myself; but I guess Wilson's said some things they'll be teaching the children in time to come. The way it strikes me, what's the good of all that if we're going to be just as ornery as we used to be? Fight and die for liberty and make the world safe for democracy—over in France, eh? And we go ahead robbing and soaking each other just the same, eh? The way it strikes me, can't we do something for those boys right here—try to make what they're doing worth while? Get me? Fighting over there, and why can't we be kind and decent over here? When a fellow stubs his toe give him a boost up instead of a kick in the pants. I been thinking a good deal about it, and that's what it comes to. I want to act over here so I can be sort of waving my hand to Ezra and saying: 'All right; I'm on the job best I know too.' Get the idea?"

If the young man got it he could only stare with round astonished eyes.

"You knew Ezra first-rate," the sheriff resumed—unconsciously using the past tense. "Guess you and him were pretty good friends. You're exempt, and that's right. But just exempt from carrying a musket, eh? You ain't exempt from all the other things. No man is. Man that deserts his post over there gets shot. Excuses don't go. That's right too. I don't believe you're a deserter by nature. I guess it was just an accident."

Benway reddened under his tan but could find no words.

"I'm sheriff, you know," the small man went on. "My business is to catch people that need catching. Feather in my cap too. Newspapers play it up—clever work, fine officer, good thing at election time. I don't mind telling you that's the way it struck me at first. We get in the habit of it. I suppose you had three, four minutes from the time the car struck your wagon until I came in sight. If you'd been thrown out where you was lying when I saw you the wagon would have run over you. Never heard of a man thrown out of a wagon so he struck flat on his back. You limped on the right leg when I first saw you; then on the left leg. When Leffingwell said the money was missing it didn't take me a great while to figure it out.

"I could have turned the trick easy as falling off a log. Just gone away, and slipped back after dark and laid for you when you came to get the money and nabbed you. Easy as falling off a log. Feather in my cap, too, eh? That's the way it struck me at first. We get into the habit. How much fighting and dying for is that worth? I could see it all—young man, ambitious, high-tempered, hard on the bit. Frost comes along and knocks you galley-west. Sore all over. Sore at the bank too. Just full of bile and naturally aching to bust something. You see the money bag—four nice new packages; two thousand dollars. Been stolen anyway. You grab 'em—like a colt kicking over the traces.

"You've got a fine wife—a boy. You've got a good father and mother. You've got yourself. Pretty raw for you when the whole county stands up and points a finger at you and puts the brand on you, eh? I figure that if you could have put that money back in the bag ten minutes after you took it you'd have crawled from here to Fulton on your hands and knees to do it. Ain't that so?"

The young man's eyes had fallen and he mumbled "Yes."

"I thought so," said the sheriff with satisfaction. "The way it strikes me, we're all at war. Be a soldier. Go dig that money out of the sand and I'll say you and I found it there."

Benway stepped over to the deep loose sand in the middle of the roadway, where nobody had thought of looking, and unearthed four packages of new gold certificates.

He had no words, but as he silently wrung the little sheriff's hand, he drew his other hand across his eyes. The two men plodded silently up the hill side by side, the sheriff pushing his motorcycle. At the top of the hill he started the machine and mounted—Tom mechanically pausing the while. As he rolled away the sheriff smiled, waved his hand and called out, "Soldiers, eh?"

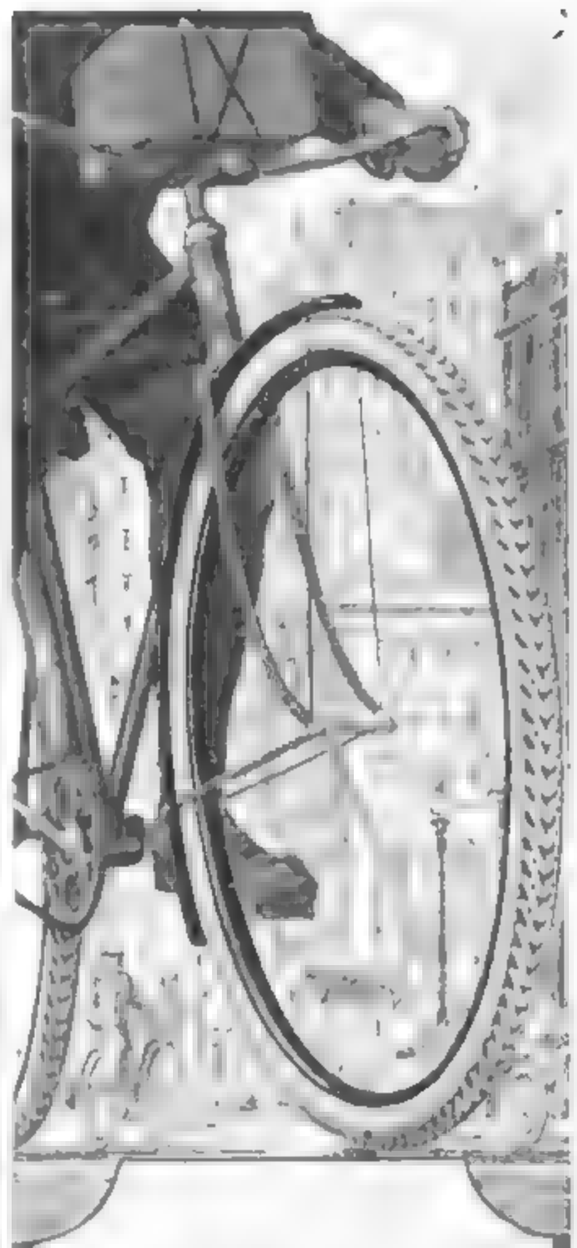
With a nod he was off—swiftly disappearing round the bend.

After supper that evening Benway sat beside his wife on the edge of the old side porch, his arm round her. She still glowed and throbbed with his wonderful exploit. Single-handed—or with only an old gravel wagon—her hero had stopped the bank robbers! Ever since he came home—the news having preceded him—she had been shining with pride in him. She had even tried to make the baby understand it—laughing at her attempt, because she was so full of joy she must laugh at something. Her eyes and lips told how loyally her heart bowed to him. His father and mother had called up; other congratulations had come in.

All the while he was thinking how different it might have been—her head and the other heads bowed with shame.

Looking out over the farm he was thinking hardly at all of his blasted crops. They seemed merely an incident or accident. For one thing, he was thinking how his life had lain in the little sheriff's hands—and been handed back to him unflawed. Crops seemed merely an incident.

Once, quite irrelevantly as it seemed to his wife, he said, "Milt Sears is a good man." And much more irrelevantly he added solemnly, "I want to be a good man, Nell." The word "soldiers" echoed in his mind.



New Sport and Economy in Bicycle Riding

Whether you ride for business or for the pure sport of it, Vitalics will put new pleasure and economy into each trip.

Vitalics combine tremendous cut- and bruise-resisting strength with lithe, springy resilience. Their rugged, reliable structure means lasting, dependable service, uninterrupted non-skid trips, and fewer repair bills.

VITALIC

Bicycle Tires

Vitalic De Luxe is the best tire our experts know how to construct. Its highly impregnated body is two-ply motorcycle tire fabric made of triply-twisted threads. It is the choice of the more experienced riders—who talk Vitalics, stick to Vitalics, and ride no tires but Vitalics.

Vitalics embrace single tube, racer, and clincher types—rugged tires of true Vitalic quality and service. Inspect them at your dealer's today.

Send Today

for FREE Vitalic testing section and booklet, "Tougher Than Elephant Hide." Please give name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.

Continental Rubber Works

1904 Liberty Street Erie, Pa.

Bent Bones
That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones
That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
Unless branded thus on the sole it is NOT an Educator
EDUCATOR SHOE

Men's Feet, Women's Feet, Children's Feet
Have Suffered Alike

ALL have felt the tortures of bent bones, twisted toes, cramped muscles; with their aftermath of corns, bunions, ingrown nails, flat foot, etc.—the results of wearing narrow, pointed shoes.

To all, Educator Shoes bring the message of Foot-Freedom. The same comfortable good-looking Educators are made in all sizes, for men, women and children. "Lines let the feet grow as they should."

Get the *whole family* into Educators—*today*. But in buying, be sure to look for EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of the famous All-America Shoe for Men, "The Shoe That's Standardized"

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

Have You Read—"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"?

Write for this decidedly unusual book of foot information. Free.

W.S.S.
THIS SPACE GIVEN BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Button Boot for Misses and Children

A Cup of Water to the Thirsty

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

A BOY has been wounded—an American boy; one of the boys you watched marching down the street, very proud and a little self-conscious, on his way to camp or to transport. He is a very nice boy. He makes little or no fuss about it. He lies still and waits. He is afraid to ask what is wrong with him, because he may be going to lose a leg, or something. And he is still more afraid he may groan or faint, or do something else idiotic.

So he lies wherever he has been placed, and after a time things begin to happen to him. There is an ambulance, and then a courtyard and a building. There is more waiting here, in a corridor of the hospital, perhaps, his stretcher flat on the floor, and an increasing line of other stretchers on either side. Again he waits; and at last he goes into the operating room.

Up to that time he has been in the hands of men: his own company, stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers, field surgeons. Now, at last, there are women.

Very probably, as he begins to come out of the anæsthetic, he thinks he is back at home. There is a merciful period when he thinks he will just turn over for another nap. Only—he is thirsty. He is horribly thirsty.

The whole purpose of this article is that there shall be beside that boy's bed a trained and gentle woman who will give that boy a drink.

That is only the beginning, of course. He is prostrate, helpless and in pain. Every thing must be done for him; he must, in good time, be answered when he insists on knowing what is wrong with him. If it involves maiming he must be soothed like a sick baby until the first shock is over. He must be made comfortable in the way that only a good nurse can bring comfort. But, most important of all, he must have skilled attention; he must live, if that be humanly possible. The spark of life must be fanned unceasingly. There must be enough nurses to carry out the surgeons' orders; if his pulse fails, to stimulate him; to watch for the wicked seeping hemorrhage that may make its presence known too late; to guard him in his delirium.

He must, in a word, be mothered, but with such mothering as only the trained observer can give. It is not enough that the best medical and surgical attention in the world is his. The surgeon can go so far, and so far only. From the time the boy leaves the operating room his chance of life is in the care he receives in his ward.

But, at the present moment, at the end of September, 1918, there are not nearly enough nurses in France for our present needs. There are, at present, some seven thousand nurses in France. Yet the estimate is that fifteen thousand nurses are needed for each million men. In other words, seven thousand women are doing the work which requires twenty-six thousand. Even by working, as they are, from eighteen to twenty hours a day, with five to ten minutes for meals, this cannot possibly insure the care that is required.

Nurses are being recruited with fair rapidity. To the first of September there had been assigned to war service something over fifteen thousand; but there are thirty-two great base hospitals in American camps and cantonments alone, averaging perhaps a hundred nurses to each. The American Army in Italy is cabling for nurses. The French Commission of the Red Cross wires that four thousand more nurses are needed at once. It wires, indeed, that five hundred nurses are needed to a division, which is about double the previous estimate of fifteen thousand nurses for each million men.

Wanted: 50,000 Nurses

This change in estimate is probably due to the fact that in our camps a certain amount of dependence has been placed on the enlisted men, either convalescent or detached for the purpose, as helpers in hospital wards. But the truth is that the enlisted man, with the best intention in the world, cannot give a wounded man the care he requires. Some months ago I protested against this practice, which was, however, largely the result of necessity.

The Surgeon-General has asked for a total in France of twenty-five thousand nurses by the first of January, and that fifty thousand nurses be available by the first of July next year. Those are almost impossible figures. Nursing is a highly technical profession, particularly surgical nursing. The supply to be drawn on is strictly limited. But the country has already done the impossible. There were said to be only seven barrel straighteners in the United States when war began, a barrel straightener being an absolute essential in the manufacture of a rifle. Yet we are turning out millions of rifles to-day, all with their barrels properly straightened to shoot accurately at the Hun.

The situation as to nurses is now the most crying need of the Army. It is our right to demand for our boys the best of care; but it is our privilege to make certain sacrifices that they may have this care. The situation is extremely critical. Hospitals must go on at home; must not be handicapped. They are short of nurses as it is. The public health must be conserved. And yet we must care for our wounded in France and here at home.

Briefly the problem is this: There are perhaps seventy thousand trained graduates from American hospitals to-day. Even without the war emergency, they had proved to be too few. The increasing emphasis among medical men on care rather than on drugs has resulted in an increasing call for trained women in sickness. Public health departments, in their attempts to isolate the tuberculous in great sanatoria, make insistent demands, which must be met.

Yet, out of the seventy thousand nurses in this country, next July must see, as nearly as possible, fifty thousand in military service.

To meet this demand abroad and to keep our institutions going at home, two things must be done, and must be done at once. The country must realize, first of all, that this is one of the most serious crises of the war.

It affects our victory profoundly. On the care a wounded man receives depends the time in which he returns to the battle line; depends often whether he goes back at all to fight again. And it affects the morale of the army to a very real extent. A wounded man must never feel neglected. He may know that behind him there are ammunition and artillery and supplies of all sorts; but those things are mighty little comfort to him in his hour of need.

Still more important is it that he should be nursed by women who speak his language. To want the simplest thing and not be able to ask for it; to wish to have a letter sent home and not be able to do it; to want reassurance that he will live, that he will be a man again, that he may even fight once more—he should have that, surely. Yet to-day there are some of our boys who have not this comfort. And it is more far-reaching than that, for there are some of them who have fought their last battle and must die with their last messages unsent; must go dumb into the Great Silence.

Is America, which has for years boasted the best trained nursing in the world, to fall behind Japan in the Russo-Japanese War in the nursing of her wounded? Yet that is very likely to happen unless something is done at once.

It is time we faced this. Every now and then some well-meaning person, ignorant

(Concluded on Page 45

To the men who mine our

IRON

America's supremacy in iron and steel is based squarely on the remarkable development and improved methods of mining its ore supplies.

War's ever-growing demand for guns, ships and railroad material has been met in great degree by the more intelligent adaptation of explosives to iron mining requirements.

Explosives best suited to the special conditions of each class of work produce more ore with less labor. Reducing the waste of explosives saves powder for other uses of our wartime economy.

The considerations involved in the selection of the proper explosive require technical knowledge of explosive reactions. We shall be glad, therefore, to have you consult with our experts as freely as you desire.

Whatever your blasting problems, we will work shoulder to shoulder with you to solve them.

ATLAS POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.

Sales Offices: Allentown, Pa., Birmingham, Ala., Boston, Chicago, Denver, Des Moines, Duluth, Houston, Joplin, Mo., Kansas City, Knoxville, Memphis, Minneapolis, Nashville, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Reno, Richmond, Va., St. Louis, Wilkes-Barre

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Cost $4.21 in October
Redeemed at $5.00 January 1, 1921

ATLAS
EXPLOSIVES

America's First Car

HAYNES

The New Sedan

THE gracefulness of this new all-season sedan wins immediate approval. An abundance of room, unexcelled beauty, four convenient, wide opening doors—these are its salient points.

The interior is elegant in smoke gray pleated upholstery of mohair plush, mahogany smoking and vanity cases, and silver fittings. Dome and quarter lights are provided.

Permanent top pillars and a solid front seat make for a stanch body and insure quietness within.

Four windows disappear into the doors, raising with Perfection lifts. Rear windows on each side drop down part way.

The Haynes Sedan seats seven persons comfortably.

A beautiful new four-passenger coupé, of exceptional roominess, furnished and upholstered similar to the sedan, is also announced.

You may have the sedan or coupé in either the Haynes "Light Six" or "Light Twelve"—both developments of more than a quarter century of successful automobile building.

Only a limited number of these beautiful coaches will be available. Write today for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

40 South Main Street, Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.

THE SILVERPLATE OF
William Rogers
and his Son
The plate marked Wm. Rogers & Son provides at moderate cost patterns of true beauty and guaranteed durability. Just as 1847 Rogers Bros. sets the standard for the heavier ware, so in the lighter grade Wm. Rogers & Son is notably
"The Best at the Price"
The Clinton
26 Pieces
$16.50
Wm. Rogers & Son
In Canada Made by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

(Concluded from Page 42)

of the facts, reports that the nursing situation is all right. It is all wrong; and the matter cannot be remedied until we are willing to know the facts as they lie before me on my writing table, signed by the people who have the situation in charge.

Nothing too good can be said for the nurses themselves. Nursing is an idealistic profession. Naturally it has come forward splendidly. To say that twenty-three thousand women have enrolled in the Red Cross, without other urge than the desire to serve, is to say that one-third of the trained women of the country have already volunteered. Suppose, on the declaration of war, one-third of the men who were available for the army had volunteered!

Not all of these women, however, are available for foreign service; but already in Europe our nurses have been under fire, have been wounded and, some of them, decorated for conspicuous heroism.

Read this, from Miss Julia Stimson, chief nurse of the American Red Cross in France:

"Summoned in an emergency to take care of American soldiers in a hospital near the Front, twenty Red Cross nurses were packed in a large motor omnibus and sent to Beauvais. When the town was reached, at ten P. M., the place was in such absolute blackness that it was impossible to read the signs in the streets and difficult to keep in the road. By means of occasional flashes from a hand torch it was possible to follow the guide to the Ecole Professionnelle, which had just that day become an American Red Cross hospital.

"We drove into a courtyard; some voices were heard; and people came out with exclamations of welcome. By this time the siren was sounding the warning of the air raid, and guns were booming. The nurses were hurried into a pitch-black room, because it was explained that it was unsafe for them to stay out in the open. They could not see the faces of the people who were speaking, and not even a cigarette light was allowed.

"For a few minutes talk was rapid while the situation was explained. There were about two hundred American patients in the building; also a few French soldiers left from the preceding organization. The civilian employees had left because of the severe raids. Gas, electricity and water mains had been put out of business, and operations had been carried on the night before by the light of hand electric torches.

"It was stated that at least eight of the new nurses would be needed that night, and volunteers were asked for. Every one of the twenty volunteered. The first eight women who could be touched in the darkness, much as children pick leaders in a game, were put over on one side, while the rest were conducted to an empty ward. The eight night nurses, discarding their hats and coats, were taken to pitch-black wards full of wounded men.

"As the truck, with all their bags, had not yet appeared, they had to go to work in their blue serge dresses. When the chief nurse saw them the next morning, with their faces and dresses covered with dust from the trip, with towels pinned across the front of their cloth dresses, she could not help thinking that some of the illustrators of modern magazines would change their opinion of war nurses if they could see this group."

Underpaid Professions

So we see a splendid army of women bravely casting their comfort and safety into the crucible of war; but an army small, inadequate, and doomed to be sacrificed on the altar of its own high purpose. Already they are overworked; some of them are ill; others are working on, fighting exhaustion. We cannot spare one of them; but we are dooming a certain percentage inevitably.

There are slackers everywhere. Probably there are slackers among the nursing ranks, but I fancy the percentage is very low. Consecrated to service as these women are, they find in war the fruition of their years of training. But there are very real reasons why a certain number cannot go. Age and physical disability are two. Some of them have dependents. Comparatively few trained nurses have saved any money. It is the poorest paid of all professions, except the church, considering the length of training involved. It is a sad commentary on our civilization that these idealistic professions, both consecrated to service, must pay the toll of comparative poverty.

But there is another reason why certain nurses are ineligible for foreign service; why a certain number of our boys may ask for water and fail to be understood; why France and England are already helping us to bear our nursing burdens. This is the ruling that prohibits nurses with relatives in the army abroad from going overseas. Recently the order has been altered, permitting nurses who are wives and sisters of soldiers to go; but the change ends there.

It is a barrier that will undoubtedly be removed very soon. With the rapidly increasing army, it will soon be impossible to find a hundred nurses in the country without relatives in France. In other words, as the necessity for nurses increases, the number who are eligible automatically decreases.

Every nurse in the country who can serve must serve. Our men must be cared for. We cannot afford the reproach of that failure; and though we gain everything else, and fail in this one regard, we have lost the respect of the world.

England has handled her wounded magnificently. France has evoked a nursing system out of the chaos that followed the dissolution of the religious sisterhoods, which had been responsible for her nursing; but she evoked it as a war necessity. Are we to fail?

A Criminal Waste

The order forbidding relatives of soldiers to go to France had its origin abroad and was dictated by a real necessity. So far as it relates to the untrained woman, it is still wise and right. It is easy to imagine the confusion resulting from the efforts these women might make to see their wounded. But the army nurse is as much a soldier as the men in the trenches: as much under discipline. Undoubtedly she would stick by her post and her work willingly under any circumstances. In any case she is governed by military law.

To remove this barrier, then, is one way of increasing an available supply of nurses. There is another one, which must be taken by a certain percentage of the people themselves. This is the use of the trained nurse as a luxury.

In too many homes to-day women are knitting socks for the soldiers while a hospital graduate nurse, sadly needed by her country, is employed to perform the duties that woman should be doing. In times of peace there is no reason why the rich, if they so desire, should not employ trained nurses for the responsibilities they evade themselves. But these are not times of peace. Every household to-day that knows of the scarcity of trained women and still retains one is a slacker household.

And I think it not too much to say that any trained nurse who so forgets her oath of service has missed entirely the spirit of her great calling. She is rare. She in no sense represents her profession; but she exists, just as the slacker exists in every profession and in every walk of life.

The summoning of the trained nurse for trivial ailments must be abolished also. In these times it is criminal waste of a strictly limited military asset. It is worse than the wasting of food, because the element of cruelty enters into it. It involves insufficient care for the helpless here and abroad. It means, in the shortage which already confronts us, that those who really need nursing shall have to do without it.

The Surgeon-General is asking for a thousand nurses a week. Where are they coming from? Recruits are bravely coming in, gathering together that ominous list of rubber boots and field uniforms and blankets and nurses' instruments; courageously turning their faces toward the hospitals of France and Italy and, before long, Russia. But they are not enough. The demand is increasingly insistent; the supply is inadequate at the best.

Let our girls and young women enter hospital training schools. They can be useful from the first; and they will liberate for war service increasing numbers of fully or—as time goes on—of partly trained nurses for France. They will be doing national service as truly as though they wore a soldier's uniform.

But they will be doing something else, indirectly of as great a benefit to their country. They will come from their training equipped for the years ahead. For sophistication they will have substituted knowledge; for the dream world of youth, a real world—of suffering sometimes, but of infinite recompense.

The "Ballymede" Model
(Weatherproof Coat)
Length 46 inches
Full back
Quarter silk lined

It isn't right to buy your overcoat without careful investigation these economical days. You should make a real overcoat investment; not a speculation.

The "R&W" Highland Heather is doubly popular now. It gives every kind of service without sacrificing style. It's the one coat you should buy--rainproof, fashionable and economical.

At your dealer's.

Look for the "R & W" label.

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

As to the Charms of Tobacco

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.
My dear Sirs:

As a pipe-smoker of some 40 years I feel that I really must write to tell you that after all these years I have at last found a really satisfying tobacco, namely, your Plug Slice Edgeworth that comes in slabs. I have now been smoking it for about one year, but have not written before because I wanted to learn whether the charm of this tobacco would, like so many others, wear off. I now find that the more I smoke it, the more necessary it becomes to my bodily comfort.

(Signed)

We value the above letter highly, but we had to argue down grave doubts before dwelling upon the *charm* of *any* smoking tobacco. But then women probably never read tobacco advertisements.

For years Woman never openly recognized but one serious rival. Much talk has been made about the bravery of the man who first dared to eat an oyster. What about the bold man who first dared to leave a woman for a smoke? We often wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh, brave as he was, ever told Queen Elizabeth the truth about his long absences. If she ever caught him quietly enjoying his pipe—well, as we know, she was quite a spirited woman.

Nowadays, ask any young woman if she objects to smoking, and her reply invariably is, "No, I like it." And they choose men who smoke. They know smokers are better-natured.

All men who smoke aren't good-natured, nor all men who don't ill-natured, but the best-natured men are almost all smokers.

A pipeful of the right tobacco can charm away most of the small frets of daily life.

The difficulty is to come upon a tobacco that brings such a charm into your life. Edgeworth is one of the tobaccos bought by our Government to soothe the jangled nerves of our men in the trenches. Edgeworth is the resource of many, many men pushing things along over here, but it may not, perhaps, be the tobacco for you.

We don't want to prejudice you against Edgeworth by boosting it too much, but we certainly would enjoy learning what you personally think of it.

If you're willing to risk a postcard, we'll risk the tobacco. Send us your address together with that of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms —Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c and 65c; tin humidor, $1.25; in glass jars, $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 65c, and $1.20.

When the samples arrive, scrape out your pipe for a new guest. Fill the bowl with a generous load. Light up, lean back in your friendly old chair, and take a puff or two—the first two for pure enjoyment—then some time later, when you feel quite ready, take a puff or two slowly, estimatingly, to decide just what you think of Edgeworth. Is this the tobacco you have been looking for so long?

For the free samples upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants — If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

DECORATED

(Continued from Page 7)

for me to see him but I had to convince the lieut. that it wasn't no monkey business because they's always a whole lot of riffs and raffs asking Capt. Seeley can they have a word with him and what they want is to borry his knife to pair their finger nails.

But I guess he won't be sorry he seen me Al not when I show him the stuff I have got on this bird and he will probably shake me by the hand and say "Well Keefe Uncle Sam is proud of you but you are waisting your time here and I will be sorry to loose you but it looks like you belong in other fields." And he will wire a telegram to the gen. staff reccomending me to go to Paris.

I guess I all ready told you some of the stuff I have got on this bird but I have not told you all because the best one didn't only happen last night. Well on acct. of I and Alcock being friends he has kind of been keeping a eye pealed on Shaffer to help me out and he found a letter last night that Shaffer had wrote and this time it was the whole letter with the address and everything and who do you suppose it was to? Well Al it was to Van Hindenburg himself and I have got it right here where I can keep a eye on it and believe me its worth watching and I wished I could send it to you so you could see for yourself what kind of a bird we are dealing with. But that's impossible Al but they's nothing to keep me from copping it off.

Well the letter is wrote in German and to show you what a foxy bird he is he wrote it out in printing so as if it got found by somebody they couldn't prove he wrote it because when words is wrote out in printing it looks just the same who ever wrote it and you can't tell. But he wasn't foxy enough to not sign G. S. down to the bottom of it and that stands for his name George Shaffer and he is the only G. S. in the Co. so it looks like we had him up in a tree. Here is what the letter says:

"Field Marshall Van Hindenburg, % Die Vierten Dachshunds, Deutscher Armee, Flanders. 500,000 U. S. Soldaten schon in Frankreich doch. In Lauterbach habe Ich mein Strumpf verloren und ohne Strumpf gehe Ich nicht heim. xxxxxxxxx G. S."

Notice them x marks again Al like in the other letter and the other letter was probably to Van Hindenburg to and I only wished I knew what the x marks means but maybe some of the birds that's all ready in the intelligents dept. can figure it out. But they's no mystery about the rest of it Al because Alcock understands German and he translated it out what the German words means and here is what it means.

500,000 United States soldiers in France all ready yet. Will advise you when to attack on this front.

How is that Al for a fine trader and spy to tell the gen. of the German army how many soldiers we got over here and to not attack till Shaffer says the word and he was probably going to say it wile we was all asleep or something. But thanks to me Al he will be the one that is asleep and it will be some sleep Al and it will make old Rip and Winkle look like they had the colic and when the boys finds out what I done for them I guess they won't be nothing to good for me. But it will be to late for them to show their appreciations because I won't be here no more and the boys probably won't see me again till its all over and we are back in the old U. S. because Alcock was talking to a bird that's in the int. dept. and he says 1 of their dutys was to keep away from everybody and not leave them know who you are. Because of course if word got out that you was a spy chaser the spys wouldn't hardly run up and kiss you on the st. but they would duck when they seen you and you would have as much chance to catch them as though you was trolling for wales with a grass hopper.

And from this bird's dope that Alcock was talking to I will half to leave off my uniform and wear plain close and maybe wear false whiskers and etc. so as people who see me the 1st. time I will look different to them the next time they see me and maybe I will half to let my mustache grow and grease it so as they will think maybe I am a Dutchman and if they are working for the Kaiser I could maybe pump them.

But they's 1 thing I don't like about it Al because Alcock says Paris is full of women that isn't exactly spys but they have been made a fool out of and they are some German's duke but the Dutchmens tells them a whole lot of things that Uncle Sam would like to know and I would half to find them things out and the only way to do that would be to get them stuck on me and I guess that wouldn't be no chore but when a gal gets stuck on you they will tell you everything they know and wile with most gals I ever seen they could do that without dropping another nickle still and all it would be different with these gals in Paris that's been the tools of some Dutchmens because you take a German and he don't never stop braging till he inhales a bayonet.

But it don't seem fair to make love to them and pertend like I was nuts over them and then when I had learned all they was to know I would half to get rid of them and cast them to 1 side and god knows how many wounds I will leave behind me but probably as many as though I was a regular soldier or snipper but then I wouldn't feel so bad about it because it would be men and not girlies but everything goes in war fair as they say Al and if Uncle Sam and Gen. Pershing asks me to do it I will do whatever they ask me and they can't nobody really hold it vs. me because of why I am doing it.

But talking about snippers Al I noticed today that I wasn't near as good as usual in the riffle practice and it was like as if I was haveing a slump like some of the boys does in baseball when they go along 5 or 6 days without finding out who is umpireing the bases and I am afraid that is how it would be with me in snipping I would be O. K. part of the time and the rest of the time I couldn't hit Europe and maybe I would fall down when they was depending on me and then I would feel like a rummy so I guess I better not try and show up so good in practice even when I do feel O. K. because they might make a snipper out of me without knowing my weakness and I figure its something the matter with my eyes. Besides Al it don't seem like its a fair game to be pecking away at somebody that they can't see you and aren't looking for no supprise and its a whole lot different then fighting with a bayonet where its man to man and may the best man win.

Well Al I guess I have told you all the news and things is going along about as usual and they don't seem to be no prospects of us overtakeing a section up to the front but its just train and train and train and if the ball clubs had a training trip like we been

(Concluded on Page 49)

Profits warrant price

WE recommend Pierce-Arrows only because they earn profits which warrant the investment they entail.

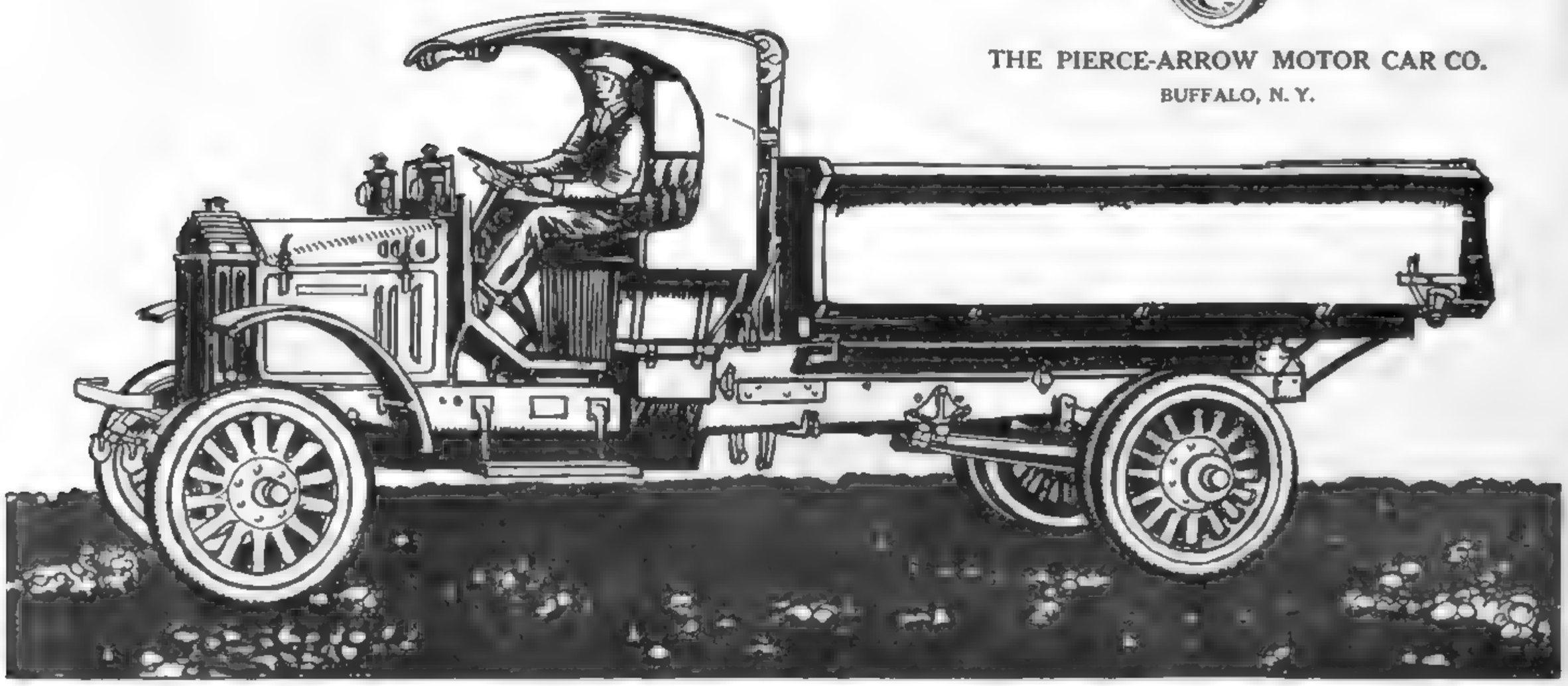
None has worn out. The first 50 Pierce-Arrows have served their owners seven years and are good for many more years. They repaid their cost several years ago.

Well-built and properly-designed, they keep on the road and out of the shop. They cover more miles per hour—carry more tons per day. That is why a

Pierce-Arrow

Delivers more work in a given time;
Loses less time on the job and off the job;
Costs less to operate and less to maintain;
Lasts longer, depreciates less and commands a higher resale price at all times.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.



Keep the Wheels of Production Turning

Today every production minute is vital. If production is to reach its maximum, the waste minutes must be saved. Lacing a belt only twice a year at an average of ten minutes time—some methods take half an hour—multiplies into a huge production loss, throughout industrial America. Old-fashioned, obsolete belt lacing methods must go.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

Any machine workman can lace a belt instantly with the Clipper. The low cost of the Clipper lacing tool makes possible immediate lacing—no running around the plant or calling for an expert.

The Clipper makes a durable and perfect joint—one that pulls better and is safer—is flush with the belt on both sides and is more flexible than the belt itself.

The Clipper goes to you for free trial.

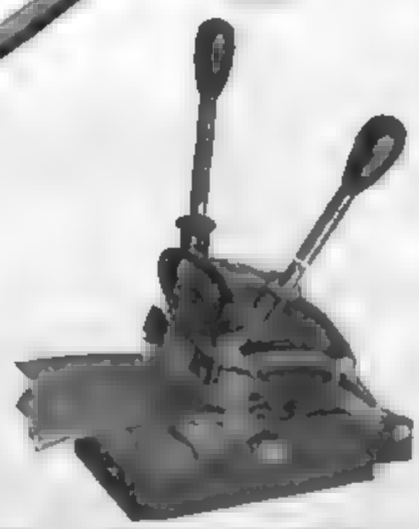
It is perpetually guaranteed where Clipper hooks are used.

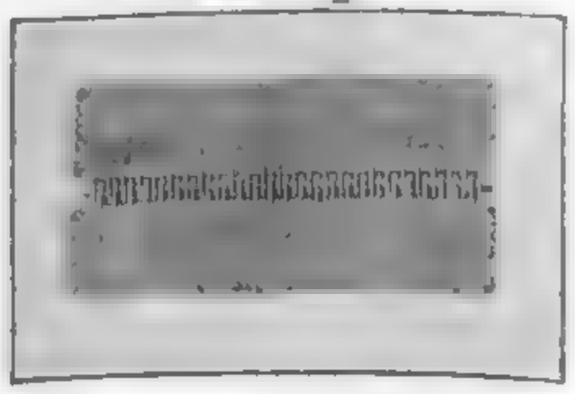
The American Museum of Safety gave the Clipper the only gold medal ever awarded for metal lacing.

The use of the Clipper in your plant will solve effectively your belt lacing problems.

Clipper belt lacing predominates in every manufacturing center in the world

Some mill supply dealer in every city sells the Clipper





clipper

Clipper Belt Lacer Company

·GRAND RAPIDS·
·MICHIGAN·U·S A·

(Concluded from Page 46)

haveing they would be so tired by the 1 of May that they wouldn't run out a base on balls. Yesterday we past by a flock of motor Lauras that was takeing wounded back to a base hospital somewheres and Alcock was talking to 1 of the drivers and he said that over 100% of the birds that's getting wounded and killed these days is the snippers and the boshs don't never rest till they find out where there nests is at and then they get all their best marksmens and aim at where they think the snipper has got his nest and then its good night snipper and he is either killed right out or looses a couple of legs or something. I certainly feel sorry for the boys that's wounded Al and every time we see a bunch of them all us boys is crazy to get up there to the front and get even for what they done.

Well old pal I will half to get busy now and overlook the dope I have got on Shaffer so as I will have everything in order for Capt. Seeley and I will write and let you know how things comes out.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 18.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they's a whole lot of birds that thinks they are wise and always trying to pull off something on somebody but once in a wile they pick out the wrong bird to pull it on and then the laugh is on the smart Alex themself.

Well Alcock and some of them thought they was putting up a game on me and was going to make me look like a monkey but before I get through with them Al they will be the suckers and I will be giveing them the horse laugh but what I ought to do is bust them in the jaw and if I was running this war every bird that tried to pull off some practical joke to put a man in bad, I would give a lead shower in their honor some A.M. before breakfast.

Alcock was trying to make me believe that 1 of the boys in the Co. name Geo. Shaffer was a German spy or something and they framed up a letter like as if he wrote it to Van Hindenburg giveing away secrets in German about our army and etc. but they made the mistake of signing his initials to the letter so when I come to think it over I seen it must be a fake because a bird that was a real spy wouldn't never sign their own name to a letter but they would sign John Smith or something.

But any way I had a hold of this letter and a peace of another letter that Shaffer really did write it and I thought I would show them to Capt. Seeley and play it safe because they might be something in them after all and any way it would give him a good laugh. So yesterday I went and seen him and he says "Well Keefe what can I do for you?" So I said "You can't do nothing for me sir but this time I can do something for you. What would you think if I told you they was a trader and a German spy in your Co." So he says "I would think you were crazy." So I said "I am afraid you will half to think so then but maybe you won't think I am so crazy when I show you the goods."

So then Al I pulled that 1st. peace of a letter on him and showed it to him and he read it and when he got through he says "Well it looks suspicious all right. It looks like the man that wrote it was hacking up a big plot to spring a few dependents on his local board the next time they draft him." So I said "The bird that wrote that letter is a Dutchman name Geo. Shaffer." So Capt. Seeley says "Well I wish him all the luck in the world and a lot of little Shaffers." So I said "Yes but what about them x marks and all them letters without no words to them?" So he said "Didn't you never correspond with a girl and put some of them xs down to the bottom of your letter?" So I says "I have wrote letters to a whole lot of girls but I never had to write nothing in ciphers because I wasn't never ashamed of anything I wrote." So he said "Well your lady friends was all cheated then because this is ciphers all right but its the kind of messages they love to read because it means kisses."

Well Al of course I knew it meant something like that but I didn't think a big truck horse like Shaffer would make such a mushmellow out of himself. But anyway I said to Capt. Seeley I says "All right but what about them other initials without no words to go with them?" And he says "Well that's some more ciphers but they's probably a little gal out in Chi that don't half to look at no key to figure it out."

So then I pulled the other letter on him the 1 in German and he also smiled when he read this one and finely he says "Some of your pals has been playing a trick on you like when you come over on the ship and the best thing you can do is tear the letters up and keep it quite and don't leave nobody know you fell for it. And now I have got a whole lot to tend to so good by."

So that's all that was said between us and I come away and come back to quarters and Alcock and 2 or 3 of the other boys was there and Alcock knew where I had been and I suppose he had told the other birds and they was all set to give me the Mary ha ha but I beat them to it.

"Well Alcock" I says when I come in "you are some joke Smith but you wouldn't think you was so funny if I punched your jaw." So he turned kind of pail but he forced a smile and says "Well I guess the Vin Blank is on you this time." So I said "You won't get no Vin Blank off me but what you are libel to get is a wallop in the jaw." So he says "You crabbed at me a wile ago for not takeing a joke but it looks like you was the one that couldn't take them now." So I said "What I would like to take is a poke at your nose." So that shut him up and they didn't none of them get their laugh because I had them scared and if they had of laughed I would of made them swallow it.

So after all Al the laugh is on them because their gag fell dead and I guess the next time they try and pull some gag they will pick out some hick from some X roads to pull it on and not a bird that has traveled all over the big leagues and seen all they is to see.

Well Al I am tickled to death I won't half to give up my uniform and snoop around Paris like a white wings double crossing women and spying and etc. and even if the whole thing hadn't of been just a joke I was going to ask Capt. Seeley to not reccomend me to no int. dept. but jest leave me be where I am at so as when the time comes I can fight fair like man to man and not behind no woman's skirts like a cur.

So you see Al everything is O. K. after all and the laugh is on Alcock and his friends because they was the ones that expected to do all the laughing but instead of that I made a monkey out of them.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 23.

FRIEND AL: Well Al if you would see my face you would think I had been attending a barage or something or else I had been in a bar room fight only of course if it was a fair fight I wouldn't be so kind of marred up like I am. But I had a accident Al and fell over a bunk and lit on the old bean and the result is Al that I have got a black eye and a bad nose and my jaw is swole a little and my ears feels kind of dull like so I guess the ladys wouldn't call me Handsome Jack if they seen me but it will be all O.K. in a few days and I will be the same old Jack.

But I will tell you how it come off. I was setting reading a letter from Florrie that all as she said in it was that she had boughten herself a new suit that everybody says was the cutest she ever had on her back just like I give a dam because by the time I see her in it she will of gave it to little Al's Swede. But any way I was reading this letter when in come Shaffer the bird that was mixed up in that little gag about the fake spy and he come up to me and says "Well you big snake who's male are you reading now?" Well Al him calling me big is like I would say hello Jumbo to a flee. But any way I says "My own male and who and the he—ll male would I be reading?" So he said "Well its hard to tell because you stole some of mine and read it and not only that but you showed it to the whole A. E. F. so now stand up and take what's comeing to you."

Well Al I thought he was just kidding so I says "I come over here to fight Germans and not 1 of my own pals." So he says "Don't call me no pal, but if you come to fight Germans now is your chance because you say I'm 1 of them."

Well he kind of made a funny motion like he wanted to spar or wrestle or something and I thought he meant it in a friendly way like we sometimes pull off a rough house once in a wile so I stood up but before I had a chance to take holds with him he cut loose at me with his fists doubled up and I kind of triped or something and fell over a bench and I must of hit something sharp on the way down and I kind of got scratched up but they are only scratchs and don't amt. to nothing. Only I wished I knew he had of been serious and I would of made a punching bag out of him and you can bet that the next time he wants to start something I won't wait to see if he is jokeing but I will tear into him and he will think he run into a Minne Weffers.

Well I suppose Alcock was sore at me for getting the best of him and not falling for his gag and he was afraid to tackle me himself and he told big Shaffer a peck of lies about some dam letter or something and said I stole it and it made Shaffer sore and no wonder because who wouldn't be sore if they thought somebody was reading their male. But a man like Shaffer that if he stopped a shell the Dutchmens would half to move back a ways so as they would be room enough in France to bury him hasn't got no right to pick on a smaller man especially when I wasn't feeling good on acct. of something I eat but at that Al size don't make no difference and its the bird that's got the nerve and knows how that can knock them dead and if Shaffer had of gave me any warning he would of been the 1 that is scratched up instead of I though I guess he is to lucky to trip over a kit bag and fall down and cut himself.

But my scratchs don't really amt. to nothing Al and in a few days I will be like new.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 25.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I have got some big news for you now. We been ordered up to the front and its good by to this Class D burg and now for some real actions and I am tickled to death and I only hope the Dutchmens will loose their minds and try and start something up on the section where we are going to and I can't tell you where its at Al but you keep watching the papers and even if the boshs don't start nothing maybe we will start something on our own acct. and the next thing you know you will read where we have got them on the Lincoln highway towards Russia and believe me Al we won't half to stop every little wile to bring up no Van Hindenburg but we will run them ragged and they say the Germans is the best singers and when they all bust out with Comrades they will make the Great Lakes band sound like the Russia artillery.

Well Al I am so excited I can't write much and I have got a 100 things to tend to so I will half to cut this letter short.

Well some of the other birds like Alcock and them is pertending like they was tickled to death to but believe me Al if the orders was changed all of a sudden and they told us we was going to stay here till the duration of the war we wouldn't half to call on the Engrs. to dam their tear ducks. But they pertend like they are pleased and keep whistleing so as they won't blubber and today they all laughed their heads off at something that come out in the Co. paper that some of the boys gets out but they laughed like they was nervous instead of enjoying it.

Well what come out in the paper was supposed to be a joke on me and if they think its funny they are welcome and I would send the paper to you that its in only I haven't got only the 1 copy so I will copy it down and you can see for yourself what a screen it is Well they's 1 peace that's got up to look like it was the casuality list in some regular newspaper and it says:

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Privates.

Jack Keefe, Chicago, Ill (Very).

And then they's another peace that reads like this:

DECORATED

"The Company has won its first war honors and Private Jack Keefe is the lucky dog. Private Keefe has been decorated by Gen. George Shaffer of the 4th. Dachshunds for extreme courage and cleverness in showing up a dangerous nest of spies. Keefe was hit four times by large caliber shells before he could say surrender. He was decorated with the Order of the Schwarz Auge, the Order of the Rot Nase and the Order of the Blumenkohl Ohren, besides which a Right Cross was hung on his jaw. Private Keefe takes his honors very modestly, no one having evan heard him mention them except in stifled tones during the night."

Well Al all right if they can find something to amuse themself and they need it I guess. But they better remember that they's plenty of time for the laugh to be on the other foot before this war is over.

Your pal, JACK

This fire destroyed nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain at Dow's Stores, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Burning Up Bread

We've Been Doing It for Years!

¶ Let's stop it. Last winter when our allies needed millions of bushels of grain to help them avert famine, millions of bushels were being destroyed by fire in America because not safeguarded by concrete. In one fire alone in Brooklyn, nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain were destroyed.

¶ Foodstuffs will be scarce during and after the war. Everyone's interest demands that further waste be prevented by storing them in fireproof structures.

When you use concrete, transportation, skilled labor and steel, of which there are none to spare, are released for urgent war needs.

¶ Whether you are going to build a
Coal Pocket or Silo
Factory or Warehouse
Dam or Power Plant
Railroad or Marine Terminal
Water or Sewer System
Oil Storage Tank or Watering Trough

—any structure from the smallest to the largest and all kinds and sizes between—*Use Concrete.*

Concrete consumes nothing. It adds to the permanent wealth of the nation. It means a strong second line of defense.

You Build But Once With Concrete.

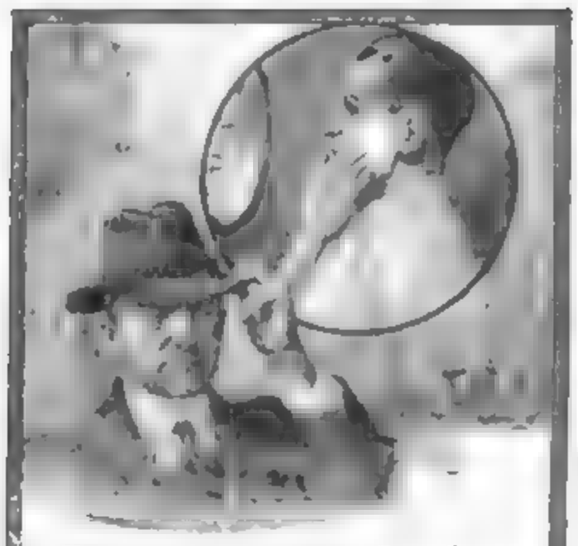
PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Parkersburg, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT



Dust is Germ-Laden

The swirling dust plants millions of disease germs on your face. When you shave you rub these germs into your skin; you risk dangerous and unsightly infections.

The safe shave is the Antiseptic Shave that kills the germs on face, fingers, brush and razor.

LYSOL

Antiseptic Shaving Cream

gives the dependable Antiseptic Shave because it contains Lysol, one of the world's best germicides. Its luxuriant lather protects your skin from blood diseases while giving you the close, clean, all-satisfying shave.

Protect your health by using Lysol Shaving Cream. You will enjoy its creamy lather. The price is only 25c a tube, ask your druggist.

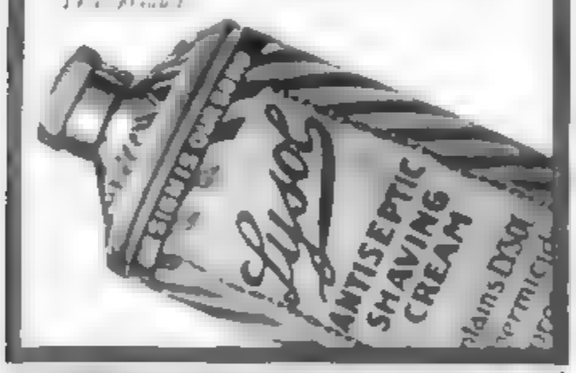
Made by

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Manufacturing Chemists

Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste and Lysol Disinfectant

90 William Street New York

The interest made in our advertisement of Lysol Shaving Cream in this publication was due to the effort that we had been granted a right to make its product to the Pearl Trade Commission, but entered suing it a special order. The Lysol we have been for the manufacture of Pebeco Tooth Paste and has no connection with Lysol product.



Bryn Mawr

Chocolates

THE *UTMOST* IN QUALITY, FROM the exquisite packaging to the rich chocolate coating and fresh, creamy centers of the chocolates. Exclusive methods make Bryn Mawr chocolates different. Make their acquaintance.

At better class stores—if not near you write us direct, enclosing $1.25 for Bryn Mawr Perfected Package. You'll order again.

F. M. PAIST CO., Dept. H, Phila., Pa.

The Home of Better Confections

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

320 Pages ILLUSTRATED Cloth

By Winfield Scott Hall, M.D., Ph.D

SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN

What every young man should know

What every young woman should know

What every parent should know

$1.00 Postpaid

AMERICAN PUB. CO., 1013 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

SAVING AND SERVING

(Continued from Page 11)

linings of refrigerators former requirements called for 12,000 tons of steel; the present plan is to substitute sheet zinc for this steel. As an example of how small needs rapidly mount into totals of considerable magnitude it is interesting to note that 5000 tons of steel were consumed last year in the manufacture of steel automobile license tags. A scheme is now on foot that will substitute a specially designed paper product for the steel tags. The paper tags will cost but ten cents apiece, whereas each of the steel ones retailed for about sixty-five cents.

The foregoing are but a few of the moves aimed at steel conservation that are now being promulgated by our duly appointed representatives in Washington. Final victory in the present struggle must rest with the side that continuously brings the greatest amount of steel products to the firing line. Before the United States entered the fight the Teutons had gained control of about 29,000,000 tons annual steel-ingot capacity; the Allies owned only about 15,000,000 tons. The Germans didn't utilize all of their capacity, while the Entente did get about 7,000,000 tons from us, so that the disparity between the steel resources of the belligerents was not so great, though the undoubted advantage lay with the Huns. America's participation in the conflict contributed more than 40,000,000 additional tons to the cause of the Allies, so that our advantage over Germany is increasing daily. The Central Powers fight outward with a system that requires a minimum of new construction; the Allies have been fighting inward, and as a consequence have had to convert steel not only into shells and guns but into railroads and ships. As this latter work becomes more nearly completed we can convert more tons of steel into munitions, and the Huns will be deluged in the storm.

There is nothing patriotic Americans can do that will add greater impetus to our national war effort than to economize to the last extreme on every pound of steel going into civil use. In the production of a single carload of pig iron it is necessary to utilize one and a half cars of coal, half a car of limestone and two cars of ore. And this is not all, for in the refining and manufacturing processes that follow the production of the raw pig there occurs the maximum consumption of skill and industrial energy.

Germany is fully aware of the vital need for her holding her iron reserves, and we shall find that she has massed her best men and constructed her strongest defenses just north of Verdun, which great fortress is located directly south of the French iron deposits the Huns so quickly seized on their initial drive into France. This richly mineralized region is twice as valuable as any other area now being fought for, and it is these iron reserves that the United States evidently intends shall be restored to the French nation on the coming of peace. The Teuton fangs will never be pulled so long as Europe's principal iron-ore deposits remain under the control of the Hun.

The Army Ragpickers

Fortunately the Allied nations realize in full the immeasurable value of steel as humanity's chief servant, and as a consequence the salvage brigade or "ragpickers" that follow the tide of battle are a much more important adjunct to the military than their humble vocation would indicate. Their work is done under the greatest risk and their accomplishments are frequently amazing. Recently in one month, in the wake of a single army in France, the "ragpickers" collected 2200 tons of iron and steel, thirty-three tons of copper, 1,200,000 rifle cartridges, 1950 trench bombs, 1400 rifles, fifty-five tons of bronze and nickel, 2900 varieties of tools and three-fourths of a mile of narrow-gauge railway. Shall we here at home, living and working in absolute security, be less saving of war essentials than the "ragpickers" who labor unceasingly and unafraid on fields where shells are bursting and in places where they are targets for boche gunners in swooping airplanes?

The British general commanding the Allies in the Holy Land attributed his victory more to the successful construction of a 150-mile water line built of twelve-inch steel pipe than to victories of arms. The Sinai Desert had theretofore defeated all armies, and credit for present successes must be accorded the pipes and rails of steel that carried the necessary water and food to these brave men fighting in the land where Christendom was born. The grimy workers in the Pennsylvania mills where the pipes were made did their full share, as well as the intrepid Tommies who charged the Turks.

Without an abundance of steel no nation to-day could accomplish much on the battlefield; however, even this prime requisite in the business of making war would be unavailing if we failed to practice economy all along the line in our daily life. In order to utilize the products made from steel we must have among other things an abundance of leather, rubber, tin, lumber, manganese, lead and ammonia. Take, for instance, the question of an adequate supply of leather. No material antedates it as an important human commodity, and no natural product at the present time has a more varied and persistent use. The value of leather was established when the first beast was killed by man, who took the hide and used it for raiment. The first effort of the first human being was to secure food, and the first by-product was leather. From an oversupply of this material in the early ages we have come to a time when we cannot get sufficient of it for our wants. War has made the situation worse, and thousands of Americans are now devoting much thought and time to the saving of leather and the development of substitutes.

Leather from Fish Skins

Our Government has already let contracts for more than 20,000,000 pairs of army shoes. The Allies are buying millions of dollars' worth of American leather, so that notwithstanding our large imports of hides from South America the scarcity in leather for civilian use is serious. England and France long ago designed national standards for shoes to prevent wasteful consumption through a multiplicity of styles, and our Conservation Bureau in Washington has formulated regulations that will materially reduce leather consumption. Among other requirements it is specified that the height of shoes shall not exceed nine inches; children's and misses' shoes shall not be more than seven inches high; men's shoes shall be black or one of two shades of tan; women's footwear shall be white, black, tan or gray. Only two shades of tan and two shades of gray are allowed. In the matter of height the restrictions apply to cloth-top shoes as well as to those with leather uppers.

The limitations placed on the shoe industry, as in other lines of business, are designed to save shipping as well as leather. Practically all of our kid and goat skins are imported from China, India and Africa. Since the war commenced kid has advanced from 72 cents to $1.06 a foot; calf has gone up from 30 cents to 66 cents, and sole leather from 52 cents to 88 cents. Such increases account for the higher shoe prices now prevailing.

The Bureau of Standards in Washington is carrying on tests in leather that will greatly benefit the nation. The tensile and tearing resistance at different parts of the hide are being determined. Other investigations deal with shoe leather and fiber composition materials intended as a substitute for sole leather. Studies are being made of the relative merits of different waterproofing treatments. These last tests have taken into consideration the effect of waterproofing materials upon the wearing quality of sole leather. Soldiers at Camp Meade, Maryland, are wearing half soles, or taps, of the same leather, the tap on one shoe being treated, while the other sole is used untreated. Service tests are also being made to determine the relative water-resisting properties of vegetable-tanned as compared with chrome retanned upper leather. In this case the shoes, which are made with the right and left uppers of different leathers, are used under conditions that keep the uppers wet the greater part of the time. They are inspected after each day's wear and dried out before being used again.

The soles being of the same material the difference in the amount of water absorbed by the uppers is determined approximately by weighing before and after the shoes are dried.

With reference to the use of fiber composition soles on army shoes careful laboratory and service tests already indicate that the wearing quality of the better grades of composition soles compares favorably with that of good oak-tanned sole leather.

In collaboration with the Bureau of Fisheries scientists in the Bureau of Standards are investigating the problem of tanning shark and other fish skins. A large number of skins have been distributed among the various tanners, who are experimenting with methods of producing tanned skins of a quality that may be employed as a substitute for certain grades of leather. The tests have not proved successful in all cases, but quite a number of tanned skins thus treated have given encouraging results.

It is very likely that further experiments will develop methods of tanning by which fish skins may be made into leather adapted for useful purposes.

In its consumption of leather the Government is exercising good judgment and setting a wise example. On each fabricated ship of our new merchant marine there are fourteen transom seats and backs which require upholstering. Formerly leather was used for such purposes, but the Shipping Board decided that all the real leather available should go into shoes, saddles, harness and other military supplies, so artificial leather was specified both here and in our fighting craft; and a real economic gain is the result.

In dozens of other cases the war demands for leather have caused the increasing use of substitutes. In the automobile and carriage industries alone 25,000,000 yards of leather substitutes are used annually in the manufacture of tops. Another 10,000,000 yards of such material are used each year in the upholstering of automobiles. Only twenty-five per cent of the motor cars made in America in 1917 were finished in real leather. Approximately 127,000,000 hat sweats are manufactured in this country each year. Leather was formerly employed, but now sixty per cent of the sweat bands in hats are made of artificial leather, and a tremendous saving has resulted. Similar economies have been effected by using leather substitutes in bookbinding and furniture manufacture, as well as in the production of bags, trunks, camera cases, gloves, putties, gun cases, belts and pillows.

Substitutes for Tin

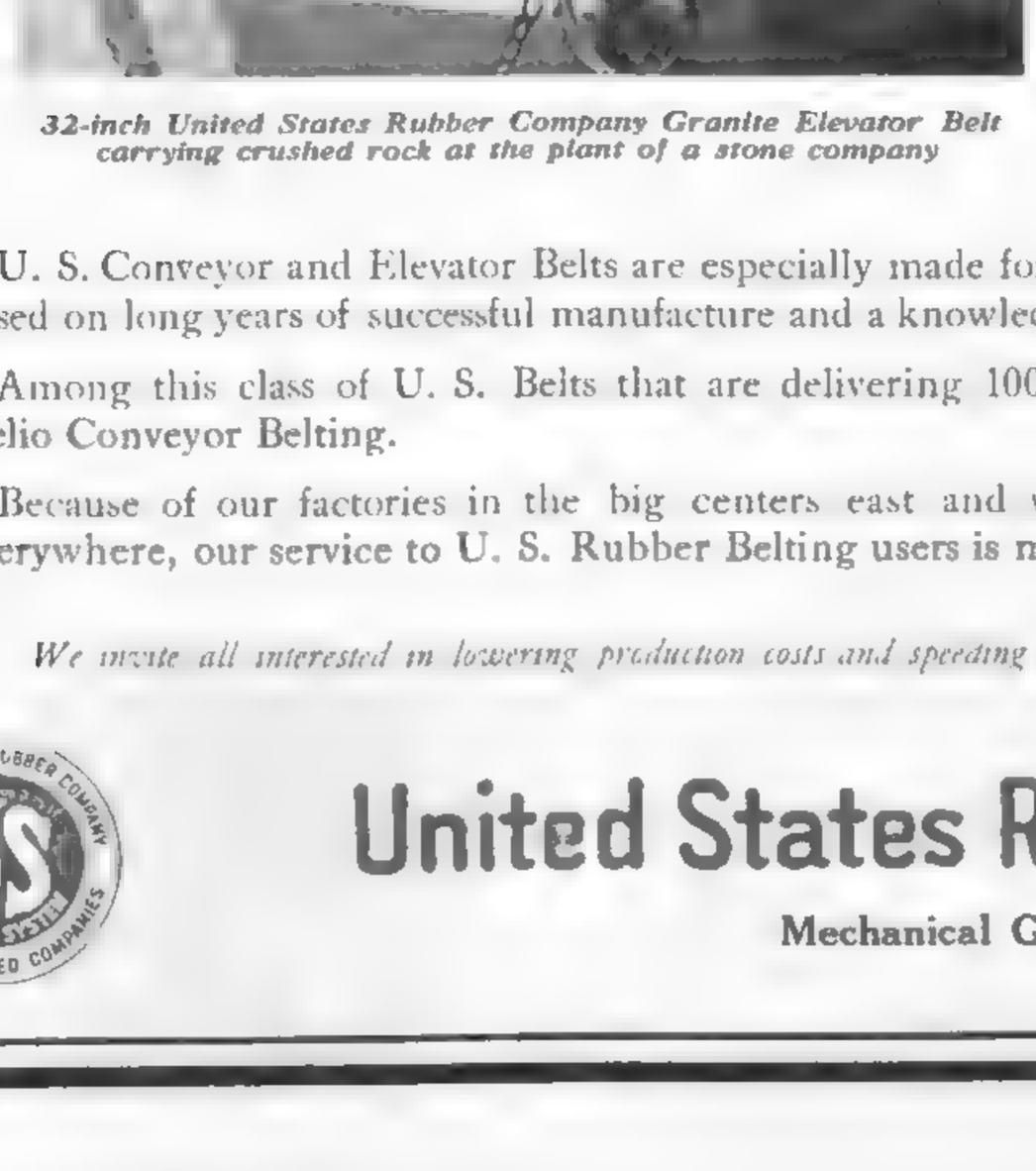
One of the lessons the war has taught is our ability to get along without many things that were heretofore considered quite essential to our comfortable existence. We produce very little tin, and since the requirements for this metal are extensive very little of the material remains for domestic use. In order to meet the needs of the situation plans were perfected whereby a solder is produced for employment in roofing, radiators, canning, and so on, in which cadmium is substituted for four-fifths of the tin formerly used. The Germans are getting along without tin; it is possible we could now do the same in our domestic life. In addition to the savings in solder we have reduced the quantity of tin in babbitts from ninety per cent to a much lower figure. A new lead babbitt has been invented and preliminary tests of it look promising. Low-grade babbitts are now used in the construction of all machines except in the building of airplanes.

It is well understood by those familiar with the situation that our citizens must exercise extreme economy in the consumption of tin if we are going to have enough for boat fittings, cooking utensils and food containers. Already the Army is looking to the use of paper for food cans instead of tin.

One of the very interesting materials that has occupied the attention of our Government is ammonia. Few of our so-called essential ingredients are more important. Fortunately our leaders were foresighted enough to anticipate trouble in this quarter and immediate steps were taken to erect fixation plants. New by-product coke ovens will help a lot and an aluminum nitrate plant will give us an additional twenty-five tons of ammonia daily. The health of any nation, and particularly of an army in the field, is largely dependent on a proper equipment for the refrigeration of

(Continued on Page 52)

3 24-inch United States Rubber Company Relio Conveyor Belts carrying gravel



32-inch United States Rubber Company Granite Elevator Belt carrying crushed rock at the plant of a stone company

These Better Belts are the Cheapest Labor

Man power is at a premium.

Speed and continuous operation in every line of production tax the efficiency of almost every industry.

In hundreds of plants where these discordant conditions have resulted in confusion, harmony has been restored by the installation of efficient, economical United States Rubber conveyor and elevator belts.

Production engineers in factories, mines and mills everywhere are discovering the great speed-up that these belts give. The reliability and stability of this labor element plus the low cost per ton of material conveyed or elevated make an acceptable showing in production costs.

U. S. Conveyor and Elevator Belts are especially made for specific uses. Their construction is scientific and exact, based on long years of successful manufacture and a knowledge of operating conditions to be met in all lines of industry.

Among this class of U. S. Belts that are delivering 100% service are our famous Silvertown Elevator Belting and Relio Conveyor Belting.

Because of our factories in the big centers east and west, with branches in the principal cities and agencies everywhere, our service to U. S. Rubber Belting users is most prompt and efficient.

We invite all interested in lowering production costs and speeding up output to write for advice or information on any belting problem.

United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division

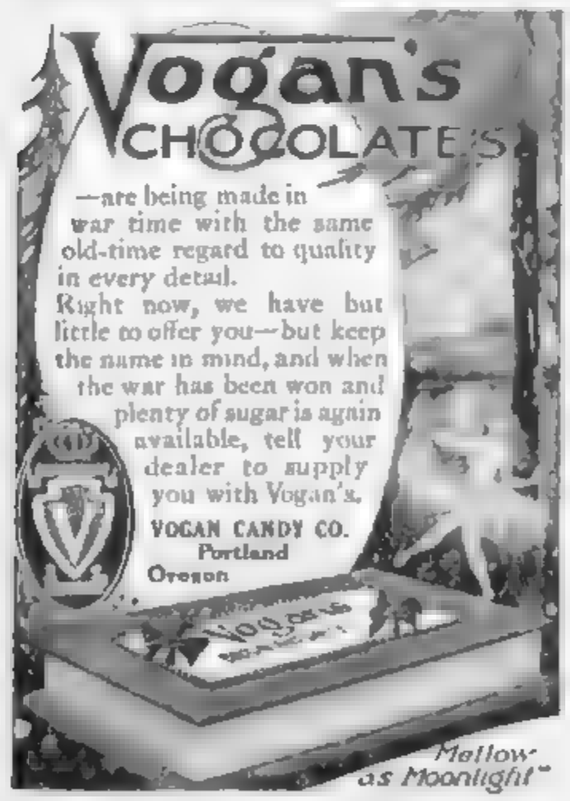
CHENEY
CRAVATS

Smart economy cravats—typically Cheney in quality, satisfactory in both appearance and service. Leading haberdashers have the new designs for Fall.

CHENEY BROTHERS
NEW YORK

Vogan's
CHOCOLATES

—are being made in war time with the same old-time regard to quality in every detail.
Right now, we have but little to offer you—but keep the name in mind, and when the war has been won and plenty of sugar is again available, tell your dealer to supply you with Vogan's.
VOGAN CANDY CO.
Portland
Oregon



"Mellow as Moonlight"

SMOOTH-ON HOUSEHOLD CEMENT STOPS LEAKS

Easy to apply as putty—lasting as iron. Repairs leaks, cracks and breaks at little cost. Get a can of SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT NO. 1 for every Household and Auto repair. Stops Auto Radiator leaks. 25c and 50c at hardware stores. Write for interesting booklet showing dozens of uses.
25c
Smooth-On Mfg. Co.
Jersey City N.J. U.S.A.
REPAIRS CRACKS

(Continued from Page 50)

perishables, and ammonia is vital to the operation. Uncle Sam thought the situation was sufficiently critical to justify Federal control, so he ordered that all refrigeration warehouses should obtain licenses and arranged to supervise the price and distribution of our ammonia production.

Ammonia is playing an indispensable part in our war program besides fulfilling an important service in our ice and refrigeration industries. In solving the problem the Government discovered that there were 20,000 places in the United States where ammonia compressors were in more or less constant operation. These ranged from the big 4000-ton plant down to the little half-ton machine installed in a butcher's shop. The total consumption of these machines was about 250,000,000 pounds of ammonia annually, and refrigeration experts determined that the waste in operating the plants was enormous. As a consequence a carefully prepared campaign of education was launched and the interest of the plant employees was enlisted by the establishment of a bonus system at many places. In some plants the consumption of ammonia was reduced seventy-five per cent.

Aside from the question of materials essential in our war work we have two important limiting factors—man power and transportation facilities. Without either our whole program breaks down. Immediately on the outbreak of hostilities our economists vigorously attacked wasteful practices in the transportation and handling of freight, so that to-day we can point to real savings through the release of railroad cars, motors and men. The average dry-goods salesman formerly carried with him on the road ten to twenty trunks; he has been asked to cut this equipment to four trunks or less. As an indication of what has thereby been accomplished it is interesting to know that one large dry-goods wholesaler has taken 1800 trunks off the road and put them in a storehouse. This case is not an exception. Another smaller dry-goods concern cut down in six months from 133 to 69 trunks, while at the same time the company's business was 100 per cent greater and no more salesmen were employed than formerly. Another concern by packing hosiery more carefully effected a saving of 25 per cent in space. A hat manufacturer, by placing three hats in a box instead of one, in nine months saved 239 carloads of freight space.

In the United States we have only 9700 baggage cars, and a great number of these are now used on troop trains for dining cars as well as for transporting baggage. One troop train recently arrived in New York nine hours late because of hot boxes on box cars used instead of baggage cars for diners. It is such things that must be remedied.

Voluntary Coöperation

Perhaps some of our housewives grumbled a little at first when they were requested to carry parcels, forgo return privileges, and so on, but they may know now that these small sacrifices have not been in vain. In many of our large stores savings on deliveries are as high as 35 per cent. A list of thirty-three department stores shows that these concerns have saved the labor of 303 men out of 848 originally employed. These same stores previously employed 324 automobiles, but now use only 195. At the same time horses and wagons were entirely eliminated. In revising their systems of sorting, wrapping and routing these companies saved 60 additional men. One retailer reduced his delivery men from 57 to 28. Another investigation showed that 42 small stores located in 30 towns reduced the frequency of deliveries and cut the number of delivery men from 116 to 55. Every man thus released is an asset to the Government in its war effort.

The best part of this valuable conservation work lies in the fact that practically all of the economies effected were brought about purely by voluntary coöperation on the part of the companies. The Government has avoided taking any arbitrary stand and has found it unnecessary to issue positive restrictive orders. It is expected that economies will result and that the merchants will give the public the full benefit of all such savings.

Retailers who do not reduce prices when such savings have occurred are considered unpatriotic. It is not likely they will go to the end unmasked.

Federal control of our railroads has not been in operation long enough to secure all the economies that are hoped for. However, in the matter of increased car loading the results up to date have been splendid. On most roads the increase in tons per loaded car has averaged ten to fifteen per cent in recent months. In this campaign for heavier loading the railroads have had the hearty coöperation of shippers. What this all means in terms of increased transportation efficiency is easily understood when the reader takes into consideration the fact that if we add an average of three tons to each carload our transportation lines will carry 42,000,000,000 ton-miles more freight in a single year with the same number of cars. Other important changes have eliminated 2,250,000 miles a month of unessential passenger-train mileage, relieved the likelihood of congestion by making it permissible to transfer power from one road to another and by allowing traffic to be diverted to the more level and less crowded routes, made possible the common use of terminal facilities at large commercial centers, and rendered practicable the classification of freight by the originating roads so that trains may be run through from East to West and vice versa without reswitching.

Minimum Loading Rules

Of no little importance was the institution of "sailing days" in the handling of less-than-carload freight. In many cases regular cars previously loaded daily are now forwarded but three times a week, which is resulting in a decrease of fifty per cent in the number of cars used and an increase of one hundred per cent in the tonnage per car handled. Freight for export is now routed via the line that reaches the pier alongside the steamer; this adds to the relief at seaboard terminals. There is also a considerable saving in power and time resulting from running locomotives through over more than one road in connection with troop and freight movements.

Perhaps no measure of relief in our national transportation problem is affording such speedy and satisfactory results as the campaign for maximum loading of all cars. In previous times it was customary often to put only 12,000 or 15,000 pounds of eggs in a refrigerator car. The Food Administration now requests that the minimum load in such cars shall be 24,000 pounds, which can be done without entailing any undue proportion of breakage. In other food products the specified minimum weights of carload shipments are as follows: Canned peas, meats, tomatoes, beans, corn and salmon, 60,000 pounds; flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, rice, sugar, coffee, and so on, 60,000 pounds; cured beef, pork, mutton and other meats, 30,000 pounds. All of which weight provisions apply to intrastate as well as interstate shipments. When two or more shippers consolidate their less-than-carload shipments each one is obligated to see that the car is loaded to at least the prescribed minimum.

As an example of what may still be done along these lines to effect transportation economy let me cite the investigations of the Storage Committee of the War Industries Board with reference to improved methods of baling cotton. Early this year studies were made looking to a better system of packing army supplies with a view to conserving ocean shipping space. Much time was devoted to an investigation of cotton, and it was found that a readjustment of freight rates which will provide minimum rates for loading freight cars to their maximum capacity is all that is required to induce high-density baleage. In no other industry is it possible to accomplish a greater saving of car and ship space than in cotton.

American baling methods are the worst in the world. The present average density of the American cotton bale is about 22 pounds per cubic foot; the Egyptian, 37 pounds; the Indian, 45 pounds; and some Chinese bales, 55 pounds. High-density baling here in America would mean the release of dozens of ships now carrying cotton. The cost of equipment for high-density compression would be exceedingly small compared with the outlay necessary for new ships. No harm is done the cotton through its being squeezed into less compass. One authority states that if American cotton were baled at the density of the Indian and Egyptian bale thirty per cent of the shipping space now used would be available for other war commodities. In less than three weeks in February of this year, during the period of greatest ship shortage, we exported 116,000 bales of cotton. If we had exported only high-density bales the same space in the ships could have carried 40,000 additional bales, or there would have been available 8000 tons of cargo space for other supplies.

Preferential rates for a more effective use of cargo and freight car space would largely solve the problem, for this plan would reimburse the cotton producer for the cost of condensing the bale. Such a premium on greater density would result in bales of a smaller and more uniform size. This would permit better stacking of the cotton in carriers and warehouses, less jute and burlap would be used, metal straps would be shortened, and the fire hazard would be reduced. At the present time there is very little incentive for the cotton ginner to turn out high-density bales. For instance, 100 bales of cotton produced at Monticello, Georgia, is carried 40 miles to Macon in the ordinary gin-bale form and requires three cars for the journey of 40 miles. After being recompressed at Macon to a density of 22½ pounds it is moved to Savannah, Georgia—a distance of 192 miles—in two cars. The freight rate from Monticello to Savannah is 39 cents a hundredweight, and out of this the railroad pays the compress at Macon 8½ cents a hundredweight for reducing the size of the bales. But if the ginner at Monticello purchases the necessary equipment and produces bales having a density of 35 pounds he is penalized for so doing by being compelled to pay the same rate, namely, 39 cents a hundredweight, for moving his cotton from Monticello to Savannah, notwithstanding the fact that in such case the cotton is loaded but once and is carried direct to Savannah, 100 bales in one car. Under existing conditions it requires 16 car-days to transport 100 bales of cotton from the gin to a port; when the bales are properly compressed the hauling effort is only 3 car-days, or a saving of 81 per cent. Such an economy is surely worth striving for.

Freight by Motor Truck

In our great effort to provide a more adequate distribution system we are getting no little relief from our waterways and highways. More than 350,000,000 tons of freight are now hauled by motor vehicles over American roads annually. The prevailing cost of this hauling is 23 cents per ton per mile, and since the average haul is 8 miles it is evident that our bill for transportation by motor over the public roads is $644,000,000 each year. It is the opinion of many that the bulk of all freight to be transported up to a distance of 100 miles will soon be carried by motor trucks. It takes only 300,000 tons of steel to build 200,000 motor trucks, but it requires five times that much steel to build 1250 locomotives and 50,000 steel freight cars which have only the same ton-mile freight-carrying capacity as the trucks. In such case the use of trucks would mean a saving of more than 1,000,000 tons of steel.

It is of course true that the increased use of motor trucks confronts us with a serious highways problem, and at a time when most of the materials for road building are needed badly for war purposes. Limestone, so commonly used on our highways, is largely employed as a flux in making iron. Other road-building materials are also scarce and labor is not plentiful. As is the case in most of Europe, many American roads are now falling into bad repair through neglect, and the consequent wear and tear on vehicles in such localities costs enough daily to keep these main highways in first-class condition. The secret of good roads is the application of the "stitch in time" policy. Bad breaks cannot come unless little ones are overlooked. Perhaps the greatest economy in the maintenance of our highways will come from more stringent speed regulation. The chief injury to road surfaces comes from fast-moving vehicles. The driving force of self-propelled vehicles is nearly horizontal and tends to tear away the surface of the road. This shearing force not only becomes greater with the speed but increases in proportion to the square of the speed. Taking ten miles as a unit, the shearing force is four times as great at twenty miles, nine times as great at thirty, and twenty-five times as great at fifty as it is at ten miles per hour.

In a recent article in these columns I dealt with methods that might be employed to save coal in house heating. Let me now touch briefly on the larger opportunities for

(Concluded on Page 55)

The PROBLEM *of the* NATION'S MILK—A VITAL FOOD

MILK is vitally necessary to the human race—yet the most perishable of foods. Conserving the supply becomes supremely important—and difficult. Gail Borden, sixty years ago, foresaw the two-fold problem—the equalizing of seasons and equalizing of localities.

To the solution of these problems of conserving and stabilizing the milk supply of the nation, Gail Borden consistently bent his efforts. "Milk the year round, and milk for all"—that was his statement of principles.

His solution of the problem was the Borden Institution of today—purifying by constant vigilance the sources of milk supply—protecting that purity at every step—maintaining a national uniformity of quality—and converting the supply into forms for year-round use.

The surplus milk of summer must be conserved in non-perishable forms for winter's wants. For milk in all seasons is the perfect food—the complete food—body-building elements and energy-producing elements all in one.

The milk of the dairy districts must be made available in non-perishable forms to consumers far removed from the source of supply—consumers in crowded tenement or tented wilderness. For the milk demand is universal. To all alike milk represents scientific food-economy. Your money buys more proteins—more body-builders—when you buy milk. And in calories—body-energy—a dollar goes as far as $1.33 in beef, $2.00 in eggs or $5.00 in codfish.

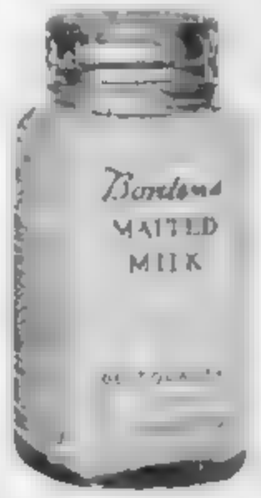
Through Gail Borden's vision milkless regions and milkless seasons are abolished. A perishable food is made non-perishable. And Nature's food—the only food expressly prepared by Nature as a food—is conserved in these pure, safe, convenient forms—the milk supply of the Nation for the whole Nation's use.

EAGLE BRAND

The standard infant food when Nature's nourishment fails. Pure, uniform, easily digested. Also delicious in coffee

Evaporated

[illegible] for cooking. In compact form—always ready. Just pure, rich milk—some moisture removed—nothing added.



MALTED

Pure milk and nutritious grains, partially predigested. A delicious drink, nourishing lunch—the ideal food-drink for invalids.

Borden's

The Nation's Milk

KANTLEEK

A Rexall PRODUCT

It *Can't* Leak Because it's Made in One Piece

—that's why we guarantee satisfaction or your money back

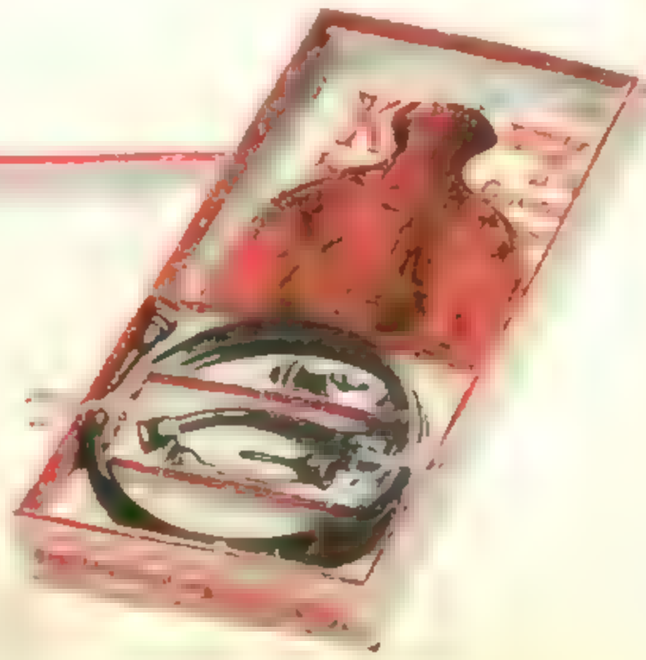
FROM top to bottom the Kantleek Hot Water Bag is all one piece. There are no seams—no patches—no binding—no splices. The entire bag, stopper socket included, is molded into one continuous piece of soft, pliable rubber. It is an absolutely dependable hot water bag—one that *can't* leak. You can use it safely anywhere.

We *say* it can't leak—we prove it. For every Kantleek Hot Water Bag is guaranteed against leakage for *two years*. Any Rexall Store in this country, regardless of where the purchase was made, will give you a new bottle free if your Kantleek leaks within two years.

If you want this *sure protection* from leaking hot water bags, go to the nearest Rexall Store and ask for a Kantleek. Get this hot water bag that's backed up by the guarantee of over 8000 Rexall Stores—get it today.

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain are the only stores where Kantleek Rubber Goods may be bought. They have been given exclusive sale because they are linked together into one great National Service-giving organization. Rexall Stores are the leading drug stores in their localities.



You can depend on all Kantleek Rubber Goods. The line includes Syringes, Ice Caps, Face Bottles, Bulb Syringes, Breast Pumps, etc. Prices from 40c. to $4.75.

(Concluded from Page 52)

fuel conservation that are presented in the railroad and industrial fields. About thirty per cent of all the coal produced in America each year is consumed by our manufacturing and power plants. The railroads burn up approximately one-fourth of our total coal output, so it is evident that in making and hauling our various products we consume more fuel than in any other way.

Before the war the railroad coal bill amounted to $140,000,000 annually. At the present time our transportation systems are spending at the rate of $415,000,000 each year for bituminous coal, and if we add on the cost for hauling and handling, and then further include the expenditures for fuel oil, we find that the total annual fuel bill of American railroads is now $650,000,000. Therefore, for every one per cent of fuel saving that is effected the roads will profit to the extent of $6,500,000 yearly.

The Fuel Conservation Section of the United States Railroad Administration has under way an extensive campaign of education on fuel consumption that is already bearing fruit. The firemen on the locomotives are reminded that there is no material difference between their work here at home and what it would be in France. They are cautioned to remember that our American roads are no less military lines than the roads operated by Uncle Sam on the other side. Every possible effort is being made to equip locomotives with all available mechanical devices that are designed to economize in coal, and the use of superheaters, automatic fire doors, and so on, is greater than ever before; however, emphasis is being laid on the truth that the dominant factor at present is personal effort, and vigorous measures are being pursued to impress firemen with the seriousness of the situation and how great and unusual is their opportunity to show their loyalty and patriotism.

A close relationship has been established between locomotive maintenance and fuel economy. Great stress is being placed on the necessity for keeping boilers clean, for this not only results in fuel savings but increases engine efficiency and prolongs the life of flues and fire-box sheets. Tests indicate that one-sixteenth of an inch of scale increases the fuel cost 15 per cent, and one-quarter inch of scale increases the coal cost 60 per cent. Authorities state that frequent and thorough boiler washing would save the nation's railroads $50,000,000 annually on fuel consumed.

Train Economies

Coal savings on the railroads, however, do not begin and end with the locomotive boiler. It is necessary that the valves be set properly, the flues be kept clean and steam leaks about the cylinders and steam chests eliminated. After all this is in order the trainman has his chance to serve in the good cause by stopping the train-line leaks before starting on the trip. Steam losses due to porous hose, worn gaskets, and so on, are direct coal losses. The farsighted trainman to-day always carries a gasket or two in his pocket so that he can quickly apply first-aid treatment the moment a leak occurs. Another common trouble that proper care will avoid is sticking brakes. This condition simply bleeds the boiler, for it requires much coal to pull a train against locked brakes.

In former times the directors of fuel-economy campaigns for the railroads focused their attention almost entirely on the locomotive firemen, but war has made us more analytical, and we know now that the trainmen can serve as effectively as the enginemen. Here are a few hints for conductors and brakemen that will save some tons of coal:

Try to keep your train moving. Anticipate and prepare for station work if you are in freight service. Encourage the quicker handling of passengers, mail and express if you are in passenger service. The effort required to make up delays takes fuel.

Keep train lines tight. Leaks can usually be found in the cross-over connection joints or in the air-hose gaskets.

Leaky steam-hose connections in passenger service and drip cocks too wide open waste fuel. Overheated coaches and sleeping cars also cause waste. Do whatever you can to check such loss.

Frequent inspections of car trucks and prompt attention to hot journals will avoid unnecessary friction and train delays. Journal friction means coal; hot boxes are frequently too long neglected, resulting in extra and unnecessary stops. If you are operating on single track bear in mind that when you make an unnecessary stop you not only give rise to fuel loss on your own train but on many other trains on the line.

Watch the brake shoes on your train; dragging shoes, whether due to stuck brakes or to train-line leaks, result in serious fuel loss.

Do not fail to get down early enough to go out on time. The influence of a good start frequently runs throughout the day.

In the consumption of coal for industrial uses the United States Fuel Administration has recently made rapid advances along lines of economy. In some cities the municipal plants and privately owned central stations have been interconnected and individual savings of 6000 to 10,000 tons annually have been effected thereby. Water-power companies have altered their contracts so that power which is available only parts of the year when the water is high will all be used. A saving of 100,000 tons of coal yearly will result from one such change in a Middle West city.

Daylight Saving

In a number of localities there is a similar utilization of excess water power. As a result of connecting in small isolated plants in New York and Chicago the inspectors report an annual saving of 80,000 tons. The skip-stop system on street railways has been adopted by one-third of our electric lines and will result in an economy of nearly 600,000 tons annually.

Daylight saving from March 31 to October 27, when all clocks will be moved back one hour, will approximate something like 1,250,000 tons of coal.

Every steam plant in the United States has been examined and reported upon. In each town of 15,000 or more people a fuel-conservation committee has been appointed. Every factory in the country has been asked to organize a factory conservation committee to make a study of possible fuel savings. In states where this latter plan has been longest in operation coal savings of 10 to 35 per cent are reported. In Pennsylvania and several other states barrooms are down to 50 per cent of their former illumination. Economies in such matters as elevator service and lighting in hotels and office buildings are saving thousands of tons of fuel monthly. In numerous instances material savings are resulting from the utilization of exhaust steam and the substitution of natural gas, wood and oil for coal. The heating value of oil is considerably higher than that of coal for equal weights. A barrel of oil weighing 330 pounds and containing 42 gallons is equivalent in comparative heat values to 480 pounds of coal averaging 13,000 B. T. U. per pound. Oil occupies 50 per cent less space than coal and is about one-third less in weight for equal heat values. Wherever oil can be burned economically to-day it is the fuel consumer's duty to use it. Under steam boilers it will give at least 80 per cent efficiency, which is eight to ten per cent better than the best practice in burning coal.

The public response to Doctor Garfield's pleas that every possible pound of coal be saved has been so whole-hearted that if no unexpected setback in fuel transportation occurs the situation throughout the nation will be more satisfactory during the coming months than it was last winter. Of course, we are not entirely out of the woods and must continue our maximum efforts along lines of economy. The miners are now producing cleaner coal than ever before. They are working more days and more hours per day than they used to, and they are not observing so many holidays. As one example of this new spirit the men have agreed to mine coal instead of attending funerals in a body, and since there are on an average about 300 deaths of miners in the hard-coal region each year the effect of this new policy will increase production about 300,000 tons, which means that 30,000 additional families will each get ten more tons of coal this winter. That the miners are now standing faithfully by their guns is evident from the record in the anthracite field, where with a labor shortage of 33,000 men the coal companies in the last five months have produced 1,091,887 gross tons more coal than they did in the same period last year. There can be no better proof that the industry is now applying intensive and economic methods.

The American people, however, must do their part equally well. We must watch our electric lights on our streets, in our homes and in our offices. We must be content with less frequent elevator service. More gas meters must be installed in our homes, and wherever it is possible wood should be burned in preference to coal. A chunk of firewood will help heat the house quickly and save one or two shovels of coal. It is estimated that one cord of stump wood from each acre of farm lots in New York State alone would save 1,125,000 tons of coal. And let us remember further that when we save a pound of paper we save three pounds of coal. If we save two pounds of cement we have saved another pound of coal. From the minute we get up until we go to bed the constant watchword must be "Save."

I started this article while en route West, and I am writing these concluding paragraphs while again on the train, but returning East from the Rockies. We are picking up a batch of raw recruits at each station and here one may see the bare hearts of these people who live on our plains. I have long thought the West was fully in the war. Now I know that if there were still any lingering doubt in my mind on that point the uncertainty has been removed. I have seen the drafted men leave from towns in the East. Bands played martial music, flags were waved and mothers shed tears. The sorrow of parting pulls equally on the heartstrings of people no matter where they live, but the farther we get from the seat of war the greater appears the sacrifice. The Huns might bombard New York, but it would be a long and bloody march to Hastings, Nebraska.

The Patriotic West

I watched the good-bys that were said as these husky farmer lads climbed aboard. The whole population seemed to be at the station. The bands played Joan of Arc, and looking over the crowds it was not difficult to pick out the fathers, mothers and sisters of the recruits called. The eyes of the men were moist, but their jaws were set and their faces grim. The women tried to smile through their tears and look brave, but generally failed in their effort. Here and there someone would lift up a baby in arms and a strong young man would lean out through the car window, press the child to his breast and give the infant a convulsive kiss. At one town where thirty-two men were leaving there were two young women, both wearing wedding rings that were shiny in their newness. One of the girls was radiant and smiling. On the station platform before the crowd she had resolved to look and live the part of a soldier's wife. But the other girl, God bless her, she couldn't be anything but just a woman and a wife. The crowd didn't matter; there was only one man in all the world that counted—her man—and he was going to war. It required all the strength of the two old people who were with her to keep her from falling to the station floor. As the train pulled out I watched the girl brace herself for a final effort; she waved, smiled and then her head fell forward in a faint.

A suspicion had crossed my mind as I watched the actions of this girl and her young husband, who had interested me more than anyone else in the big crowd collected at the station. I went back into the next car filled with drafted men and sought him out. He was tall and broad, with tousled hair and clear blue eyes. His coat sleeves were two inches too short for his long arms, and I soon learned that he was but a few days out of the harvest field. Like most of his kind, frankness was his prime virtue, and not suspecting that I was interested in his own particular case he was quite unrestrained in his recital. The parting had left him a little troubled and any reversion to the folks at home brought a note of sadness to his voice; but underneath it all was an ardor of real patriotism that was supreme in its simple, fervent expression. His heart had been set on going with the other boys, and when his young wife had told him that he could give a good reason for claiming deferred classification he had finally decided to stand pat, and she acquiesced, so neither of them had said a word. But as I returned to my seat in the car ahead I could not help but picture a day in the future when the boys come home and these soldiers march happily down Main Street. One of them will be mighty proud of the brave little mother and baby waving a fond welcome from the crowd on the curb. Again it will be proved that oaks may fall while slender reeds brave the storm. Moist eyes do not indicate the absence of a stout heart.

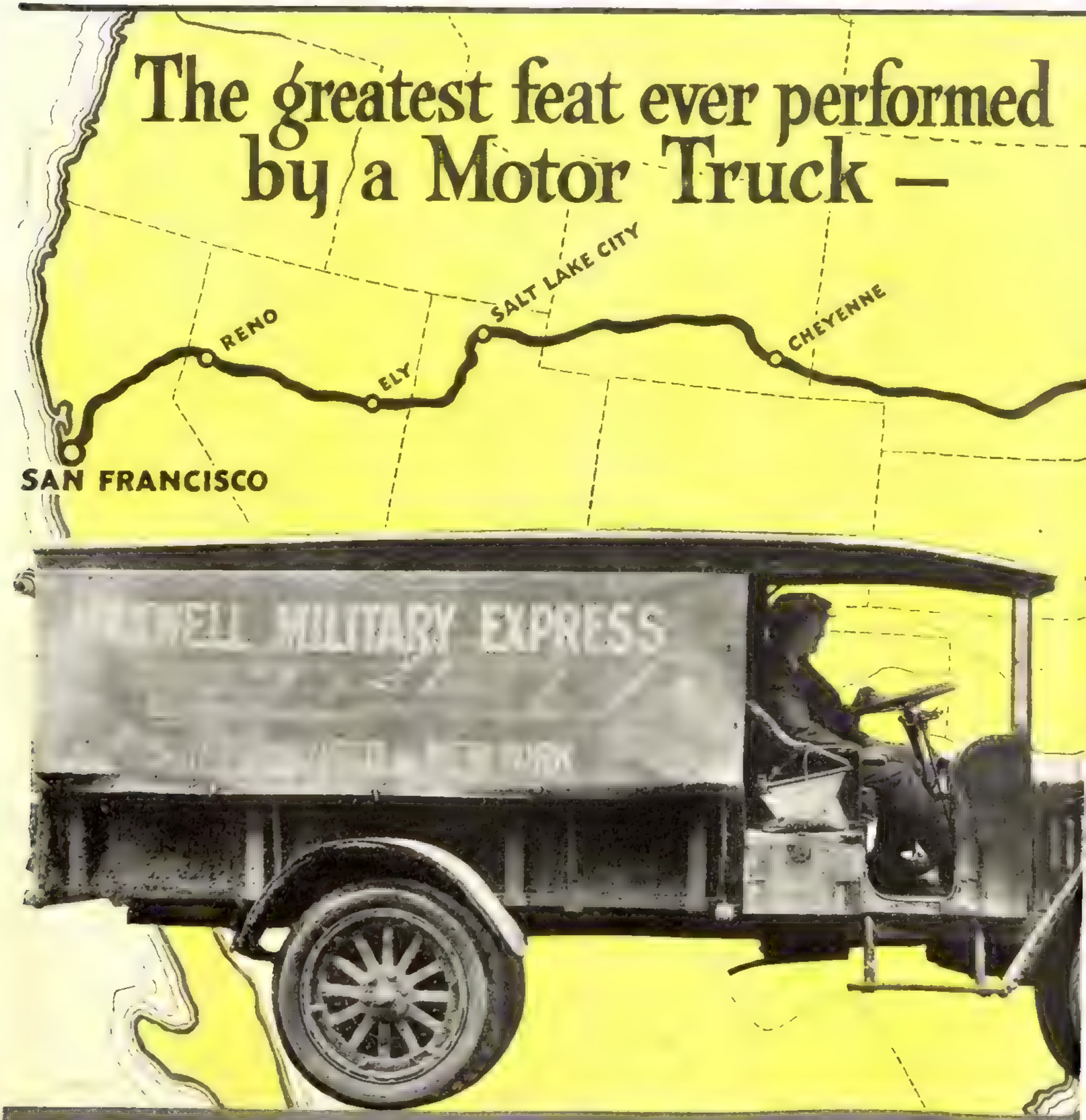
The Alphabet of One Letter

The next station was the last stop where we picked up new recruits, and when I climbed down on the platform my gaze centered on a group of three. The women's handkerchiefs told most of the story. The old grandmother was mute and dazed; the mother silently wiped her eyes; the father was in overalls and had evidently just left his work long enough to see his boy off. His right hand held a heavy pair of working gloves, while his left arm was placed gently about the shoulders of his wife. I pretended to seek information and asked the name of the town. Then I inquired if they had a boy going away, and for reply the mother simply nodded, but the father with a far-off look in his eyes said: "He's a dead shot and I bet he'll get a lot of Huns." To him the war was right at hand and his boy was already blazing away at the enemy. When the train pulled out of the station a few minutes later this little trio had moved away from the crowd and was the last group down the track to wave a farewell to their boy and the other young Americans who were starting on the first lap of their long journey over there.

If any of our citizens are half-hearted in the performance of their present wartime duties let me prescribe a visit to the local railroad station when mothers and fathers are saying good-by to their boys going to war. If the scene there enacted does not awaken a feeling of shame in such people, then they must be possessed of a rubber conscience. To-day we must be either anvil or hammer. There is no place of idleness for any American who breathes. We might as well try to keep a sausage in a dog's kennel as to look for an easy peace. It is foolish to waste words on any enemy who denies a basic principle. Often a donkey believes himself a deer until he tries to leap a ditch. Mere discussion will never convince the Kaiser he was once a crying babe, for even history has failed to impress on him that Cæsar and Napoleon are now but so much inert earth crumbling in a vault. We used to think egotism was an alphabet of one letter, but recent events have proved that it is a word commencing with "K" and ending with "r."

And while we are saving all the material things so essential to final victory let us not overlook the fact that the greatest prodigality in the world to-day is wasting time. Every hour that now bears no fruit deserves no name. The minutes never work, but they do eat and rust and destroy. Of course there must be time for rest and play so as to invigorate brain and body and give them a renewed appetite for labor. However, recreation in this fateful era must have its limits and its prescribed place on each person's daily schedule. We must not work at haphazard but do only the things that count for most in winning the war. Efficiency will come only from concentration. Divided attention means broken force. The greyhound that starts many hares generally kills none. We now have a single mighty task to perform. Let us turn neither to the right nor to the left until it is done.

The greatest feat ever performed by a Motor Truck —



MAXWELL MO

Across the Continent

— *San Francisco to New York* —

In 17 Days, 8 Hours, 20 Minutes

When Ray McNamara drove the Maxwell Motor Truck across the continent from San Francisco to New York, he achieved another world's record for the Maxwell.

Carrying a load of military supplies from Australia for France, the "Maxwell Military Express" made the trans-continental journey in the record time of 17 days, 8 hours and 20 minutes.

That was 16½ days ahead of the schedule we published on the day the Maxwell Truck started, which schedule called for 100 miles per day—34 days.

In fact the Maxwell did it in just about half the estimated time as you have seen. The Maxwell Truck exceeded even the driver's enthusiastic confidence in it, for it beat his confidential schedule too.

You see, the Maxwell engineer, like the good general he is, had given himself a safety factor in his official (published) schedule.

That was to guard against adverse weather conditions and unavoidable accidents.

So he had made one of his own—one he called his "confidential" schedule—in which he predicted that, everything favoring, and barring any delay or untoward event, he would make the trip in 19 days.

And he stopped two to six hours at every important Maxwell distributing center to let delegations of dealers see the truck.

And though innumerable other stops were made for photographing—and one even to haul out a ditched tourist—he did cover the 3428.7 miles in less than 17½ days elapsed time. That's an average of nearly 200 miles per day—197.8 to be exact.

No. It wasn't a speed stunt.

For—here is the really remarkable phase of the test—never once did the car exceed normal trucking speed—20 miles per hour. "Save once," says the driver, "when coming down a mountain after a rain, the wheels couldn't get traction and we did slide down at more than the legal limit."

It was the wonderful consistency of the Maxwell that achieved the result—a steady average—day in and day out of 16.54 miles per hour; and the maximum speed was 20. We submit that any motor truck that can do that, can do any work you may ever call upon it to perform.

Yet it was a logical performance, not at all surprising to anyone who knows this Maxwell Motor Truck.

For the same motor that made the world's record "Non-stop" run—22,022 miles in 44 consecutive days and nights' continuous running—was under the hood.

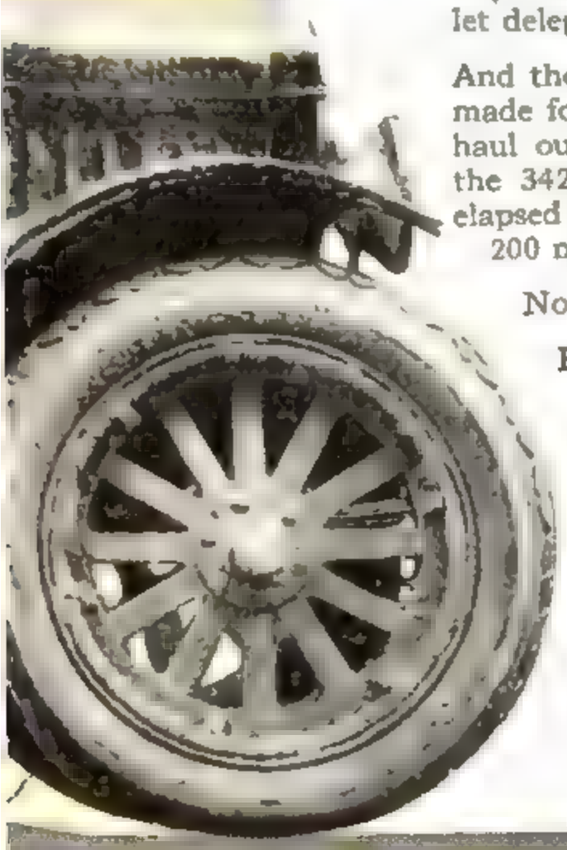
The same clutch, same transmission; and the load was carried by that stout axle especially designed and made for this Maxwell Motor Truck.

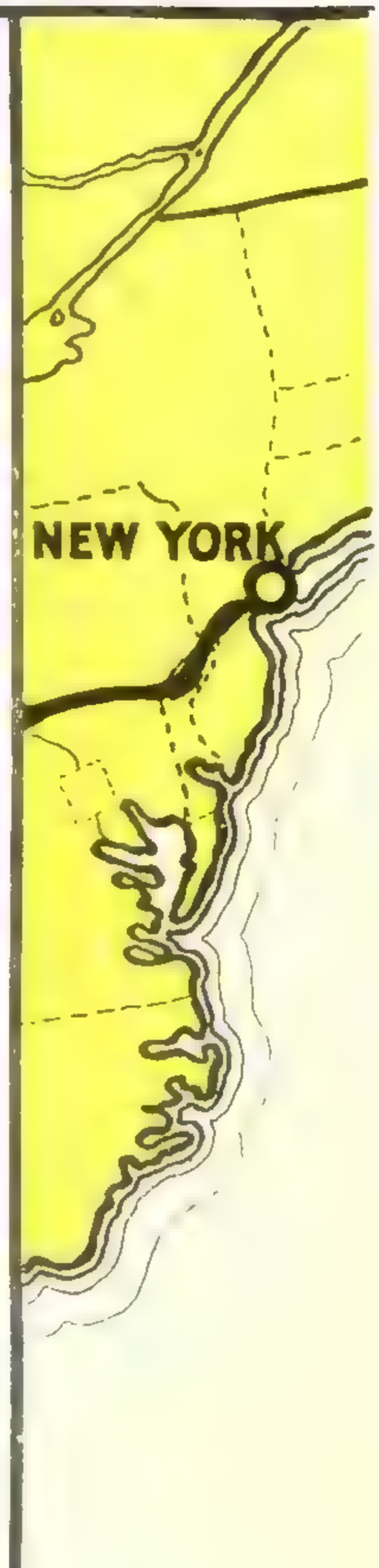
The same engineering skill and the same quality of workmanship and materials that enabled the Maxwell passenger car to achieve World's Records in Reliability and in Fuel Economy also made it certain that this Maxwell Motor Truck would fulfill all expectations.

When you consider that the time made was twice as fast as fast freight—and almost as fast as the special fruit trains which are run on express schedules—you will appreciate that this was indeed the greatest feat ever performed by a Motor Truck, comparable in price or capacity.

The story of that demonstration is so interesting, we have published a little booklet in which details of gasoline consumption, tire mileage (only one "puncture" on the entire trip), altitudes reached, etc., are given in brief, but complete form.

That booklet is yours for the asking.





Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.
Detroit, Michigan

OTOR TRUCKS

PLACES OF DREADFUL NIGHT

(Concluded from Page 16)

looming high above the city like one of those dream castles in a Maxfield Parrish decoration. And the countryside is smiling and serene in the soft radiance of the setting sun.

Yet there is something wrong. Something has happened in Beauvais, for thousands of its inhabitants are pouring out of the city. The road we are on fairly swarms with them. Women of all ages, men too old or infirm for military service, boys and girls and little children, babes in arms—all are leaving Beauvais behind them.

The heads of families carry bundles of bedding. Some trundle wheelbarrows loaded with mattresses and quilts; others are using the baby carriage to transport their night's equipment, for in France the family baby carriage serves about the same purposes that a flivver does in an American household. Whenever a French provincial woman has parcels to carry she gets out the baby carriage, and she always takes it to market with her, returning with it heaped with purchases.

The scene looks almost like an evacuation, except that the refugees are burdened with so few belongings.

"What is the matter, madame?"

"*Les avions*," is the terse reply, which explains everything.

These good citizens of Beauvais are going out to sleep in the fields and quarries and whatever tiny villages happen to be free of troops in that vicinity. For the pigs of Germans came over last night and bombed the place, wrecking several buildings, taking toll of some helpless noncombatants and wounded, and doing damage to a hospital.

"*Oui*, and they used three big bombs chained together *comme ça, m'sieu!*" cries a middle-aged man with an illuminating gesture. "Because of course they can do the more murder that way, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

You can bet they have no intention of seeking refuge in a town where Americans are billeted, for that would be out of the frying pan into the fire.

"*Oo, là, là!* No, m'sieu. They will go there too—*les avions*. We have a very comfortable place in a cave."

There are huge deep caves and tunnels everywhere in this portion of France, and after seeing what handy things they can be the American soldier is speculating on the advisability of building a few back home when he returns.

Camping Out in the Suburbs

Let us halt beside the road and see what happens. The Beauvaisans move on toward their various destinations, in eddying, broken streams. Some will pick a smooth spot on the ground at the edge of a wheat field; those with the means to hire a night's lodging or who have friends in the neighboring villages will probably secure a roof to cover them, will very possibly sleep in a bed.

Along every road leading from the city they are trudging, the majority heading for the quarries, which seem to offer the best protection. Some are gloomy and sullen; others are merely fearful. Quite a percentage takes it philosophically, even cheerfully; they laugh and joke as though on a picnic. Mingled with the refugees are some French soldiers taking care of those in whom they are interested. They take the most solicitous care; they go along with their arms round the girls' waists, strolling slowly and buzzing like bees, after the fashion of lovers throughout France. And the young boys and girls romp, heedless of the danger that has driven them from their homes.

A couple of anchored balloons sway gently in the air currents thousands of feet above Beauvais. Their outlines grow dimmer and dimmer. Night is shutting down.

The hours pass. The roads are now deserted. Occasionally a lightless automobile goes screeching toward the city or a dispatch carrier on a motorcycle whizzes by with a vicious flick, bound for the Front. And once a long train of trucks lumbers up the road, carrying supplies to the troops.

Along about midnight comes a sound. You recognize it and sit up, your gaze turned toward Beauvais. The boche raiders are approaching.

The sound swells to a throbbing hymn of hate. A moment and the antiaircraft batteries open up. They bark and they cough, the shells whining toward the sky, to explode with soft, muffled floofs.

Suddenly a dazzling shaft of light pierces the upper dark, from the direction of the city. It moves jerkily from side to side, frantically probing the night skies for the raiders. A second and a third join in the hunt. Soon half a dozen searchlights are raking the heavens, but all the while the sinister drone of the *avions* increases in volume.

Suddenly the searchlights all focus on a point above the heart of the city, and the ground under us trembles to the bombs. A few minutes of rocking explosions, of breathless suspense, and the searchlights once more resume their darting hunt.

There is a sound of rushing airplanes overhead. It grows fainter and fainter. Presently off in the northeast you see a flicker of flame in the sky, like a rag burning. It spreads to the proportions of a torch and falls toward the earth—one of the assassins of the night going to its doom. And the raid is over.

Or take a trip to Creil, which is a railhead, and consequently a special target for boche malevolence. Creil is another place of dreadful night. Heinie goes after it with that peculiar clocklike regularity characteristic of his frightfulness. Of all the towns and cities I have seen it furnishes the most striking evidence of the air raiders' handiwork. There are portions that look like a city of living dead. Indeed, your first impression is that the Hun has not left a house undamaged, so fearsome is the havoc; but a closer inspection corrects that idea.

The Caves of Refuge

Yet despite the ruin, despite the nightly peril, a considerable percentage of the inhabitants remains. They carry on their business during the day, and at night most of them depart to caves for safety. There are two especially large ones in that vicinity, capable of housing thousands.

These caves are really tunnels and they make ideal shelters. As many as seventeen hundred men, women and children have found refuge in one of them for a night.

The average Frenchman has pretty sound ideas about comfort. Therefore when he goes out to sleep in a cave he carries along a mattress and plenty of covers. Also he has a lantern, a loaf of bread and a bottle of light wine, so the whole family have a bite to eat and manage to obtain plenty of sleep. Having been doing this sort of thing for months the people of Creil were well organized for it, and many refugees had little alcoves and corners curtained off in the caves.

A couple of us went up there one night in late June and we saw two brand-new babies. They had been born in one of the caves the previous night. An expatriated American woman who conducts a contagious-disease hospital in Creil helped take care of the mothers.

There is one consolation for the Allied troops and civilian populations in all this: For every ton of bombs the boche drops on French and English towns and cities and cantonments we give him back two—aye, three—tons. I wouldn't live in one of the Rhine towns which are the targets for the Royal Flying Corps bombers, for Bertha Krupp's income.

Night bombing and aërial warfare can be developed to a point where it will absolutely shatter the nerve of the enemy civilian population. The Allies are making rapid strides in that direction already. It remains for America to deliver the overwhelming force, to make night hideous for every German city and town in its western provinces and then go over and give Berlin a taste of the war it started. German morale could not long stand the strain.

"Planes in the air and gas on the ground"—people at home have not the faintest conception of what a factor gas has become. And its use grows daily. Gas can make any position untenable, and a belligerent can cause more casualties by a three-hour drenching of an enemy stronghold with the deadly poison than by a furious artillery bombardment, followed by a charge.

The extent of losses from gas is not generally known. Casualties due to this cause must certainly exceed the total casualties due to shells, machine-gun and rifle fire in the day-to-day struggle of holding the line.

I was in a sector of the Front one night in April when the boches sent over more than three thousand gas shells into one small ruined village held by our troops. It was favorable weather for the operation of the fumes. The battalion occupying that village was practically wiped out for a while. Next day our ambulances carried more than seven hundred men back to hospital.

An astonishingly small number of them died from the effects, but all were put out of the fighting for the time being. It would have taken an attack in force by the boches, with hours of artillery preparation, to accomplish the same results against that regiment.

However, the American batteries retaliated in kind. They gave good measure too—five for one or thereabouts.

You may recall, in the earlier part of this article, how a major slept soundly throughout the bombing of X, though one explosion occurred within a few yards of his billet. He was all in, utterly spent from sleepless days and nights at the Front.

The most lasting impression one carries from the Front is that of unutterable exhaustion. I have seen men, after they came out from a *tour* in the line, go sound asleep standing up. When the artillery is returning for a rest you can see the men asleep on their horses, chins sunk on their chests.

An officer entered a brigade headquarters to make some kind of report. He had been eight days with his battalion in a hot sector—a sure-enough he-sector. Several times in the course of conversation with the brigadier he nodded. Finally his head dropped slowly on one side, his eyes closed, and he began to snore, right in the middle of their talk. So they put him in a bed just as he was, and let him sleep.

Another time I dropped in at a billet to see a bunch of younger officers, just out of the line, and not yet settled. They were haggard and drawn, with telltale circles round their eyes. All they wanted was sleep; they could think of nothing else.

One filled a washpan with water, intending to clean up, but put it down.

"Oh, damn washing!" he muttered, and in another minute was sound asleep in a chair.

The others followed suit. Without waiting to undress they piled onto beds and benches and bedrolls, and were off to byebye.

The explanation does not lie wholly in lack of sleep in the trenches. It is true that they must be up all night—everybody—and that during the day there are so many interruptions, and so much to be done, that real rest is out of the question; but the average soldier is young enough and hard enough to withstand the physical fatigue. What saps every ounce of vitality he possesses is the nervous strain, the constant tension.

Some Nervous Heroes

That is what breaks men. And it is for that reason younger men stand up better at the Front. The tough-fibered man of middle age can go through the physical strain, but the nervous tension is apt to get him. He doesn't snap back so quickly after a short rest as a youngster.

Consequently rest and freedom from strain are essential when they come out. But how are they to be had with enemy airmen paying nightly visits to the rest areas? And bombing from the skies is worse on the nerves than severe shelling. Nine out of ten soldiers will tell you that.

We had several wounded officers in the tent hospital at X who were in the Battle of Cantigny. The morning after our worst air raid I went to find out how they were getting on. A doctor was chaffing them.

"What do you know about this?" he inquired. "They were scared half to death last night."

"Well, who wouldn't be? One of those birds is a thousand times worse than shelling," declared one.

"I'd rather be up in the front trenches in the thickest of it, any time, than go through another night like that," added a lieutenant who had been shot through both legs going over the top. Having seen something of shell fire also, I agreed.

The British are terrors at day strafing. It is nothing for flocks of Royal Flying Corps machines to skim over the enemy lines, bombing dumps and troop trains and junctions, and shooting up with machine guns marching columns on the roads, even the men in the trenches. In this fashion they have broken up many an attack, retarded several offensives.

The Americans have had some lively experiences with boche flyers who came over to attack troops on the road; they have also been subjected to machine-gun fire from enemy planes above their trenches.

The prize experience fell to the —— Division in June, which had been holding a sector since the latter part of April. One day a plane with Allied markings came flying over that area. An American battalion marching along a road saw it coming and craned their necks to watch. Some waved at the gallant airman, who was bearing down toward the tree tops that bordered the highway. Next moment he was shooting into them with a machine gun, and they scattered for cover.

The chief supply officer of the division was bowling along a road in his automobile when he heard the plane above him. Glancing up and perceiving that it was an Allied machine, he waved his hand for good luck. The flyer waved back and then Rat-tat-tat, whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!—he proceeded to shoot up the supply officer. Instantly the driver of the car stepped on her, as the saying goes, and tore out for safety; but the plane was far faster. Speedily discovering this the colonel stopped his car and hid behind a tree. The driver got down behind a stone milepost.

He Meant Well

Next, the raider visited a certain headquarters. Among the soldiers on duty there was a striker named Fogarty. He had often seen French and American flyers come over the château and drop messages in leather tubes, so he determined to be first outside to get this one. Out he ran and stood on the lawn, staring upward. The visitor dropped a small bomb on him. It knocked Fogarty cold for a while, but fortunately did not kill him.

"What's that —— fool doing?" roared the general. "Bring him down! Get the machine guns after him."

The machine guns began a furious chatter, but not before the airman had dropped a couple more bombs. After that he flew triumphantly away and dispersed a battalion of French Territorials which was coming up the road. They took to the long grass unanimously.

Well, for a solid hour the intrepid visitor hovered over that area, shooting up whatever and whomever he could find. He missed only one town. And then they brought him down, with a machine-gun bullet through the shoulder.

Judge of their dismay when he turned out to be an Ally, a member of a British squadron! You should have heard the roars of wrath.

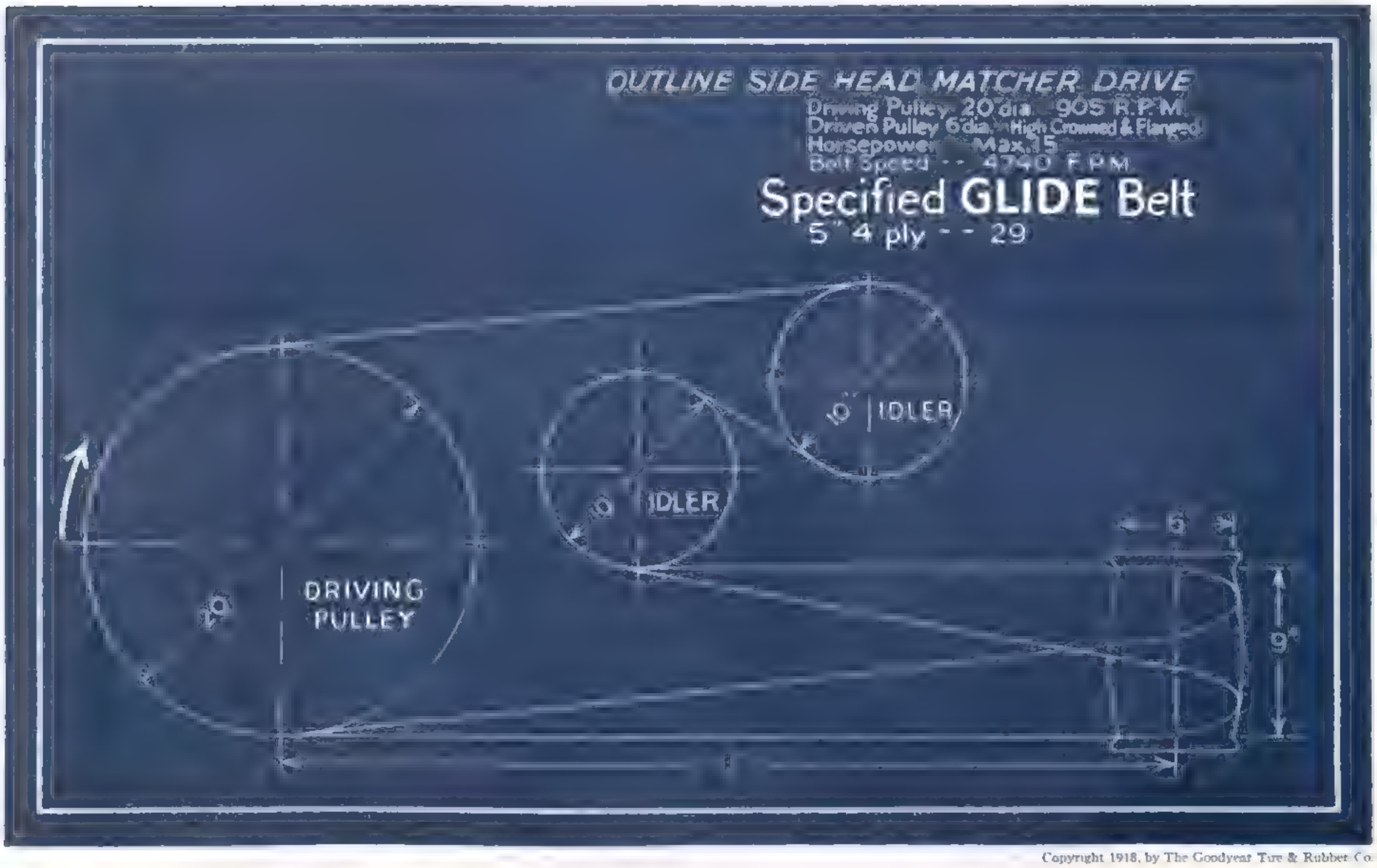
"Gentlemen, I am exceedingly sorry for the mistake," said the English commander, when he came over later to explain and apologize; "but—er—the fact is, the young gentleman is an American. His name is ——, and his home is in New York."

That altered the case. When they heard that, everybody sat back and howled. They forgot about poor Fogarty, and a couple of mules the flyer had killed. The chief supply officer even forgot his own wrongs.

"By Jove, he's a good un!" he cried. "I never saw such nerve; nor better flying. Why, that kid was fairly brushing the tree tops when he got after me. He could make that machine of his skin the cat; and shoot! Wow, he could let 'em go from any angle! So he thought all the time he was strafing the Hun, hey? Well, well! Great! Fine! Bully! He's a game boy. Darned if he didn't do a swell job!"

It transpired that the young American was on his first flight with some British airmen who had started that morning for the Hun lines, to strafe concentration points and troops on the march. They went through some clouds and he became separated from the others. On emerging he thought he was over enemy ground, being deceived by the topography of the country and a line of railroad. So he went to it.

"I wish you to know," added the English commander gravely, "that the young gentleman has now volunteered to go over and bomb Berlin."



Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Making $1.00—and the G.T.M.—Do the Work of $3.10

All they were after, the Wilson Lumber Company, of Bokhoma, Oklahoma, told the G.T.M. — our Mr. Heehs — was less interruption and more production from their side-head drive. Mr. Bowles, the Superintendent, asked how much his best belt cost per foot. The G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—told them that he didn't know which of his belts was the best. He said that if they'd let him study the drive he'd tell them which Goodyear Belt was best *for it*—that with drives as with men, what is meat for one is poison for another.

He studied that drive and prescribed the Goodyear Belt especially constructed to serve its high-speed quarter-turn and *high-crowned*, flanged driven pulley—not the highest priced Goodyear Belt by any means, nor the one with the greatest brute strength. It was in February and the price of that Goodyear Glide Belt was fifty cents a foot, while the special double they had been using cost $1.55.

If his price had been higher the order he finally got would have come easier. It didn't seem likely to them that a belt costing fifty cents a foot would do better than one costing $1.55. But they decided to give it a trial—they were sick of the troubles and expense of that side-head drive—and at the price they felt that they couldn't lose much.

That Glide Belt gave six months of service, as much as what they had been getting from the $1.55 per foot special double. On account of Glide's friction surface it delivered power better—and it required practically no attention. Six months of inferior service from the discarded type of belting would have cost $1.55—so that $1.00 spent for Glide was as good as $3.10 spent for the special double—and the better service of the Glide was thrown in for good measure.

Over thirty dollars in belt cost alone are saved every six months by that 29 feet of Glide Belt, and the analysis service of the G.T.M—$121.80 a year. When he pointed that out, he told them of the Goodyear plan of Plant Analysis, of having a G.T.M. analyze *every* drive in the plant for the purpose of prescribing the belt best designed to meet the peculiar conditions of each. They told him to go ahead.

They order by telegram now, direct from the Goodyear Branch near them. Goodyear Belts as prescribed by the G.T.M. are releasing dollars from many other drives, reducing interruption and increasing production. If you have a belt-devouring drive that is both imprisoning and eating too many dollars, ask a G.T.M. to call. He'll do it without charge when he's in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all selling belts to meet conditions and not as a hardware man sells nails. We are able to give the G.T.M.'s services free only because the savings they effect for purchasers are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business from the plants analyzed is sure to result within a year or two.

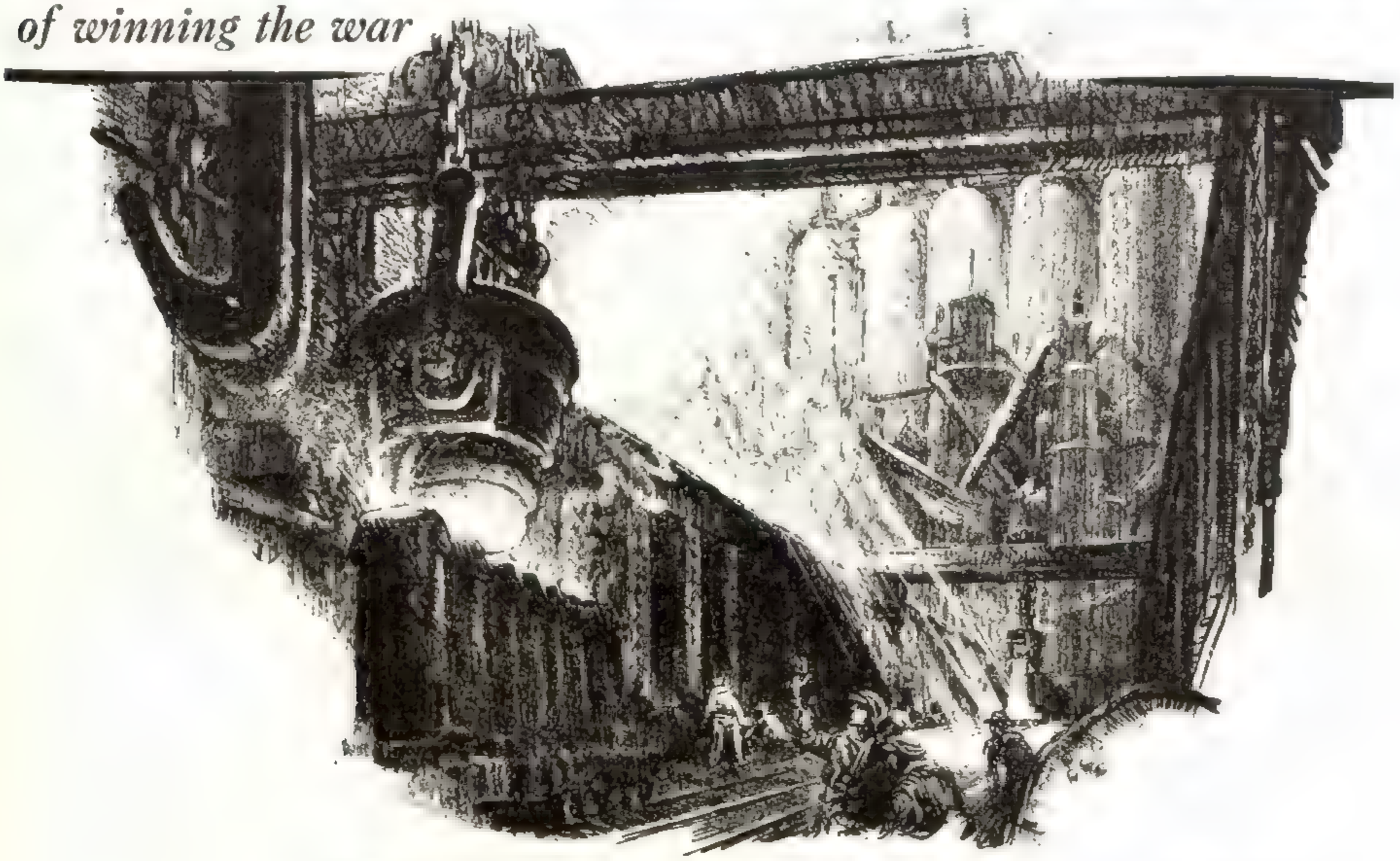
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Every electrical engineering and manufacturing facility of this company is being applied "without stint or limit" to the vital business of winning the war



When Steel faced the crisis, Electric Power was ready to aid

Some day, when there is time to tell the history of America's industrial mobilization, the romantic story of steel will be a source of pride to every American.

For a decade or more, wise men of business were certain that steel in America had reached top production.

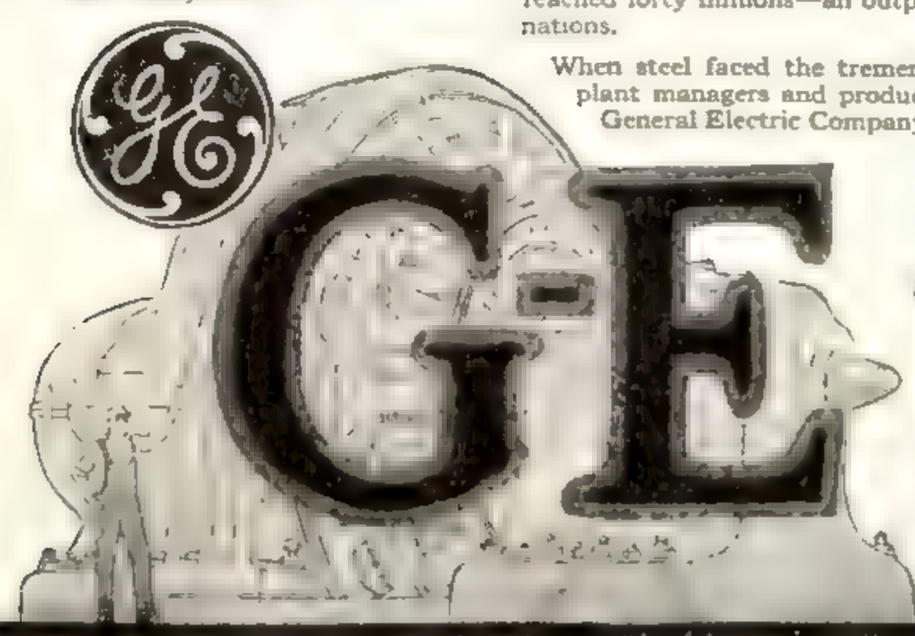
But, when the war call came for "a bridge of ships," thousands of guns, and an endless supply of munitions—steel did the impossible. With furnaces flaming with patriotism, steel gave every ounce of energy to the cause. In 1917, tonnage reached forty millions—an output exceeding that of all other nations.

When steel faced the tremendous tasks imposed upon it, plant managers and production engineers turned to the General Electric Company. They found G E industrial power specialists prepared to render this additional service, and G E manufacturing facilities ample to supply their needs in record time.

In unloading ore, charging open hearth furnaces, operating blast furnace blowers, rolling mills and giant cranes, electric motors and control apparatus have become indispensable.

And yet, steel is only one of the many war industries dependent on electric power. G-E engineers, located throughout the country, with the company's plants behind them, are also energetically engaged with the electrification of other expanded industries—food, textiles, coal, oil, chemicals, mines, metals; ships, aëroplanes, automobiles, munitions, central power plants, lighting and transportation systems—*all essential to victory.*

Look for this—
the mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture



G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

MARRIED

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

II

WHEN my husband came into the library that afternoon to look for me I little knew that the first step was about to be taken in the most hazardous episode of our married life. I was yawning over a magazine, but when I heard Dick I put on the face of bright interest that a loving and wise wife reserves for her husband. He bent over and kissed me.

"Hello, old girl," he said; "bit bored?"

When two people have lived several years together and really love each other unselfishly a bright surface manner does not necessarily deceive.

"We-ell, no, not bored exactly," I said; "but I don't seem to have so very much to do, Dick, now that the children are not only in school but taking French and music and wanting to play out till six. Well, it almost makes me feel as if Othello's occupation's gone indeed. I can find enough to do, of course; and there's always the club, only it's been so dull this last year or two. If only the friends I like were nearer! Oh, well, I'm not grouching, dear. I think it's really the depression everyone feels on account of the war."

Dick nodded soberly.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "how far one ought to let the deep spiritual indignation one feels affect one's practical daily conduct."

"Of course," I rejoined, "one can brood over this war till one is of no use to oneself or to anyone else. I don't want to do that. Oh, I'm all right, dear; I feel selfish when I think how I have you safe, and the children; and so many poor mothers over there have lost everything—husband, children, home."

Dick patted my hand and I leaned my head against him. For the first time in my life I was restless. There lay behind me an interval of several years of married peace and prosperity. Dick and I understood each other very well; it was a long time since we had known the slightest matrimonial ripple. He liked the way I ran our house, and brought up the children, and exercised, and talked and read. I liked his devotion to the children and me. We and his work absorbed him; he never looked at any other woman, and of late years I could hardly get him out in the evenings. He was now a partner in the firm, and his work seemed to become yearly more exacting. What I was suffering from was a dead level of content. I felt like echoing the demand of my little boy, Richie, when he first began to know that his world was capable of constant enlargement: "I want sutting I haven't had."

"How about a little ol' last year's car?" asked Dick.

"I don't believe I'd have the nerve to drive it, and of course we can't afford a chauffeur. Otherwise a car would be fine."

Dick moved away and sat down opposite me. I knew by his face that he had something to say; that it was of importance but not disquieting. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out two small jewel cases. It wasn't a birthday, so I supposed they meant some unexpected firm dividend. I opened them.

"But—but, Dick!" I gasped. "Diamonds! Why, that ring must be worth a thousand! And that bar pin!"

"From now on, Rhoda," said Dick, trying to speak without excitement, "you can have anything you want—within reason, that is."

I was Dick's financial partner to the extent of living within my household and dress allowance. I knew the amount of his salary, and of his stock in the company. I knew that he was paying for his partnership by degrees. We spent four thousand dollars, and the rest of his earnings went toward the partnership and into investments. The money his grandmother had left him I knew had gone into buying a foundry business in partnership with Charlie Sanderson. But since I had none of the income from these investments I had not followed them in detail.

"Yes," said Dick, answering my mute question, "I had quite a bit of money in Steel, which has multiplied itself so much that I am dizzy looking at it. Then that foundry; lucky we'd got it on its feet. We've just consolidated with a big company. We have war orders to burn. Yes, Rhoda, in a mild way you might call us rich."

"Oh, if I could have a pony for the children," I cried.

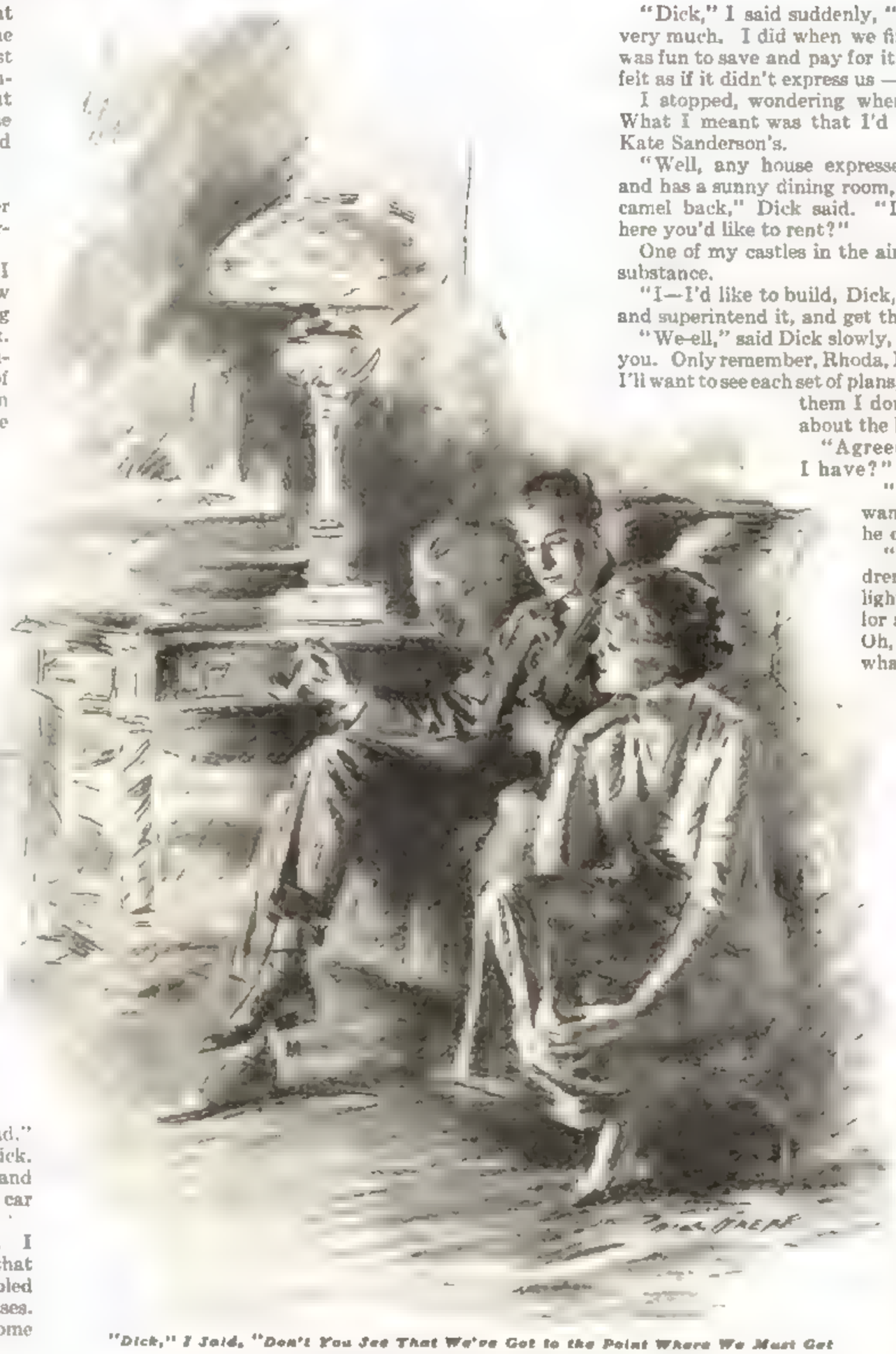
"You can; and that French governess who comes for three hours a week you may have all the time if you want her."

"And I could have a sun parlor built on, with a sleeping porch over it for you."

"Go on; you've not begun," Dick urged.

"I've always wanted a set of sables," I said.

"Get a sable coat," said Dick magnificently.



"Dick," I said, "Don't You See That We've Got to the Point Where We Must Get All the New Fresh Interests We Can——"

That set me off. My mind leaped at once to things I had never really wanted as Rhoda Wilmot, but might have wanted as a rich woman: jewels and gowns; a car with a chauffeur; furniture and china and flowers; people to wait on me ——

"Oh, Dick," I sighed; "may I try it a little while? Could I be a parasite without your scolding? Just make the most of what youth and good looks I have left ——"

I paused for him to tell me I was as pretty as I had ever been, and then I said: "No; women in the thirties can't be that. But I sometimes feel as if I never have been so pretty as I could be if I made a business of it. I mean, I'd like to be pretty for a little while just to please myself, not you."

"Here, don't go and make me jealous of my lady rival," laughed Dick.

Then I praised him a little for his wonderful foresight in investing in Steel, and in buying the foundry with Charlie Sanderson.

"I expect Kate Sanderson will be wearing cloth of gold," I remarked.

"Meow!" said Dick, a comment he rarely makes on my remarks.

Kate Sanderson had no children and used her superfluous energy in a restless search for excitement. She had always complained to me of being cramped for lack of money. I wondered now how she would spend. She had already managed to get a very pretty house.

"Dick," I said suddenly, "I never have liked this house very much. I did when we first moved into it, and then it was fun to save and pay for it. But for some time now I've felt as if it didn't express us ——"

I stopped, wondering when I had caught that phrase. What I meant was that I'd like a house rather nicer than Kate Sanderson's.

"Well, any house expresses me that's warm in winter, and has a sunny dining room, and a bed for me that isn't a camel back," Dick said. "Is there another house round here you'd like to rent?"

One of my castles in the air drifted down to take earthly substance.

"I—I'd like to build, Dick," I cried. "Oh, Dick, to plan and superintend it, and get the things I want for it ——"

"We-ell," said Dick slowly, "it might be a fine interest for you. Only remember, Rhoda, I can't give any of my time to it. I'll want to see each set of plans, of course, but once I've O. K.'d them I don't want to hear another thing about the house till you lead me into it."

"Agreed; how much money may I have?"

"Well, what kind of house do you want? About how many rooms?" he countered.

"Oh, rooms for each of the children, and a large living room with light on three sides; and a sun parlor and sleeping porches and —— Oh, well, of course I'll limit it to what you can afford."

"Will twenty-five thousand do you?" he said.

I hadn't dreamed of more than fifteen thousand, which was what Kate Sanderson's had cost. But already my dreams of spending had expanded. I felt a little sense of clutching take birth in me.

I showed Dick a poker face and said: "That's without the land, I suppose?"

Dick laughed.

"Have it as you like and where you like; you've earned that house. But keep the expense, outside the land, within that sum."

I was intoxicated with delight, with a coming sense of power. How innocent I was of the dangers upon which I was embarking! How little I realized that money doesn't get people anything. I didn't believe then what I firmly believe now, that more couples are separated by wealth, especially acquired wealth, than by poverty. So long as a husband and wife are poor, or only moderately well-off, their interests must be the same. It is a matter of mutual concern that the bill for food be cut down next month; a matter of discussion as to whether a five-dollar margin shall go for new sofa cushions or for books. The amusements which they can afford they must take in common; and they wish to, because together, by careful saving, they have created the chance to enjoy the play or the concert they propose to see and hear. They both make; they spend together.

But when money begins to come freely the case alters. Their path may seem to lead through an easeful, flower-starred green meadow. New interests spring up as if by magic. New friends appear who show them new ways of spending money. Before they realize it they begin to have diverse interests. He does man's things and she woman's things. They no longer have little daily important problems to mull over. They do not earn together or save together or spend together. Above all, they do not talk together. Long before they know what has happened the character of their easeful green meadow changes; the flowers turn to weeds, the paths are lost, and lucky indeed are the couple if they are not separated forever by dark jungle growths and impassable chasms.

Scarcely had I got over the first dizziness of Dick's announcement when Kate Sanderson ran in to see me. Her husband had told her the news of her wealth at half past four, and she had got downtown before the shops closed and had bought a smart suit she had been coveting for a fortnight.

(Continued on Page 65)

Style 5847—"Commodore." Heavy worsted, plaited, with deep sailor collar. Finest pearl buttons. All popular shades.

Style 1108—"Night Watch." Finest zephyr wool, full-fashioned model. All newest color combinations.

Style 1275—"Quarter-deck." Pure zephyr wool, with convertible collar. Solid colors and combinations.

Style 3112—"Spray." Light-weight zephyr wool. Dutch collar with Jacquard trimming. All high shades

Style 3260—"Wireless." Pure worsted model, with half-belted, Empire effect. All popular shades with contrasting stripes.

The "ACE"

The sensational novelty knitted cap of the season. Can be worn two ways as pictured. Great for skating, autoing, sleighing and all outdoor winter sports. Finest ever made for school children. As suitable for men and boys as for women and girls.

Style 1266—"Scout"
[illegible]

Style 4861—"Victory"
[illegible]

Style 5112—"Bell"
Pure zephyr wool [illegible] mocha, galaxed waist effect

Style 1569—"Mist"
[illegible]

Style 1957—"Wave"
[illegible] Pure zephyr [illegible]

Style [illegible]18—"Imagn"
[illegible]

Next Week is SWEATER WEEK

BUY YOUR NAVY-KNIT FASHION SWEATER next week. It will probably be your last chance to secure an all-wool, stylish sweater at the old price.

WHEN the Government took over the entire raw-wool supply of the country last summer, we owned a large quantity of fine wool yarn, suitable for ladies' fashion sweaters.

Instead of hoarding this yarn in hopes of benefiting by a heavy rise in price, we decided to give every woman in the country one last chance to buy a high-grade, stylish sweater at a reasonable price and from a full selection of fashions and colors.

Our knitting machines have been busy all summer. Our designers have outdone themselves. Every style is new, smart, beautifully fashioned and finished. Navy-Knit Sweaters have that shapely, dashing fit and hang you so admire, but which is so hard to find. The colors are soft-toned, rich, striking.

Principal dealers in the United States have received their allotments of Navy-Knit Fashion Sweaters, and will display them in windows and stores next Monday, and announce this special Sweater Week in their newspaper advertisements.

The supply is necessarily limited. The assortment will be broken in a few hours. After next week it may be difficult to find just the sweater you want. Prices are almost certain to be higher.

So, on Monday, find who is your local distributer of Navy-Knit Sweaters. Select your style and color, and buy.

If you cannot find a Navy-Knit dealer, send your order to us, and we will make every effort to supply you.

Remember, next week is Sweater Week.

NAVY
KNITTING MILLS, Inc.
236-238 FIFTH AVE. AT 27TH STREET NEW YORK.

How "85% Magnesia" Conserves the Nation's Coal Pile

To SAVE coal is not to hoard it, but to burn every ounce of it to the best advantage—to utilize every particle of the precious heat so that it shall yield the utmost possible efficiency.

Thousands of heat-units (B. T. U.s) are wasted from every pound of coal we burn. Some of this waste is unavoidable but *much of it is easily preventable.*

If every steam pipe and every boiler were properly protected from heat losses by an efficient heat-insulation, *enough coal would be saved* to furnish, not only to our vital industries, but to every coal user in the country, an *ample supply for all his needs.*

Are you a Fuel-slacker?

Are you heeding the urgent call of the Fuel Administration for the utmost economy in coal consumption, or are you robbing the nation's coal pile in order to cover your own neglect?

Sooner or later you must answer this question. *What will your answer be?*

The Fuel Administration's Warning

The Fuel Administration in a recent letter, says:

"The utmost economy (of coal and oil) by all consumers is absolutely necessary—and we must find means of stopping the many and large preventable losses in the burning of these fuels."

In speaking of "Priority", Mr. David M. Myers, Advisory Engineer to the Fuel Administration, says:

"Obviously it would not be fair to the *efficient* plants to shorten their coal supply while the bad plants continue to waste. All plants must be classified as either 'efficient' or 'wasteful'."

This is plain for all to read. The time is very near when the fuel slackers will find their wasteful way is barred—there will be no more coal for *them.*

Are You Prepared?

Dare you say that every steam pipe and boiler in your plant is so thoroughly protected against heat wastage by the best possible insulation, that further economy is impossible? Is there no waste from your valves, flanges, or fittings? Is every feed water pipe, every feed heater, every auxiliary installation, similarly protected?

The Fuel Administration Says:

"The Fuel Administration realizes that *adequate insulating covering* is essential to the conservation of our all too scant fuel production."

It also says:

"Covering these surfaces with 85% Magnesia...2" thick will save 80 per cent of the heat."

Not only does "85% Magnesia" save from 80% to 95% of all the heat that would otherwise be wasted, but its marvelous *durability* makes it the most paying investment in your plant: (1) Because it saves its own cost in a few months; (2) Because this saving continues indefinitely—there is no known time-limit to the life of this insulation.

For over 30 years the matchless heat-saving value of "85% Magnesia" has been recognized by Uncle Sam. It is the standard heat-insulation of the U. S. Navy, the U. S. Shipping Board, the leading steamship and railroad lines, and the great majority of the largest power and heat users in America.

The Time for "85% Magnesia" is Now

"85% Magnesia" properly applied will bring down your coal losses due to heat-leakage to an irreducible minimum. This fuel economy not only benefits the nation but puts good money into your own pocket.

If you haven't "85% Magnesia" coverings throughout your Plant, *install them now*—not only on pipes and boilers, but on valves, fittings, flanges and feed-heaters. If you already have insufficient thickness of Magnesia, overlay it with another thickness, according to the exact Table in the Magnesia Association Specification, compiled and indorsed by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, which gives exact rules for application of this master heat-insulation—*sent on request.*

Also write for Table showing monthly saving in dollars and cents by the use of "85% Magnesia".

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION *of* AMERICA

85% MAGNESIA
UNIVERSAL COAL SAVER

**721 Bulletin Bldg.
Philadelphia
Penna.**

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Wm. A. Macan, *Chairman*

George D. Crabbs, The Philip Carey Co. . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
Alvin M. Ebret, Ebret Magnesia Mfg. Co. . . Valley Forge, Penna.
J. R. Swift, The Franklin Mfg. Co. . . . . Franklin, Penna.
Richard V. Mattison, Jr., Keasbey & Mattison Co. . . Ambler, Penna.

(Continued from Page 61)

We jubilated together incoherently for a few moments, and then she said: "I suppose you'll leave this house?"

"We're going to build."

"So am I," Kate said. "I've had a good chance for some time to sell, and I'm going to build in some suburb where the people count. Where I live, and here, where you live, they're so commonplace that it makes me dull just to pass them on the street."

"Where are you going?"

"It isn't decided yet," Kate said evasively.

For the moment the evasion escaped me. I knew that Kate belonged to several clubs and charity organizations, and worked like a beaver at them. She had a very fine executive power, and her gratuitous, eager services were always in demand. It was not until later on that I realized that Kate had social ambitions and hoped to use her club associations to further them. Her evasion meant that she had already determined upon the suburb where she would build, but had no intention of carrying me on her shoulders socially. At that time, however, I was merely concerned with finding land well situated and well wooded, and near enough to town so that Dick could get in easily to work.

Dick remarked that two of the men interested in the new foundry consolidation lived in Crichton Woods, and suggested that I look over that territory. It struck me that it would be well to go to a place where Dick already had connections. So Crichton Woods was on my list of North Shore suburbs. I had not lived most of my life in Chicago without knowing what places counted from a social standpoint, but that knowledge was quite in the back of my mind. When I started out next day with a list of plots to visit I was thinking of getting the best bargain.

A few days of searching convinced me that there were no bargains to be had. I had also become accustomed to high prices. And I most dreadfully wanted three acres in Crichton Woods which had a view of the lake, and beautiful trees. Only it cost as much as a farm. Hesitatingly, for the core of me was still thrifty, I took an option on it. Then, after I had been unable to find anything else I wanted, I told Dick what I had done and offered to build a cheaper house if only I could have that land. Dick laughed at me.

"Of course the land would cost that much," he said. "I didn't expect to get out of it for less. I shouldn't wonder if that was the piece Sanderson was talking about to me to-day. He said Kate wanted it but there was an option on it."

Quite unconsciously I had stolen a march on Kate. As I afterward learned, she had fallen behind me because she had been buying clothes. I felt a sense of rather unworthy triumph. Kate got land near by, and then revealed to me her social aims. Crichton Woods, I gathered, was a good place for a climber to begin. Meantime I had no thought of climbing. I was absorbed in the thought of my house.

Kate and I had the same architect—and naturally he wanted our houses to cost as much as possible. Very cleverly he influenced me. Mrs. Sanderson was having a bathroom for each guest room, and she was arranging for four guest rooms, because of course one must count on house parties. Well, I reflected, when the children were older they would be having friends, and of course each would want a separate room. Before I fully realized it I was committed to four more sleeping rooms than the family needed. Other additions were made here and there. Dick raised his eyebrows but did not comment.

At last a plan was drawn up that contented him and delighted me. Then I was told that it could not be carried out for twenty-five thousand dollars. I told the architect to simplify, for I could not and would not go higher. He was an astute person. He went to Dick, and Dick agreed that I should have the house I wanted, no matter what it cost.

Dick's generosity touched me, and allayed, for several months, my spending fever. But when the house was almost done there was the question of furniture. The things we had had for the old house would never do for the new house. When I said this to Dick he replied that he had expected me to buy a lot of new furniture. I am sure he was a little hurt when I wanted to rent our old house furnished, with the exception of a very few things for which we had strong sentiment. But all he said was that I might go ahead and get what I chose and send the bills to him. He showed me some checks that made me gasp. I decided that we could afford anything we liked, and I set out upon an orgy of spending.

I think that Dick and I began to drift apart first during those weeks when I was furnishing the house. For our first house we had chosen everything together, giving up this thing because it was too dear, choosing that at the sacrifice of something else. Our little deprivations drew us more closely together. After we were married every new thing we bought represented some saving we had made together; our home grew organically, not only as our salary lengthened, but as our hearts and minds and souls developed. But for the new house I put myself in the hands of an architect, and of artists and decorators. If I had meant what I said about wanting a home that expressed me I had failed. It was not a home but a successful product of

I Did Fill the House, Pleased to Show My Western Friends How Many Important Eastern People Found Me Worth While

highly paid professionals. Then there was the question of servants. Dick had named the sum I might have to spend yearly.

"You may have it," he said, "for that is the proportion of my earnings you've always had. But I don't see how you are going to spend it all. For, mind you, I don't want a whole lot of flapdoodle about my home."

"Of course not, dear," I said.

Already I was planning for what Dick called flapdoodle, but I meant it not to be apparent to him. If I had simple meals, and arranged so that servants would not be fussing over him, I knew he would be content. I meant to have a butler. I don't know just why I decided on a butler, for at that time I had no social ambitions. Probably I wanted him because Kate was going to have one. I told myself that I had to have servants enough to manage my house properly. A butler, an outdoor man, a cook, a combined waitress and parlor maid, an upstairs maid, and a laundress who could also be a sort of "tweeny." Then a French governess. Unconsciously I was trying to show Kate that I could live up to my money and house and servants.

So, early in the autumn I led Dick into his new house—the first time he had seen it, for he had been working like a madman. If its size and appointments a little dashed him, if the strange furniture and strange servants made him rather feel as if he were in a hotel, the eager faces of the children and me reassured him. At any rate, when he dropped into his old worn armchair in the library and pulled forward the same old reading lamp he said, in answer to my often-repeated question as to whether he truly, truly liked it:

"If you and the children are suited I am."

Mr. Cranston and Mr. Wainwright were the men with whom Dick and Charlie Sanderson were associated in the new business. Their wives called promptly on Kate and me. Mrs. Cranston, Kate told me, was very important, because she had excellent social connections not only in the West but also—supreme test—in the East. She cared very little for society, however. Mrs. Wainwright, on the contrary, was one of those executive social leaders who are not happy unless they hold court in all the circles that count. She entertained; she hunted; she kept thoroughbred dogs; she was on the boards of most of the large charity organizations; and she had been the originator of half a dozen war activities.

"The least she can do," Kate commented, "when you think how much her husband is making out of the war."

That remark gave me a queer little shock. It was the first time I had reflected that the money I was spending had come to me as one of the results of this war that was breaking the hearts of women overseas. I resolved to extend my war charities—but it did not occur to me to make any real sacrifice or to give personal service.

The Cranstons and Wainwrights both invited us to dine. Kate was especially interested in the Wainwright invitation. When she found that we were invited for the same evening she twisted her eyebrows comically.

"I wager Mrs. Wainwright does not intend to sponsor us socially," she said. "She'll probably have a few half-and-half people to meet us, with maybe one or two couples who really count and who won't mind looking us over."

Kate took that dinner so seriously that she made me a little nervous about it.

I got a very expensive and beautiful gown, and I rested all day long beforehand—a tribute I had never before paid to a dinner. And I know that I had never looked so well or talked better. Dick's eyes showed his pride in me.

"Well, dear, I was very proud of you," he said as we drove home. "The sight of you repaid me for the darn dull time I had myself."

"Why, dear, didn't you like talking to Mrs. Wainwright?" I said with a touch of uneasiness.

"Oh, it's some years now since I was interested in the social rattle of women," he said. "If they really talked—And then you know I cannot stand these long courses."

I drooped a little. I had enjoyed the evening. My little triumph had rather gone to my head. I had been dreaming of a social career—oh, not a climbing career like Kate's, I told myself, but a real place marked out for me in a circle of nice people. By nice I meant fashionable, though perhaps on that night I did not realize how sharply ambition was stirring in me.

"Well," I said reluctantly, "I'll try to be content with luncheons and teas, and maybe after all this will be the end of our dinner invitations."

"Oh, I'm willing to be a burnt offering for you at a dinner now and then," Dick said. "There'll be plenty of good times for you."

There were. At the dinner to which Mrs. Cranston invited the Sandersons and us, all except ourselves were fashionables. When it was found that Dick and I played

(Continued on Page 68)

The AEOLIAN COMPANY ANNOUNCES THE VOCALION RECORD

THIS important announcement chronicles the second great step taken by the Aeolian Company in its development of the higher musical values of the phonograph.

First: The Aeolian Vocalion—that wonderful phonograph which three years ago startled the musical world and leapt almost overnight into the premier position among all such instruments.

Second: The Vocalion Record—giving the Aeolian Vocalion, for the first time, a record fully worthy of its extraordinary powers of reproduction.

Product of the World's Leading Music House

For nearly half a century, the Aeolian Company has maintained its position as the foremost creative influence in the music industry. As a source of invention, progress, and improvement, no other house has even remotely approached this Company's notable record of achievement. Today the Aeolian Company stands without a rival in its comprehensive understanding of music and its broad and scientific knowledge of the various instruments for producing it.

The New Musical Values of the Vocalion Record

The phonograph record, as it has been known, is a marvelous invention. To hold in an inert and inarticulate disc the melodious notes of a human voice—the vibrant tones of a violin—almost baffles comprehension.

The AEOLIAN COMPANY
AEOLIAN HALL
New York London Paris

The new Vocalion Record, however, comes a sympathetic step nearer to reality.

The new system under which it is produced, records the tone in its entirety. The finer overtones—those subtle partials that give to every instrument and voice its final touch of individuality and beauty—are, for the first time, caught and imprisoned by a far more delicate and scientific method.

Those who hear the new Vocalion Record are conscious of new impressions. To sight, the phonograph remains—to hearing it is gone. Full, rich and clear, all tones of instrument and human voice come to the ear filled with the beauty and individuality which are truly theirs.

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION
Plays all the music of the world

WITH the production of the new Vocalion Record, there is added one more to the many notable advantages possessed by the Aeolian-Vocalion.

Not only do those who own this phonograph enjoy the exclusive privilege of using these new records but all the music of all the world is theirs to listen to as well. The Aeolian-Vocalion plays *every make of record*.

Due to its Universal Tone-Arm—the simplest and most scientific device of its kind—records of all kinds may be played on the Aeolian-Vocalion. Thus its owner's freedom of choice is not restricted. Like the pianist or violinist, there is nothing to prevent his playing and enjoying any selection that his taste or fancy dictates.

This, then, is an inestimable advantage that the Vocalion offers. And there are many others.

Does the purchaser who buys the Vocalion possess interpretative instinct—would he like to express something of his own feeling in the music his phonograph is playing? He may do so.

The Graduola—that unique and wonderful invention found alone on the Vocalion—enables him to shade and color the music to suit his taste.

In selecting his phonograph, does he desire to find a case that will harmonize with some particular scheme of furnishing? The Vocalion line includes a large number of beautiful "Period" designs which, though costing but little more than conventional models, are fully abreast of the best examples of modern furniture.

In a word, the Vocalion, as an instrument for the faithful reproduction of the true beauties of music, as an artistic means for musical self-expression, as a refined and handsome article of furniture, and as the agent through which all the musical performances of all the world's best artists become available, occupies a peculiar and distinctive position of leadership shared by no other instrument of its kind.

•

Conventional models of the Aeolian-Vocalion, equipped with Graduola, are priced from $115 upward; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models, priced from $240. All prices subject to change.

Aeolian branches and representatives in every principal city. Catalog of the Vocalion sent on request.

The AEOLIAN COMPANY
AEOLIAN HALL
New York London Paris

(Continued from Page 65)

tennis and golf well we were invited to join the Country Club. We did, and it was here by degrees that I met most of the people on the North Shore who, as Kate called it, "counted." There are always a certain number of fashionables who give social recognition in return for competence at sports, or for great beauty, or great talent. I played rather unusual tennis, and I had my share of good looks. Besides, Dick was very popular.

So more and more social opportunities came, and when he saw my eager face as I proffered him this or that invitation to dinner Dick would not refuse to go. His own success had made him willing to let me have the kind I wanted, even though it was not the sort of thing of which he approved.

"It isn't," I said once in answer to an unspoken criticism of his, "as if I neglected the children. They are always in bed before we leave the house for dinner, and I sit with them while they have their supper."

"Oh, it isn't that," he said half crossly.

I suppose I should have noticed that his face was getting gaunt and weary. I ought to have seen that he couldn't work as hard as he was working at his new game and still spend himself dancing attendance on me at dinners.

"Well, if I don't neglect you or the children," I said, "what is it, dear, that you object to in my going about?"

"Well, Rhoda," said Dick slowly, "if this game interests you I want you to have it. But after these few months of running in your social treadmill I feel sure that all these constant dinners and entertainments don't get a person anywhere. There's too darn much meeting of people who care nothing for each other; too much empty animation."

"I'm sorry you don't like it," I said slowly.

"I'm afraid I can't stand much more of it, old girl," Dick returned soberly Then he added: "Lots of these women you are with have unattached men hanging round to fill in—bachelors and widowers and such. Why can't you work Ralph in sometimes in my place?"

I know now that Dick expected me to refuse that suggestion; that he expected me to say what I would have said a year before, that I could be happy enough just dining quietly with him. But I seized on the idea eagerly. My brother Ralph was handsome, very presentable; he was always willing to meet new people.

"That's a good idea, dear," I said. "By next autumn I'll be solid enough with this crowd to try it on. Meantime, things are going to let up soon, now that summer is near. I shan't ask a thing of you this summer."

In that I kept my word, though a good deal of informal entertainment went on in our suburb since many people we knew went away in the winter rather than in summer. I learned to ride, rather giving up golf for it. I thought I was asking very little socially of Dick, but I did not notice that we were not doing things together as of old.

When autumn came I was ready for renewed social life. Kate had been running neck and neck with me in the race.

"People have been very nice to us both, and to our men," she said to me that autumn; "but I know well enough that they don't really consider us of them. Why should they? They've had money and place for a couple of generations; they hold the fort, and we are only the besiegers. Within this exclusive circle to which they have let us belong there is another circle still more intimate, where people give each other little dinners of eight or ten, say what they think without being quoted and have a beautiful time."

I think I made up my mind then that I would belong to that inner circle. One bad phase of my psychology was that I was not honest with myself, as Kate was. I preferred to do what I wanted to do without thinking it out clearly—else perhaps my conscience or taste would not have let me go on. What is there about sudden wealth that nearly always makes a woman lose her head? A man who gets rich suddenly can keep his. It may be that this is because he makes the money; he deals with the realities by which it is got. Doubtless he could not keep it if he lost his sense of values. It may be that a woman runs amuck because when she has a good deal of money and not much to do she is removed from realities, has no touchstone which invariably tells her the true from the false, the important from the unimportant.

Mrs. Cranston, I think, saw the way I was headed, for she said to me, when I showed her my engagement book for the first week of October: "My dear, you carry a child's zest into this sad old game of ours, and we all like you for it. But you'll lose it."

"Oh no, I won't!" I said confidently. "I'll never break down; my people never do."

"Ah, that isn't what I'm thinking of," she said.

It was the jewel of my soul that she was talking about, but I considered that she chose to look down from her most enviable position to warn a newcomer that her pinnacle was but shifting sand. I was not convinced.

Ralph worked beautifully into my new plans, with the result that at least twice a week I dined out without Dick. He had his supper with the children on those nights, and though my conscience pricked a little at leaving him still I always sat at the supper table with them, and saw Dick seated in his own chair with a newspaper before I left the house. I was a success; I was slowly working into that inner circle. I never asked myself what good the circle was going to do me after I had it. I simply enjoyed my triumphs, evening by evening.

But I burned the candle at both ends, and soon had to begin taking breakfast in bed. Here again my conscience pricked me, but since little Annette was very much flattered to pour the coffee for her father I felt that domestic proprieties were being observed. The fact is, I wasn't thinking. I did not see where my domestic life was going, because I was stupidly drunk with success. Dick and I rarely talked any more. I did not notice that. Just because I was living as I wanted to I took it for granted that Dick was satisfied. I think Dick had made it a grim point of honor with himself to let me do socially as I pleased. All autumn and winter and early spring I played my profitless game, not really seeing Dick.

I Burned the Candle at Both Ends, and Soon Had to Begin Taking Breakfast in Bed

Only once, briefly, did the scales drop from my eyes. That was on the occasion of Dick's birthday, when we dined alone in the little room where the breakfasts were served. He scarcely spoke, and it came to me suddenly that he had stopped talking to me about his business. That must mean that he was worn out.

"Dick, dear," I said, leaning across the table to him, "you are so tired. Can't you take a little vacation? Now—right off?"

"Cranston did ask me to go to the Painted Desert with him ——"

"Ah, no traveling," I said; "rest. Sitting still with a book will do you good. Can't you shut your eyes, dear, and see a lovely cool house, a green shore and blue water with a little boat dipping on it—I'll row you myself—and nice shady paths, and not a blessed business man or contract or foundry in sight!"

"Sounds good," he said with his old smile. "When I stop singing in the bathtub I know something is wrong with the works. If I could just go to a simple cottage somewhere—no flubdub ——"

"Settled!" I exclaimed, jumping up and leaning over him; "just leave it to me!"

"Oh, Rhoda," he murmured, "what's the good of the money if it doesn't mean the old happiness?"

"It will; it does," I said, not appreciating the connotation of his words, only seeing that he needed heartening and rest.

I really meant to take a small house in some quiet place, but in two years the word small had come to mean a different thing to me from what it did to Dick. I inquired of my friends and of agents about desirable places, wrote letters diligently—and found something wrong with whatever was suggested. Then Mrs. Wainwright heard of a place that I could rent in Bar Harbor—a striking bargain. The owners had always before occupied it themselves; their relatives lived on either side and would be sure to call. The servants would go with the cottage. Perhaps the price did seem steep, but think what I was getting! Mrs. Wainwright would stay a month with me if only I would seize this unparalleled chance. There was a wonderful soundproof tower that Dick could have for his very own. Oh, I would be an idiot if I missed this opportunity!

After all, I thought, the main thing was to get Dick away from business into a restful place. Anyone surely could be quiet in Bar Harbor; the country was the country if one cared to make it so.

My own inclinations changed my interpretation of Dick's needs. He thought nothing of the social connotations of Bar Harbor. The name sounded peaceful, and he agreed to take six weeks off.

When one July day we drove past magnificent "cottages," at which he looked with sardonic eyes, and reached our own big place, I did the best thing possible for myself. I put my hand on his and said chokingly: "Oh, Dick, I didn't understand—honestly! Of course I knew it was big—but not so big. It didn't seem that it was going to be this sort of thing. And anyway, there's the water."

"All right," he said quietly; "I guess if I'd asked you the price I might have understood."

I continued to withhold the price.

"Let's go straight to your tower, Dick," I begged, my face flushed, my eyes distressed.

The tower did have a beautiful view of blue water and green shores, and as I stood in a wide window with my hands on my husband's unresponsive arm my conscience lightened.

"It's absolutely soundless," I said eagerly; "I know you'll like it, Dick. You can rest here."

"We'll see," he said in the same quiet voice, the ominous note of which I failed to catch. I did not know that he had that moment put me on trial. He would give me this summer to get us back where we had been.

For a little while I acted as though I were on trial. I simplified my housekeeping as thoroughly as six servants would permit. I had the meals served on a small screened porch overlooking the water. Every day I took Dick for long drives. Now and then when I saw him starting off for a walk I joined him; but I had got out of the habit of walking, regarded it as a task, and was unable to conceal from him that from the very first step my object was to get back. It may be that if we could have remained alone all summer I could presently have neutralized the estranging effect of the big house, could have made Dick forget that we were surrounded by other mansions, were not in a still wilderness.

But the big house enforced its obligations. People began to call, and I was taken into the same kind of life that I had been living all winter. I had hoped that I need not include Dick in any degree; but after all I had to prove to these new people that I had a husband. Dick could at least sit at his own table for the few dinners I meant to give; it was not as if I asked him to go to the dances.

When Mrs. Wainwright appeared to make her visit her husband accompanied her. He came rather apologetically, with Dick's secretary, Susy Westlake. It was a shame, he said, to let business break into Dick's vacation, but new things had come up. I professed and felt indignation, but again my conscience was lightened; it was not my fault if Dick was working after all the trouble I had taken to see that things were kept quiet for him. It didn't matter now how full the house was.

I did fill the house, pleased to show my Western friends how many important Eastern people found me worth while. And Dick and Mr. Wainwright smoked far too much, discussing with nervous faces and tense voices the necessity of this output, the precariousness of that contract. Very often Dick took his meals alone in his quiet tower; sometimes he had a table set for two on the screened porch, abandoned by me as too small, and there he would dine with Susy Westlake. He no longer drove, but sometimes he and she strolled along secluded paths where Dick could forget that he was in a fashionable resort, could be sensible only of the green and the stillness.

Susy Westlake went with the green and the stillness. She was the rare type of business woman who can be competent without bustle, keen without assertion. Her voice and movements were gentle. She wore the fawns and russet shades that went with her brown eyes and hair. Walking beside Dick she seemed able to efface herself when he needed perfect solitude, and to glide to the surface when he needed companionship. Even if he had not been a one-woman's man Dick would probably not have fallen in love with Susy Westlake. She was not the kind to inspire love, but rather gentle sentiment, regrets, and dreams which soared beyond her. She had the effect of making Dick remember, very poignantly, the sort of unspoiled girl I had been. Through Susy's quiet attentions and unspoken sympathy he realized how little I saw what had happened to him or to us; how far apart he and I had drifted.

It was poor Kate Sanderson who saved me. As I look back on the main crises of my married life it has nearly always been the experience of some other married couple that has either warned me of breakers ahead or pointed me out a safe channel. As I said, Kate and I ran neck and neck

(Concluded on Page 71)

Raisins in Candy

Luscious Flavors — Buy Them at Candy Shops

DELICIOUS, tender, juicy, Sun-Maid Raisins dipped in chocolate!

Sun-Maid Raisins in rich nougat! Sun-Maid chocolate bars! Scores of other rare confections are now built around these raisins.

You've never tasted candies that surpass them. The fruity flavor of the raisins lends an irresistible charm.

Go buy some of these candies just to prove how good they are.

Raisins as a fruit-food have always held first place. They add a fine food value to all candies.

They are 76% fruit sugar. They supply 1560 calories of energy per pound. They provide valuable food, mineral elements and fats.

So there's more than merely flavor to commend them. Better sweetmeats for the children never have been made.

Try these enticing raisin novelties that candy makers offer now. New flavors that you've never tried will delight you with these morsels.

Send raisin candies to your friends for a surprise.

Most good candy shops sell candies made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

Be sure you taste these dainty fruit confections.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership 9000 Growers
Fresno, California

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Made from Luscious Grapes

Sun-Maid Raisins are sun-cured California grapes—a tender, juicy, fragile kind, too delicate to ship to distant markets. They come to you as raisins because they can't come to you fresh. They make the finest raisins ever known.

That's why candy makers use them. That's why women prefer Sun-Maid Raisins for home cooking.

Buy a package of your grocer. Use them in *your* dishes, too.

Send for a copy of our new book—"100 Sun-Maid Recipes." We mail it free to any woman on request.

Always Buy This Brand

This trade mark identifies the brand. Sun-Maid Raisins. Three varieties: *Seeded* (seeds removed), blue package. *Seedless* (grown without seeds), red package. *Clusters* (on the stem), blue package.

To Candy Makers

Write us for suggestions for attractive candy specialties, made with raisins.

Sun-Maid Raisins are inexpensive and they take the place of sugar. Thousands now want raisin candies.

Ask for "Exclusive Sun-Maid Recipes"—tested formulas that make delicious goods.

Hundreds of candy makers are having marked success with Sun-Maid Raisins. Send for formulas today.

That Job Lost Us Money!

Not a pleasant experience, to find that your business is losing money. This realization may come as a surprise. For instance, a big order with apparently a good margin of profit. Then the sudden knowledge that the profits are not there!

Men who get this news want to find out two things as quickly as possible:

First, "Why didn't we make money?"

Second, "Why didn't we know we weren't going to make money?"

Only with a system which shows cost fluctuation, month by month or week by week, can selling figures be so governed that profit is assured. Only through such a system can the leaks be stopped which cause cost expenses to creep up into the profit margin.

Looking at the turning wheels and busy machinery of your factory or mill proves that something is happening, but if you want to know just what is happening, you must turn your eye away from the moving things and look at still figures on sheets of paper.

It is on paper that the drama of business is played. It is on the cost sheets that we see whether the machinery was grinding out pleasantness or tragedy—profits or loss.

So true is this that the very subject of cost accounting in itself is one on which many books have been written and which men study for years in order to master.

We do not pretend that the specimen forms of factory order slips, job sheets and [illegible] contained in the Hammermill Portfolios will offer solution for individual cost accounting problems. But these portfolios do show the adaptability of this excellent paper for carrying every kind of business record.

Write us, stating what your product is, and we will send you the portfolio you will find of greatest use. It will acquaint you with the quality and various finishes of Hammermill Bond, and as you see how this reliable, economical paper will meet your every printing need, you will appreciate why so many big concerns are using Hammermill Bond for all their office printing.

Your printer knows Hammermill Bond, and knows that standing instructions for its use will enable him to give you complete paper satisfaction on every job.

The complete set of Hammermill Portfolios will be sent to any printer who will write to us for them.

As a matter of war economy, and in coöperation with our Government, we have cut six colors from our line, and Hammermill Bond is now made in Pink, Blue, Green, Canary, Goldenrod, Buff and White—and in three finishes, producing a bond, a linen and a ripple effect

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Concluded from Page 68)

socially, and when Kate knew I was renting a place in Bar Harbor she got one too—bigger than mine. She wanted to make use of my social connections. In this I took a half-contemptuous satisfaction—one sign of my moral deterioration. Charlie had stayed West during most of the summer; Kate said she could not keep him away from business. All winter I had thought he looked harassed and even ill, and had sometimes suggested to Kate that she get a substitute like Ralph. But Charlie was a lovable person and an entertaining talker; I dare say Kate understood that he was a big social asset.

One day toward the end of August Kate called me up and asked me nervously to come to see her. I managed to cancel my engagements and run over, but I arrived later than I promised.

"I hoped you'd come earlier," Kate said, "because Charlie will be here presently ——"

"I'll go before he comes," I promised her. "Is anything wrong?"

"It's Charlie," she replied; "he hasn't answered any of my letters all summer. I'd think there was another woman if I did not know better. And to-day I had a telegram from his secretary saying he would arrive on that early afternoon train, and that I was to cancel all engagements, as he wished to see me."

We were sitting in her beautiful sun porch, and even while I was trying to reassure her the door opened, Charlie came in with a stony, fixed stare, threw a packet of papers on the table beside Kate, sat down opposite us and said: "Well, the jig's up! I'm done."

I rose to go, but Kate clutched me.

"You haven't failed - you and Dick?" she cried.

"Yep, I've failed!" Charlie said; "but not in the way you mean. The doctors have told me I'm due to rest a couple of years or go into a madhouse or die ——"

"Oh, nonsense," said Kate trembling; "they don't know what they're talking about!"

I stood there, uncertain whether to go or not.

"How about your not knowing what you're talking about?" said Charlie explosively. "How closely have you been watching my health? What do you know of the nights I haven't slept, of the days I couldn't think because my brainpan was turned into a red-hot cap?"

"A few weeks' rest ——" began Kate.

"Keep on your own side," said Charlie harshly; "I'm done; I know it; so I've sold out."

"Sold—out?" she gasped.

Again I tried to go, but Kate held me. Charlie acted as if I were not there.

"Oh, not everything; for instance, the big house is yours—deed in that envelope. There are bonds and stocks and safe investments that will keep you going. I'm off to-morrow."

"Off? Where?"

"To rest; to see if I can ever get well."

"I don't believe I can start to-morrow," calculated Kate. "Can you wait till next week? We can go ——"

"*We* are not going!" said Charlie. "Get that straight! You've everything you care for represented in those envelopes."

Then at last I did get away. I was sick with pity and fear. There had been something final in Charlie's manner. And indeed, from that time on, the two virtually separated. Later Charlie came back to her, but their married happiness was ended forever.

I am afraid I gave small thought to poor Kate that afternoon as I walked slowly homeward. It was not Kate and Charlie I was seeing, but Dick and myself.

Most women, I believe, wake up suddenly to a difficult marital situation and then look back and see that it may have been existing for some time, and that many significant little events prepared for it. The next step, if the woman has sufficient courage and common sense, is to ponder it carefully and to try to change it by the most effective method. When I had been over my ground again and again I went back to the big cottage, now grown so hateful to me. I was to have dined out, but I made my excuses, and then I had dinner laid for just Dick and me on the screened porch. I put on a gown Dick liked, and I set out to reconquer my own kingdom.

But from the very first moment when we sat down together, and when Dick realized that I had something to say to him, I saw that he did not mean to meet me in this crisis as he had in the others of our married life.

"Dick," I said, when the dessert had been carried away, "I don't know what has been wrong with me for two years. I've been blind—or mad. I haven't been your partner. I didn't see where I was going. But I'm sick to death of it all now. I want to start over ——"

I went round to his chair and knelt beside him, leaning my head against his arm. He did not touch me.

"Aren't you going to—help me, Dick?" I asked with a frightened gasp.

"I don't just see what I can do, Rhoda," he said gently and wearily.

He had a curiously passive and detached attitude. It was as if he were saying: "I don't know whether anything can be done or not. But you got us into this trouble; now get us out."

As I knelt there I had more real fear of my future than I ever had had. I saw that if my neglect had been intentional Dick might have forgiven me after a stormy scene. What he had felt most was my unawareness that anything was wrong, my selfish absorption in my own concerns which made me unable to see that he and I had no longer a life in common.

For a few moments I felt absolutely helpless and despairing. I had a momentary impulse to make the most of that helplessness, and trusting to Dick's chivalry to throw the burden of our restoration on him. But I knew that, suppose I did that and succeeded, the price I would have to pay would be too heavy; I would forfeit his respect. The only thing I could do would be to fight and win back alone.

"You can do this, Dick," I said with a vigor I was far from feeling: "Come with me up to the Kayes' cottage; they've left it already. It's only about seventy miles north of here. Just let us stay there alone. We can fish and tramp ——"

Dick moved the arm against which my head rested.

"I don't see how I can do that, Rhoda," he said half fretfully. "I'm used to it here now, and Susy Westlake can take my letters. We're going back in a couple of weeks anyhow. I plain don't want to move."

"Dick, if you'll do this for me," I pleaded, "I'll never again ask you to do another thing you don't want to as long as I live. Please! I don't deserve it, but be generous"

Dick gave in, but he was cross and nervous. He sat up too late that night doing some last work with Susy Westlake, and afterward slept badly. I spent the evening and half the night packing—not only clothes but stores. I was sure Helen Kaye would have left no food behind, and perhaps no blankets. As we drove away next morning Dick was as moody and disgruntled a man as ever was dragged off unwilling by his wife.

Never have I suffered as I did during the next two or three days. I felt much as does a girl on the point of being jilted—determined to act as if things were still right, determined to let none of her own conduct be at fault. I took on my shoulders the burdens of two. And burdens they were. It was not easy to do housework again; I soon found how much the fact of being waited on constantly had contributed to my selfishness. I thought entirely too much of my own comfort. But even then I realized that the drudgery was a help, for after I had got the breakfast out of the way the natural thing was to go in to where Dick was smoking and see what he wanted to do. The very facts of our camping-out made me put him first rather than myself.

I got him to go fishing and tramping with me. And oh, how hard it was to find things to talk about! There had been nothing in my interests for two years for which he cared anything, and I was all out of touch with his work. It was the topic of the war that saved me. Dick got interested in giving me a coherent account of the causes that had led to it.

Gradually I came to see that he had remained far more sensitive to the misery of the war than I had, and that his conscience had all along been offended by our spending so much money that had been drawn from war profits. Without talking much about the future of our spending, or the past, I got him to talk about the particular kinds of war relief in which he was interested. Then, gradually, I planned with him as to what we should do for war relief on a larger scale in the autumn.

After about a fortnight I ventured a personal talk again. We were sitting in the little living room, gay with Indian colors. A big fire was crackling on the hearth. Dick was smoking in front of it, looking more like his old self than he had since the war began. Then I once more ate humble pie, and added:

"What I want to do is sell or rent the big house and go back to our old home. The lease expires in October and we haven't renewed. We can build on that sun parlor and the sleeping porches ——"

"Why, you wouldn't be contented there," Dick protested; "you never really were."

That was a hard battle. I told Dick that I couldn't get where I wanted to if I had to keep the big house. Just to have it would mean too much entertaining and display. The old home wasn't just what I wanted, but it was the best place from which to begin again. But I found that Dick liked the men he went into town with on the train in winter; that he liked to be in touch with Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Cranston, and that he liked our grounds. I fancy, too, that the old house would have seemed cramped to him after the spaciousness of the new.

But the scent of battle was indeed in my nostrils. If I had to then I would build up the right kind of old associations in this new house. I began by reducing the number of servants, giving up forever a butler. I let all those I had go, and got, after considerable trouble, three who had already worked for us, and whom Dick liked. Then I took on some household duties myself. I refused every single invitation I had, even for woman things.

I went nowhere except to war-relief meetings, and whenever Dick came into the house he found me there.

But it was pretty hard to convince Dick, to make him see I was doing not only what was wise but what I preferred. Time and again I would think my battle over, only to find that I was mistaken. The division between us was a subtle thing. We talked together as we had three years before, and we saw a lot of the children, but often there would be a certain clashing-to of the gates of Dick's soul, just when I thought it was free to me. The fact was he had lost the finest kind of faith in me, and the rebirth of that sort of faith is slow.

I count my victory from the night when I tried to put him a little in the wrong.

"Dick," I said, when the spring days were coming on and we were sitting in the library where we could see the tulip beds just set out, "I've stopped the madness of spending. Won't you try to stop the madness of overwork?"

"I'm not overworking," he said in the keep-off voice husbands use when they are making the distinction "my job and yours."

"Well, when even Mrs. Cranston speaks of it, and when even Mr. Wainwright says there is no need, and when the children look at your face for permission to laugh ——"

Dick lowered his pipe.

"They don't do that, Rhoda?"

I pushed a footstool over and sat at his feet.

"Dick," I said, "do you know we're getting to be middle-aged? Yes; and don't you see that we've got to the point where we must get all the new fresh interests we can, and develop them together ——"

Dick scraped his chair half impatiently.

"I wasn't going to say for the sake of our love," I went on, "though there's that; but I was going to say for the sake of our minds and souls. Think over the people we know who've come to midchannel days. Even when marriage has been successful, and finances are all right, isn't there something lacking with a lot of them? Aren't they narrow or old in feeling? I'm afraid people have got to work to keep youth in their hearts, just as much as a beauty has to work to keep it in her face. I'm afraid at midchannel time people can't risk either overemphasis or underemphasis; they have to look after balance and sanity as they never did before."

"You're getting to be a regular platform preacher," Dick said; "this means old-friend golf again, and tennis. All right. I guess you're all right, dear."

He bent down and kissed me, and somehow I knew that, perhaps without realizing it, he had taken me back fully. Just a few nights later we had a brief talk which was perhaps the frankest of our married life. We had come back from the golf course and were out looking at the garden.

"Well, old girl," Dick said as we were walking by the tulip bed, "you've made good, all right."

"Dick," I said slowly, "do you know that you touch there the hardest thing a woman meets in adaptation to married life—not being told by her husband that she's made good so much as the knowledge that he sets the standards for the making good, provides the interpretations. She has to succeed by his standards, not her own"

While Dick considered this I asked: "What is hardest for a man?"

"I believe," he said, "it is the fact that he is accustomed in his daily work to efficiency; he goes after it and gets it by the most direct method. Now he wants his wife to be a capable executive, and yet he can't get that by the direct methods he uses in other places. Chivalry stands in the way and confuses some of his decisions. That gets on his nerves. Yes, I believe that's his biggest hurdle."

We had the sense of having made a big discovery in married life. What was more important, we could discuss it impersonally; that proved how well we marched in accord.

Marriage isn't just a state of wedlock. Some fifteen years of marriage have convinced me that it is not to be regarded as the common lot, or as a reward for happiness, or as a mere state of wedlock, but as a business, and one that has more unforeseen checks and accidents than any other in the world, because in no other does the factor of self so constantly obtrude. It is a business that exacts unremitting attention if it is going to declare enough dividends to support, spiritually and mentally, the two stockholders.

If this attention is given by both parties to the contract, then that longing for perfection called love may become enduring and lifelong, may beautify and enhance the existence of each—that is, the dreams with which they set out on the marriage day may in the end come true.

THE END

J. I. CASE PLOWS

THE famous J. I. Case Tractor Plow combines scientific design with quality construction in a way that produces extreme light draft.

In this plow the "drag" of furrow bottom and land side pressure has been eliminated. Besides all the weight of the frame is carried on famous J. I. Case dust-proof wheels.

That's why this Tractor Plow "rides" like a wheeled vehicle instead of dragging like a stone boat. That's also why more acres per day and deeper plowing are possible — and *extreme fuel economy* is attained.

In addition, the J. I. Case Tractor Plow is easily handled from the seat of the tractor; has a simple, sturdy power lift; and enters and leaves the ground instantly, points first, like a walking plow. Thus less labor is required and a more uniform quality of work is done. The tractor is made a more profitable investment.

Your J. I. Case dealer will gladly explain the foregoing features and many others which have resulted from nearly half a century of specialized plow building experience.

J. I. Case Horse Drawn Plows

Sulky, Gang, Walker models. World's lightest draft. Flexible beam and "floating" bottom insure uniform penetration and prevent shares from breaking. Strong, dependable, convenient. See your J. I. Case dealer, or write us.

J. I. CASE PLOW WORKS 1001 Mead Street **Racine, Wisc.**

Branches at

Dallas, Texas Kansas City, Mo. Minneapolis, Minn. Washington, D. C. Denver, Colo.
Oklahoma City, Okla. Indianapolis, Ind. St. Louis, Mo. Omaha, Neb.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

WALLIS

America's Foremost Tractor

IN order to select the right tractor, it is no longer necessary to be a mechanical engineer. Simply look at the tractor. If you see the name WALLIS, you need make no further investigation. It is a safe buy—the best tractor investment you can possibly make.

Wallis was first to combine successfully great power, light weight and durability.

The Wallis "U" frame was an innovation—a revolutionary tractor idea. So was the Wallis idea of completely enclosing all gears, including the final drive. So is the Wallis motor and transmission which, in quality of material and workmanship, can only be compared to that of the finest aeroplane or automobile.

These and other advanced mechanical ideas are what enabled the Wallis tractor to break all records in low-cost-per-acre plowing—all over this country and abroad.

See the Wallis—America's Foremost Tractor. Write us for the name of the dealer in your locality.

A copy of the latest Wallis catalog—fully illustrated will be mailed you, on request.

J. I. CASE PLOW WORKS 1001 Mead Street **Racine, Wisc.**

Sales Agents for Wallis Tractors

BRANCHES: Dallas, Texas · Kansas City, Mo. · Denver, Colo. · Omaha, Neb. · Minneapolis, Minn. · Oklahoma City, Okla. · St. Louis, Mo. · Indianapolis, Ind. · Washington, D. C.

DISTRIBUTORS EVERYWHERE

Christian Science At Work

A man is known by the work he does. A good tree brings forth good fruit.

In **The Christian Science Monitor** you see Christian Science at work. You realize what Truth and Principle can do when applied to a daily newspaper.

The record of world happenings is given exactly, clearly, and with just balance.

Highly interesting—for its readers know that the news and comments given in the Monitor have a real bearing upon their thought and lives.

The Christian Science Monitor is **$9.00** a year by mail, or may be obtained at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for **75c**; a single copy for **3c** stamp.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.

Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature

DEAF

The Wonderful 1918 Acousticon

With the New Small Ear Piece Will Make You Hear!

There is no longer any need for you to hear imperfectly, for straining to hear or being conspicuous [illegible]. Over a quarter million deaf people [illegible] hearing clearly with the Acousticon. Since the [illegible] new 1918 Acousticon it is smaller, [illegible] whose photo appears above, and we [illegible] to any deaf person who is hard of hearing to accept [illegible] at our expense and entirely at our risk the

1918 Acousticon

FOR TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

NO DEPOSIT—NO EXPENSE

All we ask is that you give it a fair trial in your own home amid familiar surroundings.

If it does not make you hear, we want it back [illegible]. That's the only kind we now have. Write for your FREE TRIAL today

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1301 Candler Bldg., New York
Canadian Address, 621 New Birks Bldg., Montreal

BE WISE TRAPPERS

Get more cash for your furs by [illegible] to Hill Bros. Co.—Largest Growing Fur House in America.

We Charge No Commission

Try us—let us prove our claims.

FREE [illegible]

HILL BROS. FUR CO. 404 HILL BLDG. ST. LOUIS, MO.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME [illegible] manufacturers of Handker Sets and Dress Goods, [illegible] Freeport Mfg Co., 76 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE MARNE

(Continued from Page 5)

"They can't touch us. This isn't our war, young man."

"It may be by the time I'm grown up," Troy persisted, burning redder.

"Well," returned the senator good-humoredly, "you'll have to hurry, for the economists all say it can't last more than a year longer. Lord Reading told me ——"

"There's been misery enough, in all conscience!" sighed a lady, playing with her pearls.

And Mr. Belknap added gravely: "By the time Troy grows up I hope wars and war talk will be over for good and all."

"Oh, well—at his age every fellow wants to go out and kill something," remarked one of his uncles sympathetically.

Troy shuddered at the well-meant words "To go out and kill something!" They thought he regarded the war as a sport, just as they regarded it as a moving-picture show! As if anyone who had had even a glimpse of it could ever again think with joy of killing! His boy's mind was sorely exercised to define the urgent emotions with which it labored. To save France—that was the clear duty of the world as he saw it. But none of these kindly careless people about him knew what he meant when he said France. Bits of M. Gantier's talk came back to him, embodying that meaning:

"Whatever happens, keep your mind keen and clear; open as many windows on the universe as you can."

To Troy France had been the biggest of those windows.

The young tutor had never declaimed about his country; he had simply told her story and embodied her ideals in his own impatient, questioning and yet ardent spirit. "*Le monde est aux enthousiastes*," he had once quoted; and he had shown Troy how France had always been alive in every fiber and how her inexhaustible vitality had been perpetually nourished on criticism, analysis and dissatisfaction.

"Self-satisfaction is death," he had said; "France is the phœnix country, always rising from the ashes of her recognized mistakes."

Troy felt what a wonderful help it must be to have that long rich past in one's blood. Every stone that France had carved, every song she had sung, every new idea she had struck out, every beauty she had created in her thousand fruitful years—was a tie between her and her children. These things were more glorious than her battles, for it was because of them that all civilization was bound up in her, and that nothing that concerned her could concern her only.

■

"IT SEEMS too absurd," said Mrs. Belknap; "but Troy will be eighteen this week. And that means," she added with a sigh, "that this horrible war has been going on for three whole years. Do you remember, dearest, your fifteenth birthday was on the very day that odious archduke was assassinated? We had a picnic on the Morteratsch."

"Oh, dear," cried Sophy Wicks, flinging her tennis racket into the air with a swing that landed it in the middle of the empty court, "perhaps that's the reason he's never stopped talking about the war for a single minute since!"

Round the big tea table under the trees there was a faint hush of disapproval. A year before Sophy Wicks' airy indifference to the events that were agitating the world had amused some people and won the frank approval of others. She did not exasperate her friends by professions of pacifism, she simply declared that the war bored her; and after three years of vain tension, of effort in the void, something in the baffled American heart whispered that, things being as they were, she was perhaps right.

But now things were no longer as they had been. Looking back, Troy surveyed the gradual development of the war feeling as it entered into a schoolboy's range of vision. He had begun to notice the change before the sinking of the Lusitania. Even in the early days, when his school fellows had laughed at him and called him Marny, some of them had listened to him and imitated him. It had become the fashion to have a collection of war trophies from the battlefields. The boys' sisters were adopting war orphans at long distance, and when Troy went home for the holidays he heard more and more talk of war charities, and noticed that the funds collected were no longer raised by dancing and fancy balls. People who used the war as an opportunity to have fun were beginning to be treated almost as coldly as the pacifists.

But the two great factors in the national change of feeling were the Lusitania and the training camps.

The Lusitania showed America what the Germans were, Plattsburg tried to show her the only way of dealing with them.

Both events called forth a great deal of agitated discussion, for if they focused the popular feeling for war they also gave the opponents of war in general a point of departure for their arguments. For a while feeling ran high and Troy, listening to the heated talk at his parents' table, perceived with disgust and wonder that at the bottom of the anti-war sentiment—whatever specious impartiality it put on—there was always the odd belief that life in itself—just the mere raw fact of being alive—was the one thing that mattered, and getting killed the one thing to be avoided.

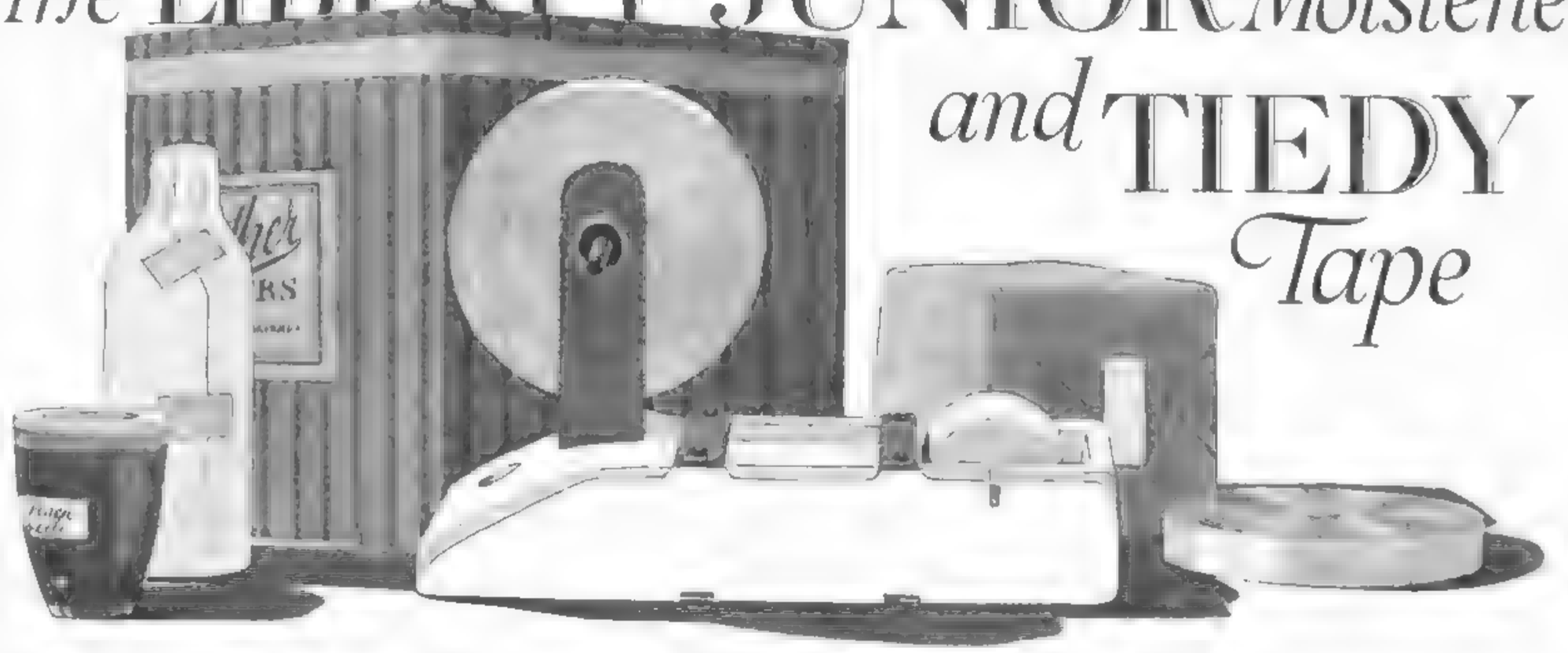
This new standard of human dignity plunged Troy into the lowest depths of pessimism. And it bewildered him as much as it disgusted him, since it did away at a stroke with all that gave any interest to the fact of living. It killed romance, it killed poetry and adventure, it took all the meaning out of history and conduct and civilization. There had never been anything worth while in the world that had not had to be died for, and it was as clear as day that a world which no one would die for could never be a world worth being alive in.

Luckily most people did not require to reason the matter out in order to feel as Troy did, and in the long run the Lusitania and Plattsburg won the day. America tore the gag of neutrality from her lips, and with all the strength of her liberated lungs claimed her right to a place in the struggle. The pacifists crept into their holes, and only Sophy Wicks remained unconverted.

Troy Belknap, tall and shy and awkward, lay at her feet and blushed and groaned inwardly at her wrongheadedness. All the other girls were war mad; with the rupture of diplomatic relations the country had burst into flame, and with the declaration of war the flame had become a conflagration. And now having at last a

(Continued on Page 77)

The LIBERTY JUNIOR Moistener and TIEDY Tape



Something New—worth while

In the Store
Sealing packages and bottles.
Repairing torn labels.
Repairing broken packages.
Sealing Christmas packages.
Labelling canisters and shelves.
Attaching signs to windows.
Useful on odd shaped bundles.
Sealing packages of poisons.
Labelling old books and files.
Making boxes airtight.

In the Office
Sealing private papers or files.
Sealing express packages.
Labelling odd packages.
Labelling letter folders.
Mailing small coins.
Repairing torn folders.
Making paper cuffs.
Repairing old books.
Labelling filing cases.
Labelling or sealing mailing tubes.

In the Home
Sealing moth proof packages.
Wrapping Christmas packages.
Labelling jams and jellies.
Repairing torn patterns.
Labelling linen closets.
Repairing toys and books.
Making seed tape for gardens.
Sealing rooms for fumigation.
Sealing bottles or packages.
Repairing pictures and ornaments.

A folder containing illustrations showing some of the uses for "Tiedy Tape" sent on request.

WORTH while because the Liberty Junior Moistener and Tiedy Tape have a countless number of time and money saving uses.

Tiedy Tape, the gummed tape that sticks tight, used in the Liberty Junior Moistener, is useful for the store, office or home. A few of the uses are mentioned at the left. You can think of numerous others.

The Liberty Junior Moistener besides moistening Tiedy Tape is also useful for other moistening purposes, such as moistening stamps, envelope flaps, labels and gummed surfaces of all descriptions. It is made of white porcelain and brass heavily nickel plated. Good looking and at the same time clean and sanitary. (Price, without tape, $1.50.)

Tiedy Tape is furnished in rolls of various colors, 250 ft. in length, ¾ to 2 in. in width. Rolls cost from 12 cents up.

For the manufacturer

Our large machine, the Liberty Tape Moistener and Liberty Tape are used by the country's largest manufacturers for sealing corrugated and fibre board cases. The Liberty Tape Moistener accommodates tape up to four inches in width. Liberty Tape can be furnished in any width, color or weight. Printed with your advertising matter in our own printing plant if desired. Samples of Liberty Tape furnished on request. The Liberty Tape Moistener will be sent prepaid on receipt of five dollars.

The Liberty products are handled by most first class stationers and paper dealers. If, however, you cannot conveniently obtain same, fill out corner coupon and send with $1.80 and we will ship, prepaid, a Liberty Junior Moistener and two rolls of Tiedy Tape.

LIBERTY PAPER COMPANY
52 Vanderbilt Avenue New York, N. Y.
Mills: Bellows Falls, Vt.

for the STORE

OFFICE

HOME

COUPON

LIBERTY PAPER COMPANY
52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please ship one Liberty Junior Moistener and two rolls Tiedy Tape. I enclose $1.80
Name
Address

SAVE W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SERVE

Sit! Stoop! Jump! Walk! Run!

Every action is wonderfully free and easy in Superior!

There's no gripping, no binding, no wrinkling, no bunching! It's the Active Man's Underwear—built for *action*, built to give free play and sway to active muscles and minds. And truly, men, Superior is your best bet in these war times—it's the Perfect Union Suit, rip, wear and tub-proof, made to stand the strains. That is why it is just as easy on your pocketbook as it is on your person.

Go today to a Superior Service Store and be fitted the Superior Comfort Way—by *tape measure*, not by "guess measure." Whether you are stout, slim, tall or short, whether your calling keeps you indoors or out, from bank doors to waxed floors, you'll find just the garment that gives you that snug, warm, fit-as-a-fiddle feeling you want—for there's a Superior for every purse, purpose and person.

Your Superior dealer's name and Superior Union Suit Guide for this season, containing samples of light, medium and heavy weight cotton, lisle and worsted fabrics, sent free on request. The Superior Underwear Company, Piqua, Ohio.

Superior

THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

Here's seat satisfaction for you!

Superior's buttonless, gapless seat banishes all underwear discomforts and the "button-button-who's-got-the-button" game after the return from a rub in the tub. It's the seat that opens when you want it open and stays closed when you want it closed.

(Continued from Page 74)

definite and personal concern in the affair everyone was not only happier but more sensible than when a perpetually thwarted indignation had had to expend itself in vague philanthropy.

It was a peculiar cruelty of Fate that made Troy feel Miss Wicks' indifference more than the zeal of all the other young women gathered about the Belknap tennis court. In spite of everything he found her more interesting, more inexhaustible, more "his size," as they said at school, than any of the gay young war goddesses who sped their tennis balls across the Belknap court.

It was a Long Island Sunday in June. A caressing warmth was in the air and a sea breeze stirred the tops of the lime branches. The smell of fresh haycocks blew across the lawn, and a sparkle of blue water and a dipping of white sails showed through the trees beyond the hayfields.

Mrs. Belknap smiled indulgently on the pleasant scene; her judgment of Sophy Wicks was less severe than that of the young lady's contemporaries. What did it matter if a chit of eighteen, having taken up a foolish attitude, was too self-conscious to renounce it?

"Sophy will feel differently when she has nursed some of our own soldiers in a French base hospital," she said, addressing herself to the disapproving group.

The young girl raised her merry eyebrows. "Who'll stay and nurse granny if I go to a French base hospital? Troy, will you?" she suggested.

The other girls about the tea table laughed. Though they were only Troy's age, or younger, they did not mind his being teased, for he seemed only a little boy to them, now that they all had friends or brothers in the training camps or on the way to France. Besides, though they disapproved of Sophy's tone her argument was unanswerable. They knew that her precocious wisdom and self-confidence had been acquired at the head of her grandmother's household, and that there was no one else to look after poor old paralytic Mrs. Wicks and the orphan brothers and sisters to whom Sophy was mother and guardian.

Two or three of the young men present were in uniform, and one of them, Mrs. Belknap's nephew, had a captain's double bar on his shoulder. What did Troy Belknap and Sophy Wicks matter to young women playing a last tennis match with heroes on their way to France?

The game began again with much noise and cheerful wrangling. Mrs. Belknap walked toward the house to welcome a group of visitors, and Miss Wicks remained beside the tea table, alone with Troy. She was leaning back in a wide basket chair, her thin ankles in white openwork stockings thrust out under her short skirt, her arms locked behind her thrown-back head. Troy lay on the ground and plucked at the tufts of grass at his elbow. Why was it that with all the currents of vitality flowing between this group of animated girls and youths he could feel no nearness but hers? The feeling was not particularly agreeable, but there was no shaking it off; it was like a scent that has got into one's clothes. He was not sure that he liked her, but he wanted to watch her, to listen to her, to defend her against the mockery and criticism in the eyes of the others. At this point his powers of analysis gave out and his somewhat extensive vocabulary failed him. After all, he had to fall back on the stupid old school phrase: She was "his size"—that was all.

"Why do you always say the war bores you?" he asked abruptly, without looking up.

"Because it does, my boy; and so do you, when you hold forth about it."

He was silent, and she touched his arm with the tip of her swinging tennis shoe. "Don't you see, Troy, it's not our job—not just now, anyhow. So what's the use of always jawing about it?"

She jumped up, recovered her racket, and ran to take her place in a new set beside Troy's cousin, the captain.

VI

IT WAS not his job—that was the bitter drop in all the gladness.

At last what Troy longed for had come—his country was playing her part. And he, who had so watched and hoped and longed for the divine far-off event, had talked of it early and late, to old and young, had got himself laughed at, scolded, snubbed, ridiculed, nicknamed, commemorated in a school-magazine skit in which "Marne" and "yarn" and "oh, darn" formed the refrain of a lyric beginning "Oh say, have you heard Belknap flap in the breeze?" He, who had borne all the scoldings and all the ridicule, sustained by a mysterious secret faith in the strength of his cause, now saw that cause triumph, and all his country waving with flags and swarming with khaki, while he had to stand aside and look on, because his coming birthday was only his nineteenth. He remembered the anguish of regret with which he had seen M. Gantier leave St. Moritz to join his regiment, and thought now with passionate envy of his tutor's fate. "*Dulce et decorum est* . . ." The old hackneyed phrase had taken on a beauty that filled his eyes with tears.

Eighteen—and nothing doing till he was twenty-one! He could have killed the cousins and uncles strutting about in uniform and saying: "Don't fret, old man—there's lots of time. The war is sure to last another four years."

To say that, and laugh—how little they must know of what war meant!

It was an old custom in the Belknap family to ask Troy what he wanted for his birthday. The custom, according to tradition, had originated on his sixth anniversary, when, being given a rabbit with ears that wiggled, he had grown very red and stammered out: "I did so want a 'cyclopedia!

Since then he had always been consulted on the subject with a good deal of ceremony, and had spent no little time and thought in making a judicious choice in advance. But this year his choice took no thinking over.

"I want to go to France," he said immediately.

"To France?"

It instantly struck his keen ears that there was less surprise than he had feared in Mr. Belknap's voice.

"To France, my boy? The Government doesn't encourage foreign travel just now."

"I want to volunteer in the Foreign Legion," said Troy, feeling as if the veins of his forehead would burst.

Mrs. Belknap groaned, but Mr. Belknap retained his composure.

"My dear chap, I don't think you know much about the Foreign Legion. It's a pretty rough berth for a fellow like you. And they're as likely as not," he added carelessly, "to send you to Morocco or the Kamerun."

Troy knowing this to be true hung his head.

"Now," Mr. Belknap continued, taking advantage of his silence, "my counter proposition is that you should go to Brazil for three months with your Uncle Tom Jarvice, who is being sent down there on a big engineering job. It's a wonderful opportunity to see the country—see it like a prince, too, for he'll have a special train at his disposal. Then, when you come back," he continued, his voice weakening a little under the strain of Troy's visible inattention, "we'll see."

"See what?"

"Well—I don't know. A camp—till it's time for Harvard."

"I want to go to France at once, father," said Troy, with the voice of a man.

"To do what?" wailed his mother.

"Oh, any old thing—drive an ambulance," Troy struck out at random.

"But, dearest," she protested, "you could never even learn to drive a car!"

"That's only because it never interested me."

"But one of those huge ambulances—you'll be killed!"

"Father!" exclaimed Troy, in a tone that seemed to say "Aren't we out of the nursery, at least?"

"Don't talk to him like that, Josephine," said Mr. Belknap, visibly wishing that he knew how to talk to his son himself, but perceiving that his wife was on the wrong tack.

"Don't you see, father, that there's no use talking at all? I'm going to get to France, anyhow."

"In defiance of our wishes?"

"Oh, you'll forget all that later," said Troy.

Mrs. Belknap began to cry, and her husband turned on her.

"My dear, you're really—really —— I understand Troy!" he blurted out, his veins swelling too.

"But if the Red Cross is to send you on that mission to Italy, why shouldn't Troy wait and go as your secretary?" Mrs. Belknap said, tacking skillfully.

Mr. Belknap, who had not yet made up his mind to accept the mission, made it up

Monito HOSIERY

A Safe Sign to Follow

IT locates the most satisfying Hosiery made for Men and Women; and identifies the Shop displaying it as the home of Hosiery quality.

Monito Hosiery is the product of artisans who are paid a premium for improving their work; and is made in a factory where quality wins more approbation than quantity.

It is the Hosiery with distinctive individuality. We are aiming to make Monito Hosiery "yours for life"—so we must make it surpassingly good.

In Silk—Silk and Lisle—Lisle
For Sale everywhere by the best Shops

Moorhead Knitting Company, Inc., Harrisburg, Penna.

PUT *REAL ENAMEL* ON YOUR CAR

GET the original and genuine auto *enamel*, Effecto, the high-luster, quick-drying, easy-working, self-leveling and long-lasting automobile finish. Be sure you get Effecto. It is more durable than the finish on many new cars. There is no other like it.

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

A coat or two of any of the seven attractive enamel colors will transform your old car and save you many dollars. Keep a can of the Black on hand, for touching up fenders, engine and chassis. Effecto Top & Seat Dressing will renew and waterproof your old top as well as all upholstery. Dries in fifteen minutes.

Send for Color Card and Name of Local Dealer

Sold by paint, hardware and accessory stores. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, address 91 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Get the Original and Genuine Auto ENAMEL

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Quality Made the Name Patrick Famous

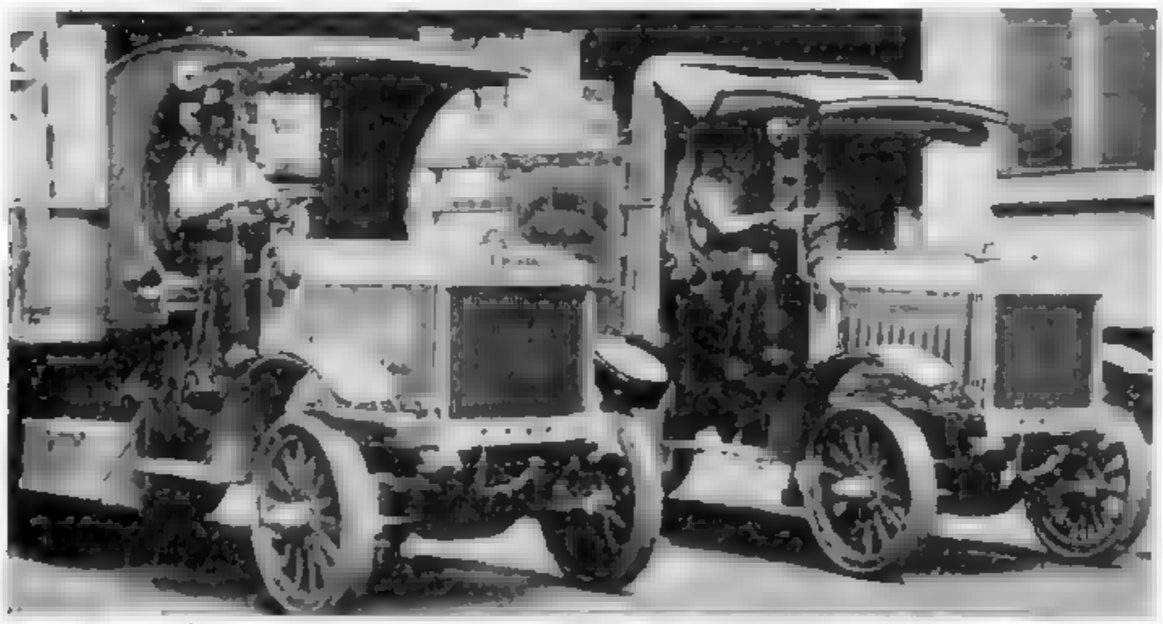
PEOPLE everywhere call these Mackinaw styles simply, "My Patrick." But Patrick means much more. We make Great Coats, Sweaters, Blankets, Sportsmen's Garments and various other all-wool products. All of this same famous quality—"Bigger than Weather."

While the Patrick Mills are producing a large supply of goods for the Government, they have been permitted to manufacture a limited quantity for their dealers. This supply is all in the hands of our dealers now.

This Patrick Label on Mackinaw, Great Coat, Sweater, Cap, Stocking, Robe or Blanket, means *all pure wool* Write for the new catalog showing many styles. We will direct you to some high-grade dealer.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills

212 Commerce St. Duluth, Minn.



Riker Trucks owned by Harvey Hubbell Inc., of Bridgeport, used to haul the famous "Hubbell Pull Sockets"

RIKER

TRUCKS

ARE

BUILT BY

THE LOCOMOBILE CO.

OF AMERICA · *Bridgeport, Conn.*

on the instant. "Yes, Troy—why not? I shall be going myself—in a month or so."

"I want to go to France," said his son. And he added, laughing with sudden courage: "You see, you've never refused me a birthday present yet."

VII

FRANCE again—France at last! As the cliffs grew green across the bay he could have knelt to greet them; as he hurried down the gangplank with the eager, jostling crowd he could have kissed the sacred soil they were treading.

The very difficulties and delays of the arrival thrilled and stimulated him, gave him a keener sense of his being already a humble participant in the conflict. Passports, identification papers, sharp interrogatories, examinations, the enforced surrendering of keys and papers—how different it all was from the old tame easy landings, with the noiseless motor waiting at the dock, and France lying safe and open before them whichever way they chose to turn!

On the way over many things had surprised and irritated him—not least the attitude of some of his fellow passengers. The boat swarmed with young civilians, too young for military service, or having, for some more or less valid reason, been exempted from it. They were all pledged to some form of relief work and all overflowing with zeal. "France" was as often on their lips as on Troy's. But some of them seemed to be mainly concerned with questions of uniform and rank. The steamer seethed with wrangles and rivalries between their various organizations, and now and then the young crusaders seemed to lose sight of the object of their crusade—as had too frequently been the case with their predecessors.

Very few of the number knew France or could speak French, and most of them were full of the importance of America's mission. This was Liberty's chance to enlighten the world; and all these earnest youths apparently regarded themselves as her chosen torchbearers.

"We must teach France efficiency," they all said with a glowing condescension.

The women were even more sure of their mission; and there were plenty of them, middle-aged as well as young, in uniform, too, cock-hatted, badged and gaitered—though most of them, apparently, were going to sit in the offices of Paris war charities; and Troy had never noticed that Frenchwomen had donned khaki for that purpose.

"France must be purified," these young Columbias proclaimed. "Frenchmen must be taught to respect women. We must protect our boys from contamination—the dreadful theaters, and the novels, and the boulevards. Of course, we mustn't be hard on the French, for they've never known home life of the family—but we must show them. We must set the example."

Troy, sickened by their blatancy, had kept to himself for the greater part of the trip; but during the last days he had been drawn into talk by a girl who reminded him of Miss Wicks, though she was in truth infinitely prettier. The evenings below decks were long, and he sat at her side in the saloon and listened to her.

Her name was Hinda Warlick, and she came from the Middle West. He gathered from her easy confidences that she was singing in a suburban church choir while waiting for a vaudeville engagement. Her studies had probably been curtailed by the need of preparing a repertoire, for she appeared to think that Joan of Arc was a Revolutionary hero who had been guillotined with Marie Antoinette for blowing up the Bastille; and her notions of French history did not extend beyond this striking episode. But she was ready and eager to explain France to Troy, and to the group of young men who gathered about her, listening to her piercing accents and gazing into her deep blue eyes.

"We must carry America right into the heart of France—for she has got a great big splendid heart, in spite of everything," Miss Warlick declared. "We must teach her to love children and home and the outdoor life; and you American boys must teach the young Frenchmen to love their mothers. You must set the example. Oh, boys, do you know what my ambition is? It's to organize an Old Home Week just like ours, all over France, from Harver right down to Marseilles. And all through the devastated regions too. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could get General Pershing to let us keep Home Week right up at the Front, at Eep and Leal and Rams, and all those martyr cities—right close up in the trenches? So that even the Germans would see us and hear us, and perhaps learn from us too? For you know we mustn't despair of teaching even the Germans!"

Troy as he crept away heard one young man, pink and shockheaded, murmur shyly to the prophetess: "Hearing you say this has made it all so clear to me." And an elderly gentleman, adjusting his eyeglasses, added with nasal emphasis: "Yes, Miss Warnick has expressed in a very lovely way what we all feel—that America's mission is to contribute the human element to this war."

"Oh, good God!" Troy groaned, crawling to his darkened cabin. He remembered M. Gantier's phrase, "Self-satisfaction is death," and felt a sudden yearning for Sophy Wicks' ironic eyes and her curt "What's the use of jawing?"

He had been for six months on his job, and was beginning to know something about it—to know, for instance, that Nature had never meant him for an ambulance driver. Nevertheless, he had stuck to his task with such a dogged determination to succeed that after several months about the Paris hospitals he was beginning to be sent to exposed sectors.

His first sight of the desolated country he had traversed three years earlier roused old memories of the Gantier family, and he wrote once more to their little town, but again without result. Then one day he was sent to a sector of the Vosges which was held by American troops. His heart was beating hard as the motor rattled over the hills, through villages empty of their inhabitants, like those of the Marne, but swarming with big fair-haired soldiers. The land lifted and dipped again, and he saw ahead of him the ridge once crowned by M. Gantier's village, and the wall of the terraced garden, with the hornbeam arbor putting forth its early green. Everything else was in ruins—pale, weather-bleached ruins over which the rains and suns of three years had passed effacingly. The church, once so firm and foursquare on the hill, was now a mere tracery against the clouds: the hospice roofless, the houses all gutted and bulging, with black smears of smoke on their inner walls. At the head of the street a few old women and children were hoeing vegetables before a row of tin-roofed shanties, and a Y. M. C. A. hut flew the Stars and Stripes across the way.

Troy jumped down and began to ask questions. At first the only person who recognized the name of Gantier was an old woman too frightened and feeble-minded to answer intelligibly. Then a French territorial, who was hoeing with the women, came forward. He belonged to the place and knew the story.

"M. Gantier—the old gentleman? He was mayor, and the Germans took him. He died in Germany. The young girl—Mlle. Gantier—was taken with him. No, she's not dead. . . . I don't know. . . . . She's shut up somewhere in Germany queer in the head, they say. . . . . The sons—ah, you knew Monsieur Paul? He went first . . . . What, the others? . . . Yes; the three others—Louis at Notre Dame de Lorette; Jean on a submarine; poor little Félix, the youngest, of the fever at Saloniki. *Voilà*. . . . The old lady? Ah, she and her sister went away—some charitable people took them, I don't know where. I've got the address somewhere."

He fumbled, and brought out a strip of paper on which was written the name of a town in the center of France.

"There's where they were a year ago. . . . Yes, you may say, there's a family gone wiped out. How often I've seen them all sitting there, laughing and drinking coffee under the arbor! They were not rich, but they were happy, and proud of each other. That's over."

He went back to his hoeing.

After that, whenever Troy Belknap got back to Paris, he hunted for the surviving Gantiers. For a long time he could get no trace of them; then he remembered his old governess, Mme. Lebuc, for whom Mrs. Belknap had found employment in a refugee bureau.

He ran down Mme. Lebuc, who was still at her desk in the same big room, facing a row of horsehair benches packed with tired people waiting their turn for a clothing ticket or a restaurant card.

Mme. Lebuc had grown much older, and her filmy eyes peered anxiously through

(Continued on Page 81)

-gets 'em up in the morning!

THERE'RE no lazy young laggards when Aunt Jemima pancakes are on the morning bill-of-fare. It's a bright-and-early rush out from under the covers and a pell-mell race to the breakfast table —double-quick!

And no wonder! The thought of these fluffy, fragrant, golden brown pancakes is enough to make anybody's appetite hop-skip-and-jump. Never have you tasted pancakes so rich and smooth in flavor, so light and tender, so downright pleasing to the palate, so wholly satisfying to the inner man!

Breakfast right on time *every time* —that's another thing. And a perfect breakfast every time, too—for Aunt Jemima pancakes always turn out just right.

Aunt Jemima flour is *complete—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it and so rich it needs no eggs.*

All that is required is the simple addition of water, and in two short minutes the pancakes are ready and on the table.

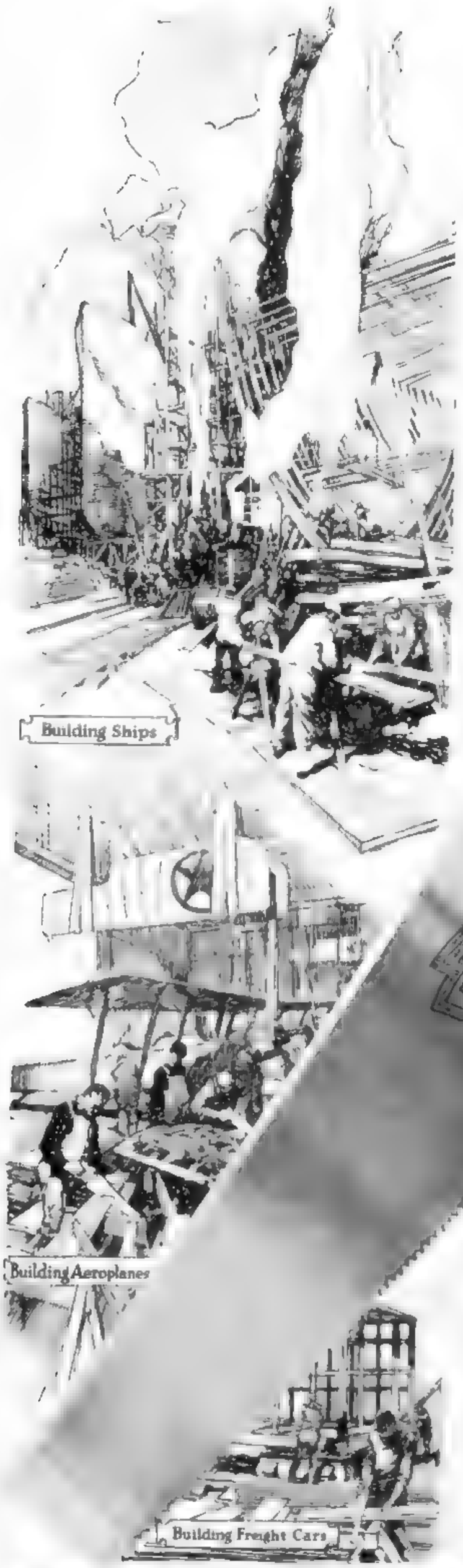
Have these famous pancakes tomorrow. The minute you taste them you will know why America served 120 million Aunt Jemima breakfasts last year. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

Waffles, muffins and breadsticks made with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour are wonderfully delicious. Try them.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Copyright, 1918, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.



DISSTON

TRADE MARK

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Back up the Boys in France
Buy W. S. S. Regularly

The Right Arm of the Nation

Ships and more ships; aeroplanes and more aeroplanes; cars and more cars—these are America's needs. And the strong right arm of the Nation is building them. Thousands and thousands of Disston Saws, used by the strong right arms of skilled craftsmen, are contributing to the work. These men know that they can depend upon the unvarying Disston quality.

The Disston is

The Saw Most Carpenters Use

We make saws for all purposes. Seventy-eight years of earnest manufacturing effort are back of them—and if there were a better way to make saws and tools, that way would be employed in the Disston plant. Every Disston Saw and Tool is made from steel manufactured for the purpose by Henry Disston & Sons—because no other kind would do. Disston Saws and Tools are sold by progressive hardware dealers the world over.

Send today for the free Disston Handbook on Saws, and learn how to select, use and care for the Disston Saws and Tools

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC., PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

Canadian Works: TORONTO, CANADA

Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans, Memphis, Seattle, Portland, Ore., Bangor, Me., Vancouver, B. C., Sydney, Australia

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

(Continued from Page 78)

large spectacles before she recognized Troy. Then, after tears and raptures, he set forth his errand, and she began to peer again anxiously, shuffling about the bits of paper on the desk and confusing her records hopelessly.

"Why, is that you?" cried a gay young voice.

And there, on the other side of the room, sat one of the young war goddesses of the Belknap tennis court, trim, uniformed, important, with a row of bent backs in shabby black before her desk.

"Ah, Miss Batchford will tell you—she's so quick and clever."

Mme. Lebuc sighed, resigning herself to chronic bewilderment.

Troy crossed to the other desk. An old woman sat before it, in threadbare mourning, a crape veil on her twitching head. She spoke in a low voice, slowly, taking a long time to explain; each one of Miss Batchford's quick questions put her back, and she had to begin all over again.

"Oh, these refugees!" cried Miss Batchford, stretching a bangled arm above the crape veil to clasp Troy's hand. "Do sit down, Mr. Belknap. *Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît,*" she said, not too unkindly, to the old woman; and added to Troy: "There's no satisfying them."

At the sound of Troy's name the old woman had turned her twitching head, putting back her veil. Her eyes met Troy's, and they looked at each other doubtfully. Then—"Madame Gantier!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," she said, the tears running down her face.

Troy was not sure if she recognized him, though his name had evidently called up some vague association. He saw that most things had grown far off to her, and that for the moment her whole mind was centered on the painful and humiliating effort of putting her case to this strange young woman who snapped out questions like a machine.

"Do you know her?" asked Miss Batchford, surprised.

"I used to, I believe," Troy answered.

"You can't think what she wants—just everything! They're all alike. She wants to borrow five hundred francs to furnish a flat for herself and her sister."

"Well, why not?"

"Why, we don't lend money, of course. It's against all our principles. We give work or relief in kind—that's what I'm telling her."

"I see. Could I give it to her?"

"What—all that money? Certainly not! You don't know them!"

Troy shook hands and went out into the street to wait for Mme. Gantier; and when she came he told her who he was. She cried and shook a great deal, and he called a cab and drove her home to the poor lodging where she and her sister lived. The sister had become weak-minded, and the room was dirty and untidy, because, as Mme. Gantier explained, her lameness prevented her from keeping it clean, and they could not afford a charwoman. The pictures of the four dead sons hung on the wall, a wisp of crape above each, with all their ribbons and citations. But when Troy spoke of old M. Gantier and the daughter Mme. Gantier's face grew like a stone, and her sister began to whimper like an animal.

Troy remembered the territorial's phrase: "You may say there's a family wiped out."

He went away, too shy to give the five hundred francs in his pocket.

One of his first cares on getting back to France had been to order a headstone for Paul Gantier's grave at Mondement. A week or two after his meeting with Mme. Gantier his ambulance was ordered to Epernay, and he managed to get out to Mondement and have the stone set up and the grave photographed. He had brought some flowers to lay on it, and he borrowed two tin wreaths from the neighboring crosses, so that Paul Gantier's mound should seem the most fondly tended of all. He sent the photograph to Mme. Gantier, with a five-hundred-franc bill; but after a long time his letter came back from the post office.

The two old women had gone.

VIII

IN FEBRUARY Mr. Belknap arrived in Paris on a mission. Tightly buttoned into his Red Cross uniform, he looked to his son older and fatter but more important and impressive than usual.

He was on his way to Italy, where he was to remain for three months, and Troy learned with dismay that he needed a secretary, and had brought none with him because he counted on his son to fill the post.

"You've had nearly a year of this, old man, and the Front's as quiet as a church. As for Paris, isn't it too frivolous for you? It's much farther from the war nowadays than New York. I haven't had a dinner like this since your mother joined the Voluntary 'Rationing League.'" Mr. Belknap smiled at him across their little table at the Nouveau Luxe.

"I'm glad to hear it—about New York, I mean," Troy answered composedly. "It's our turn now. But Paris isn't a bit too frivolous for me. Which shall it be, father—the Palais Royal or the Capucines? They say the new *revue* there is great fun."

Mr. Belknap was genuinely shocked. He had caught the war fever late in life and late in the war, and his son's flippancy surprised and pained him.

"The theater? We don't go to the theater." He paused to light his cigar, and added, embarrassed: "Really, Troy, now there's so little doing here, don't you think you might be more useful in Italy?"

Troy was anxious, for he was not sure that Mr. Belknap's influence might not be sufficient to detach him from his job on a temporary mission; but long experience in dealing with parents made him assume a greater air of coolness as his fears increased.

"Well, you see, father, so many other chaps have taken advantage of the lull to go off on leave that if I asked to be detached now—well, it wouldn't do me much good with my chief," he said cunningly, guessing that if he appeared to yield his father might postpone action.

"Yes, I see," Mr. Belknap rejoined, impressed by the military character of the argument. He was still trying to get used to the fact that he was himself under orders, and nervous visions of a sort of mitigated court-martial came to him in the middle of pleasant dinners or jumped him out of his morning sleep like an alarm clock.

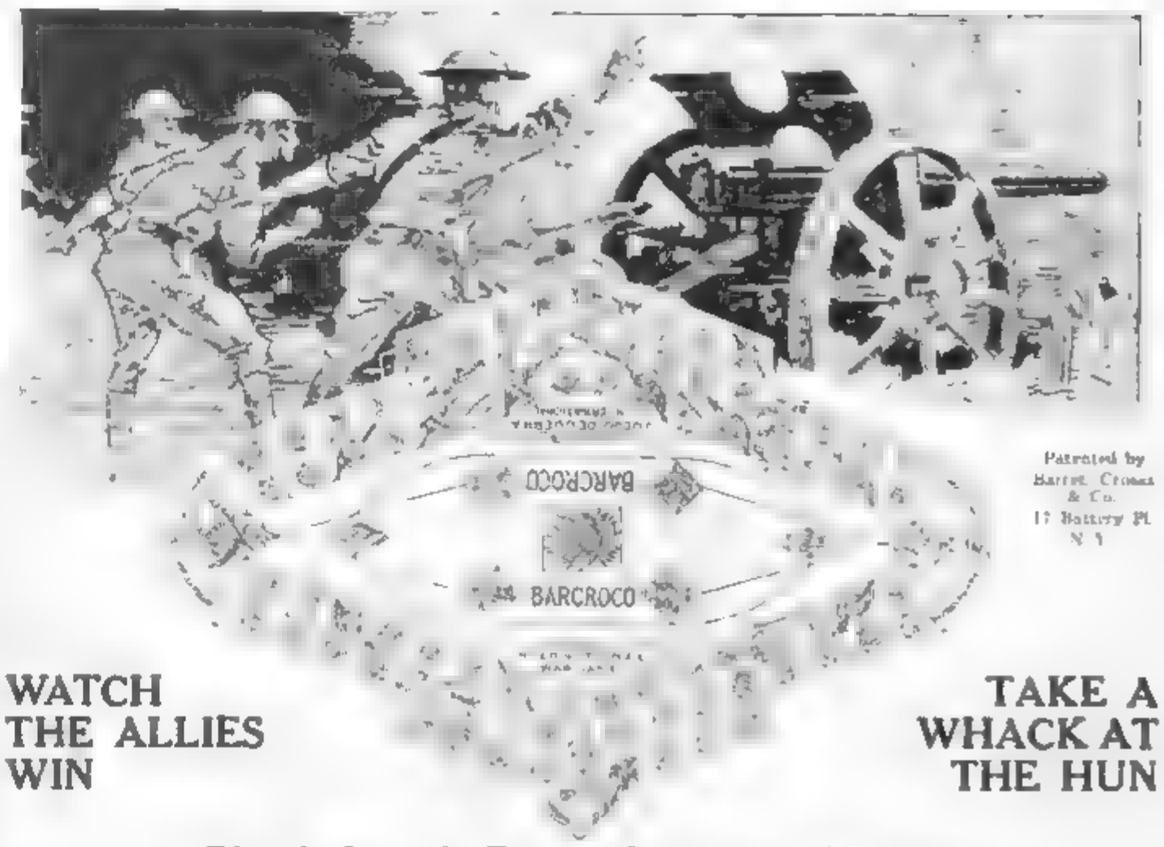
Troy saw that his point was gained; but he regretted having proposed the Capucines to his father. He himself was not shocked by the seeming indifference of Paris: he thought the gay theaters, the crowded shops, the restaurants groaning with abundance, were all healthy signs of the nation's irrepressible vitality. But he understood that America's young zeal might well be chilled by the first contact with this careless exuberance so close to the lines where young men like himself were dying day by day in order that the curtain might ring up punctually on low-necked *revues*, and fat neutrals feast undisturbed on lobster and champagne. Only now and then he asked himself what had become of the Paris of the Marne, and what would happen if ever again—— But that, of course, was nonsense.

Mr. Belknap left for Italy—and two days afterward Troy's ambulance was roused from semi-inaction and hurried to Beauvais. The retreat from St. Quentin had begun, and Paris was once again the Paris of the Marne.

The same—but how different!—were the tense days that followed. Troy Belknap, instead of hanging miserably about marble hotels and waiting with restless crowds for the communiqués to appear in the windows of the newspaper offices, was in the thick of the retreat, swept back on its tragic tide, his heart wrung but his imagination hushed by the fact of participating in the struggle, playing a small, dumb, indefatigable part, relieving a little fraction of the immense anguish and the dreadful disarray.

The mere fact of lifting a wounded man "so that it wouldn't hurt"; of stiffening one's lips to a smile as the ambulance pulled up in the market place of a terror-stricken village; of calling out "*Nous les tenons!*" to whimpering women and bewildered old people; of giving a lift to a family of footsore refugees; of prying open a tin of condensed milk for the baby or taking down the address of a sister in Paris, with the promise to bring her news of the fugitives; the heat and the burden and the individual effort of each minute carried one along through the endless yet breathless hours—backward and forward, backward and forward, between Paris and the fluctuating Front, till in Troy's weary brain the ambulance took on the semblance of a tireless gray shuttle humming in the hands of Fate.

It was on one of these trips that for the first time he saw a trainload of American



WATCH THE ALLIES WIN

TAKE A WHACK AT THE HUN

Play the Intensely Exciting, Interesting and Patriotic

BARCROCO
THE GREAT
INTERNATIONAL WAR-GAME
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. and Canada

Visualize the Great War With "Barcroco"

Stop the Hun advance—drive him back across no-man's land—clear across the Rhine. A game that spreads the theatre of war before you—familiarizes you with the towns and strategic points of the war zone, teaches you to understand what America is helping to do over there.

DEALERS Write for interesting and profitable proposition

No one too young to enjoy it—too old to thrill to it. Get it at the DEPARTMENT, TOY, NOVELTY or GENERAL STORE *or we'll send postpaid on receipt of price.*

$3 Complete. Size 18 x 27 - beautifully mounted, with SOLDIERS and all ACCESSORIES

GREY & GREY, Ltd., 5 West 29th Street, N. Y. U. S., Canada, Australia
Sole distributors for
C. F. Hernandez Sons & Co., Gen'l Agents for Export, 17 Battery Place, N. Y.

The Relation of Good Paint to Better Tractor Service

Long life and thorough dependability of a tractor can only result from painstaking manufacturing practice. Paint—good paint—retards depreciation and invites better care by the tractor owner.

Arco products—paints, enamels, varnishes—are science products, the result of exhaustive laboratory and field service tests covering a period of nearly forty years.

There is an Arco product for every requirement, and a broad experience qualifies us to suggest both the best finishing process and materials that will improve the quality of your product, cut your production cost and increase your output. Correspondence on this subject is solicited from manufacturers.

THE ARCO COMPANY
Established 1881
General Offices: 3410 Arco Building, Cleveland, Ohio
Sales Offices: New York City Kansas City

ARCO
PAINTS VARNISHES ENAMELS

How Soaps affect your skin

THE sensible, modern woman wants a soft, clear skin—for that is the skin Nature intended her to have.

Nature tries to keep your skin soft by supplying it with natural oil. The less you interfere with the natural oiliness of your skin the softer it will be. The cleansing must be thorough and refreshing, but must not disturb these natural oils.

You know from experience that some excellent soaps tend to roughen the skin. They simply have too drying an effect on the natural oils. The skin relies upon these natural oils to keep it soft and clear and flexible.

The very most you can ask of a toilet or bath soap is this:

It should be made of pure materials which cleanse perfectly without disturbing the skin's own natural oiliness. Fortunately the choicest materials are not costly. It is in a proper balancing of these materials that the soapmaker's real art comes.

...Make no mistake about it—no matter to what new field she turns, she will always be the woman at heart, greeting her new responsibilities with a smiling face . . . Frankly glad of her natural womanly charms—caring for them always with a high order of common sense.

You will find that art wonderfully expressed in Fairy Soap.

We are quite sure if we sold Fairy Soap for 50 cents a cake we could tell you a truthful story about its value as a toilet soap which would make you feel that that price was warranted.

But we prefer to talk to you along common-sense lines and to give you Fairy Soap at a common-sense price—a few cents a cake.

If your general health is good and if you use Fairy Soap in any sensible manner, you may be sure that in time you will have a skin as soft and pliable as Nature endowed you with.

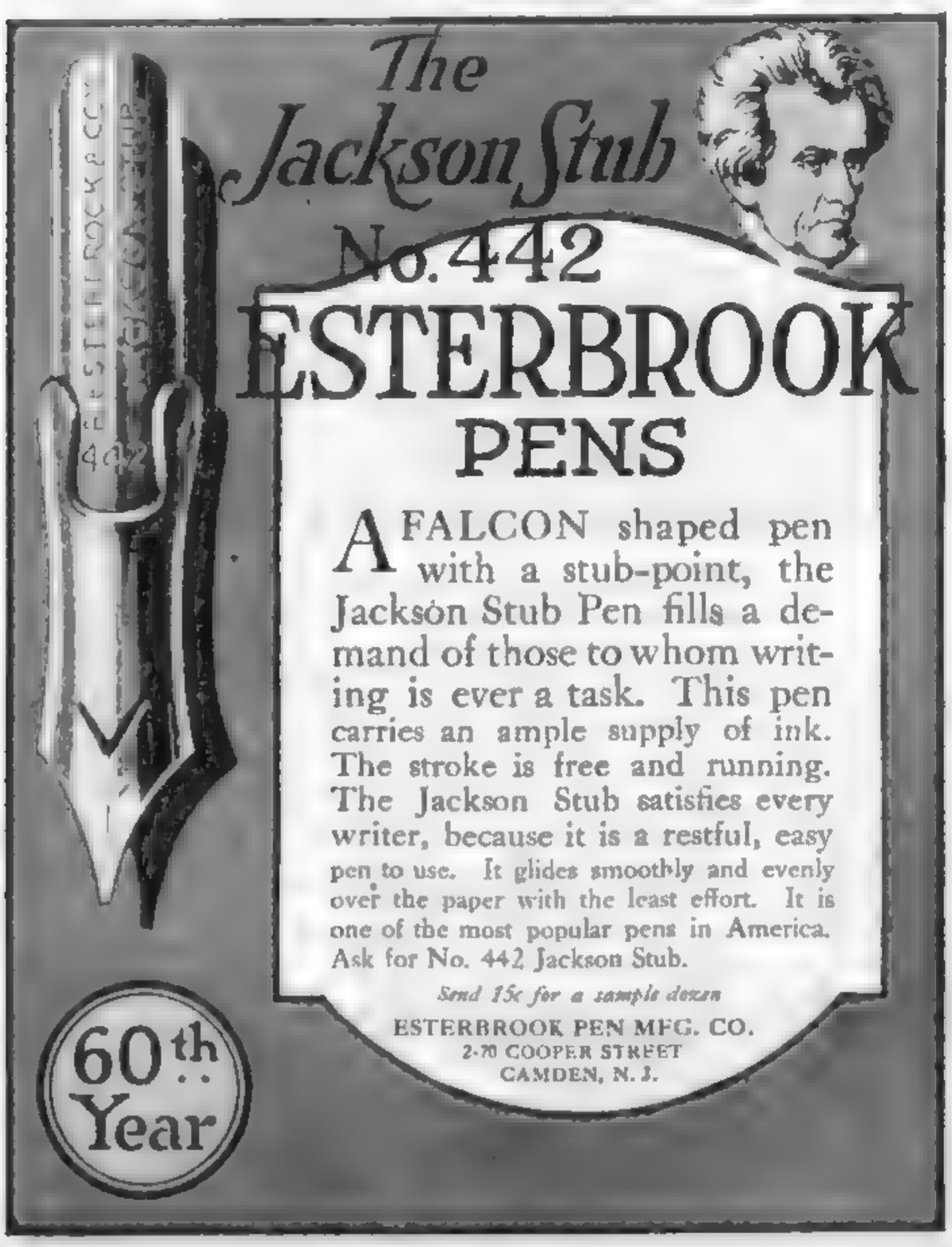
No matter where you live or where you make your home you can buy Fairy Soap.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

FAIRY SOAP

White oval cake Fits the hand


The Jackson Stub
No. 442
ESTERBROOK
PENS
A FALCON shaped pen with a stub-point, the Jackson Stub Pen fills a demand of those to whom writing is ever a task. This pen carries an ample supply of ink. The stroke is free and running. The Jackson Stub satisfies every writer, because it is a restful, easy pen to use. It glides smoothly and evenly over the paper with the least effort. It is one of the most popular pens in America. Ask for No. 442 Jackson Stub.
Send 15c for a sample dozen
ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO.
2-70 COOPER STREET
CAMDEN, N. J.
60th Year

soldiers on the way to the battle front. He had, of course, seen plenty of them in Paris during the months since his arrival; seen them vaguely roaming the streets, or sitting in front of cafés, or wooed by polyglot sirens in the obscure promiscuity of cinema palaces.

At first he had seized every chance of talking to them; but either his own shyness or theirs seemed to paralyze him. He found them, as a rule, bewildered, depressed and unresponsive. They wanted to kill Germans all right, they said; but this hanging round Paris wasn't what they'd bargained for; and there was a good deal more doing back home at Podunk or Tombstone or Deposit.

It was not only the soldiers who took this depreciatory view of France. Some of the officers whom Troy met at his friends' houses discouraged him more than the enlisted men with whom he tried to make friends in the cafés. They had more definite and more unfavorable opinions as to the country they had come to defend. They wanted to know, in God's name, where in the blasted place you could get fried hominy and a real porterhouse steak for breakfast, and when the ball-game season began, and whether it rained every day all the year round; and Troy's timid efforts to point out some of the compensating advantages of Paris failed to excite any lasting interest.

But now he seemed to see a different race of men. The faces leaning from the windows of the train glowed with youthful resolution. The soldiers were out on their real business at last, and as Troy looked at them, so alike and so innumerable, he had the sense of a force inexorable and exhaustless, poured forth from the reservoirs of the new world to replenish the wasted veins of the old.

"Hooray!" he shouted frantically, waving his cap at the passing train; but as it disappeared he hung his head and swore under his breath. There they went, his friends and fellows, as he had so often dreamed of seeing them, racing in their hundreds of thousands to the rescue of France; and he was still too young to be among them, and could only yearn after them with all his aching heart!

After a hard fortnight of day-and-night work he was ordered a few days off, and sulkily resigned himself to inaction. For the first twenty-four hours he slept the leaden sleep of weary youth, and for the next he moped on his bed in the infirmary; but the third day he crawled out to take a look at Paris.

The long-distance bombardment was going on, and now and then at irregular intervals there was a more or less remote crash, followed by a long reverberation. But the life of the streets was not affected. People went about their business as usual, and it was obvious that the strained look on every face was not caused by the random fall of a few shells, but by the perpetual vision of that swaying and receding line on which all men's thoughts were fixed. It was sorrow, not fear, that Troy read in all those anxious eyes—sorrow over so much wasted effort, such high hopes thwarted, so many dear-bought miles of France once more under the German heel.

That night when he came home he found a letter from his mother. At the very end, in a crossed postscript, he read: "Who do you suppose sailed last week? Sophy Wicks. Soon there'll be nobody left! Old Mrs. Wicks died in January—did I tell you?—and Sophy has sent the children to Long Island with their governess and rushed over to do Red Cross nursing. It seems she had taken a course at the Presbyterian Hospital without anyone's knowing it. I've promised to keep an eye on the children. Let me know if you see her."

Sophy Wicks in France! There was hardly room in his troubled mind for the news. What Sophy Wicks did or did not do had shrunk to utter insignificance in the crash of falling worlds. He was rather sorry to have to class her with the other hysterical girls fighting for a pretext to get to France; but what did it all matter, anyhow? On the way home he had overheard an officer in the street telling a friend that the Germans were at Creil.

Then came the day when the advance was checked. General Mangin's glorious counter attack gave France new faith in her armies, and Paris irrepressibly burst at once into abounding life. It was as if she were ashamed of having doubted, as if she wanted by a livelier renewal of activities to proclaim her unshakable faith in her defenders. In the perpetual sunshine of the most golden of springs she basked and decked herself, and mirrored her recovered beauty in the Seine

And still the cloudless weeks succeeded each other, days of blue warmth and nights of silver luster; and still, behind the impenetrable wall of the Front, the beast dumbly lowered and waited. Then one morning toward the end of May Troy, waking late after an unusually hard day, read: "The new German offensive has begun. The Chemin des Dames has been retaken by the enemy. Our valiant troops are resisting heroically."

Ah, now indeed they were on the road to Paris!

In a flash of horror he saw it all. The bitter history of the war was reenacting itself, and the battle of the Marne was to be fought again.

The misery of the succeeding days would have been intolerable if there had been time to think of it. But day and night there was no respite for Troy's service; and being by this time a practiced hand he had to be continually on the road.

On the second day he received orders to evacuate wounded from an American base hospital near the Marne. It was actually the old battleground he was to traverse; only before he had traversed it in the wake of the German retreat, and now it was the Allied troops who, slowly, methodically, and selling every inch dear, were falling back across the sacred soil. Troy faced eastward with a heavy heart.

IX

THE next morning at daylight they started for the Front.

Troy's breast swelled with the sense of the approach to something bigger than he had yet known. The air of Paris that day was heavy with doom. There was no mistaking its taste on the lips. It was the air of the Marne that he was breathing.

Here he was, once more involved in one of the great convulsions of Destiny, and still almost as helpless a spectator as when, four years before, he had strayed the burning desert of Paris and cried out in his boy's heart for a share in the drama. Almost as helpless, yes; in spite of his four more years, his grown-up responsibilities, and the blessed uniform, thanks to which he, even he, a poor little ambulance driver of nineteen, ranked as a soldier of the great untried Army of his country. It was something—it was a great deal—to be even the humblest part, the most infinitesimal cog in that mighty machinery of the future; but it was not enough at this turning point of history for one who had so lived it all in advance, who was so aware of it now that it had come, who had carried so long on his lips the taste of its scarcely breathable air.

As the ambulance left the gates of Paris and hurried eastward in the gray dawn this sense of going toward something new and overwhelming continued to grow in Troy. It was probably the greatest hour of the war that was about to strike—and he was still too young to give himself to the cause he had so long dreamed of serving.

From the moment they left the gates the road was encumbered with huge gray motor trucks, limousines, motorcycles, long trains of artillery, army kitchens, supply wagons—all the familiar elements of the procession he had so often watched unrolling itself endlessly east and west from the Atlantic to the Alps. Nothing new in the sight—but something new in the faces! A look of having got beyond the accident of living, and accepted what lay over the edge, in the dim land of the final. He had seen that look, too, in the days before the Marne.

Most of the faces on the way were French; as far as Epernay they met their compatriots only in isolated groups. But whenever one of the motor trucks lumbering by bore a big U. S. on its rear panel Troy pushed his light ambulance ahead and skimmed past, just for the joy of seeing the fresh young heads rising pyramidwise above the sides of the lorry, hearing the snatches of familiar songs—"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" and "We won't come back till it's over over here!"—and shouting back in reply to a stentorian "Hi, kid, beat it!" "Bet your life I will, old man!"

Hubert Jacks, the young fellow who was with him, shouted back, too, as lustily; but between times he was more occupied with the details of their own particular job—to which he was newer than Troy—and seemed not to feel so intensely the weight of impending events.

(Continued on Page 85)

Garford Motor Trucks

and Back of it all—
Transportation!

PRESSURE, constantly maintained against the German line, will play an important part in winning the war.

—Pressure, without cease or let-up, that strains men to the breaking point, that eats the heart and spirit out of the inhuman Hun hordes and goads them on to despair—

A part of that war-winning pressure comes from the American millions working with pent-up determination,—the main army of supply.

That this pressure shall be maintained, America should strain every man, machine, every motor truck, train and ship.

But, back of it all, with straining muscles and bent back, transportation carries the load.

Men must be fed and materials must get there on time.

America is attempting to meet these conditions by improving her railroads and railroad equipment, but apparently lacks appreciation as to the importance of highways in their relation to transportation.

Notwithstanding their handicap from bad roads, motor trucks are playing an increasingly important part in relieving and aiding the railroads and steamships and making all forms of transport service more potent.

To operate most efficiently in these stirring times, every essential industry must have the aid of motor trucks.

Our great production capacity will permit the Garford Motor Truck Company to do its share of war work and also build motor trucks to care for the needs of essential industry.

Garfords embrace motor trucks of 1, 1½, 2, 3½, 5 and 6 ton capacity, and 4½, 7 and 10 ton tractors.

With this latitude from which to choose, Garford Traffic Experts have a complete range from which to recommend a particular design and capacity which exactly meets a particular need and class of service.

Your inquiries to the nearest Garford Dealer will have earnest consideration.

—or write us, giving the scope of your requirements.

The Garford Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

Manufacturers of Motor Trucks of 1, 1½, 2, 3½, 5 and 6 ton capacity. 4½, 7 and 10 ton tractors

Distributors and Service Stations in all principal cities

Motor Car Dealers will find the Garford line one especially fitted to the times for those who are capable of representing our big subject in a big way.

A Baby "Invented" the Gulbransen Trade Mark

This is the White House Model, $575

Easy to Play

Your Gulbransen Dealer displays this Gulbransen Baby trade mark, life size, in his store window. It is there as an invitation to you to come in and hear the Gulbransen and try it yourself. Special demonstration of the easy-playing features of the Gulbransen at his store every day this week and next.

YEARS ago, a tiny year-old baby crept up, pressed a pedal, and gurgled gleefully when the Gulbransen played.

Now that baby act and smile are known 'round the world as the Gulbransen trade mark.

"Easy to Play" is the story it tells. Not merely easy to pedal, but easy to *play*. The sweet singing Gulbransen tone is so responsive to your will—the expression control is so simple and natural—that you play with as much confidence as you hum or whistle; play any music just as you like to hear it.

Nationally Priced

Gulbransen Player-Pianos are sold by substantial dealers in nearly every county in the U. S. The price of each model is the same to everybody, everywhere, marked on the instrument before it leaves the factory. Interesting catalog and nearest dealer's name sent on request. Four models:

White House Model $575 Town House Model $460
Country Seat Model 510 Suburban Model 425

Gulbransen - Dickinson Company
3232 West Chicago Avenue
Chicago

Every Gulbransen [illegible] an American [illegible] Every worker in the [illegible] Allies. "Gulbransen" is an [illegible] pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen [illegible]

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Continued from Page 82)

As they neared the Montmirail monument: "Ever been over this ground before?" Troy asked carelessly.

And Jacks answered: "N-no."

"Ah—I have. I was here just after the battle of the Marne, in September, 'fourteen."

"That so? You must have been quite a kid," said Jacks with indifference, filling his pipe.

"Well—not quite," Troy rejoined sulkily; and they said no more.

At Epernay they stopped for lunch, and found the place swarming with troops. Troy's soul was bursting within him; he wanted to talk and remember and compare. But his companion was unimaginative, and perhaps a little jealous of his greater experience.

"He doesn't want to show that he's new at the job," Troy decided.

They lunched together in a corner of the packed restaurant, and while they were taking coffee some French officers came up and chatted with Troy. To all of them he felt the desperate need of explaining that he was driving an ambulance only because he was still too young to be among the combatants.

"But I shan't be—soon!" he always added, in the tone of one who affirms. "It's merely a matter of a few weeks now."

"Oh, you all look like babies—but you all fight like devils," said a young French lieutenant seasoned by four years at the Front. And another officer added gravely: "Make haste to be old enough, *cher monsieur*. We need you all—every one of you."

"Oh, we're coming—we're all coming!" Troy cried.

That evening after a hard and harrowing day's work between *postes de secours* and a base hospital they found themselves in a darkened village, where, after a summary meal under flying shells, someone suggested ending up at the Y. M. C. A. hut.

The shelling had ceased, and there seemed nothing better to do than to wander down the dark street to the underground shelter packed with American soldiers. Troy was sleepy and tired, and would have preferred to crawl into his bed at the inn; he felt more keenly than ever the humiliation—the word was stupid, but he could find no other—of being among all these young men, only a year or two his seniors, and none, he was sure, more passionately eager than himself for the work that lay ahead, and yet so hopelessly divided from him by that stupid difference in age. But Hubert Jacks was seemingly unconscious of this, and only desirous of ending his night cheerfully. It would have looked unfriendly not to accompany him, so they pushed their way together through the cellar door surmounted by the sociable red triangle.

It was a big cellar, but brown uniforms and ruddy faces crowded it from wall to wall. In one corner the men were sitting on packing boxes at a long table made of boards laid across barrels, the smoky light of little oil lamps reddening their cheeks and deepening the furrows in their white foreheads as they labored over their correspondence. Others were playing checkers or looking at the illustrated papers, and everybody was smoking and talking—not in large groups, but quietly, by twos or threes. Young women in trig uniforms, with fresh innocent faces, moved among the barrels and boxes, distributing stamps or books, chatting with the soldiers, and being generally homelike and sisterly. The men gave them back glances as honest, and almost as innocent, and an air of simple daylight friendliness pervaded the Avernian cave.

It was the first time that Troy had ever seen a large group of his compatriots so close to the fighting Front and in an hour of ease, and he was struck by the gravity of the young faces and the low tones of their talk. Everything was in a minor key. No one was laughing or singing or larking; the note was that which might have prevailed in a club of quiet elderly men or in a drawing-room where the guests did not know each other well. Troy was all the more surprised because he remembered the jolly calls of the young soldiers in the motor trucks, and the songs and horseplay of the gangs of trench diggers and hut builders he had passed on the way. Was it that his compatriots did not know how to laugh when they were at leisure, or was it rather that in the intervals of work the awe of the unknown laid its hand on these untried hearts?

Troy and Jacks perched on a packing box and talked a little with their neighbors; but suddenly they were interrupted by the noise of a motor stopping outside. There was a stir at the mouth of the cavern and a girl said eagerly: "Here she comes!"

Instantly the cellar woke up. The soldiers' faces grew young again, they flattened themselves laughingly against the walls of the entrance, the door above was cautiously opened, and a girl in a long blue cloak appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Well, boys—you see I managed it!" she cried; and Troy instantly recognized the piercing accents and azure gaze of Miss Hinda Warlick.

"She managed it!" the whole cellar roared as one man, drowning her answer in a cheer; and "Of course I did!" she continued, laughing and nodding right and left as she made her triumphant way down the lane of khaki to what, at her appearance, had somehow instantly become the stage at the farther end of a packed theater. The elderly Y. M. C. A. official who accompanied her puffed out his chest like a general and blinked knowingly behind his gold eyeglasses.

Troy's first movement had been one of impatience. He hated all that Miss Warlick personified, and hated it most of all on this sacred soil and at this fateful moment, with the iron wings of doom clanging so close above their heads. But it would have been almost impossible to fight his way out through the crowd that had closed in behind her—and he stayed.

The cheering subsided, she gained her improvised platform—a door laid on some biscuit boxes—and the recitation began.

She gave them all sorts of things, ranging from grave to gay, and extracting from the sentimental numbers a peculiarly piercing effect that hurt Troy like the twinge of a dental instrument. And her audience loved it all indiscriminately and voraciously, with souls hungry for the home flavor and long nurtured on what Troy called "cereal fiction."

It might have been funny if it had not been so infinitely touching. They were all so young, so serious, so far from home and bound on a quest so glorious! And there overhead, just above them, brooded and clanged the black wings of their doom. Troy's mockery was softened to tenderness, and he felt, under the hard shell of his youthful omniscience, the stir of all the things to which the others were unconsciously responding.

"And now, by special request, Miss Warlick is going to say a few words," the elderly eyeglassed officer importantly announced.

Ah, what a pity! If only she had ended on that last jolly chorus, so full of artless laughter and tears! Troy remembered her dissertations on the steamer, and winced at a fresh display of such fatuity in such a scene.

She had let the cloak slip from her shoulders, and stepped to the edge of her unsteady stage. Her eyes burned large in a face grown suddenly grave. For a moment she reminded him again of Sophy Wicks. "Only a few words, really," she began apologetically; and the cellar started a cheer of protest:

"No—not that kind. Something different."

She paused long enough to let the silence prepare them—sharp little artist that she was! Then she leaned forward.

"This is what I want to say. I've come from the French Front—pretty near the edge. They're dying there, boys—dying by thousands, now this minute. But that's not it. I know—you want me to cut it out, and I'm going to. But this is why I began that way—because it was my first sight of—things of that sort. And I had to tell you."

She stopped, pale, her pretty mouth twitching.

"What I really wanted to say is this: Since I came to Europe, nearly a year ago, I've got to know the country they're dying for—and I understand why they mean to go on and on dying—if they have to—till there isn't one of them left. Boys—I know France now—and she's worth it! Don't you make any mistake! I have to laugh now when I remember what I thought of France when I landed. My! How d'you suppose she'd got on so long without us? Done a few things too—poor little toddler! Well, it was time we took her by the hand, and showed her how to behave. And I wasn't the only one, either. I guess most of us thought we'd have to teach her her letters. Maybe some of you boys right here felt that way too?"

The men behind the wheel of business *this year* are purchasing economically—are buying wearing quality and style dignity. Such men are selecting HAYS

Superseam Gloves

Made in just two authoritative styles—the CIVILIAN model with regular button and the MILITARY model with button and strap wrist—both made with the accepted pinch seam Military back.

Superseam Gloves are stitched with strong silk and in such a way that they cannot rip even if you cut the thread. Every glove that bears the Superseam stamp has passed a rigid inspection so we know that it is as good as we can possibly make any glove.

Your dealer will gladly show you the Economy Glove—Superseam

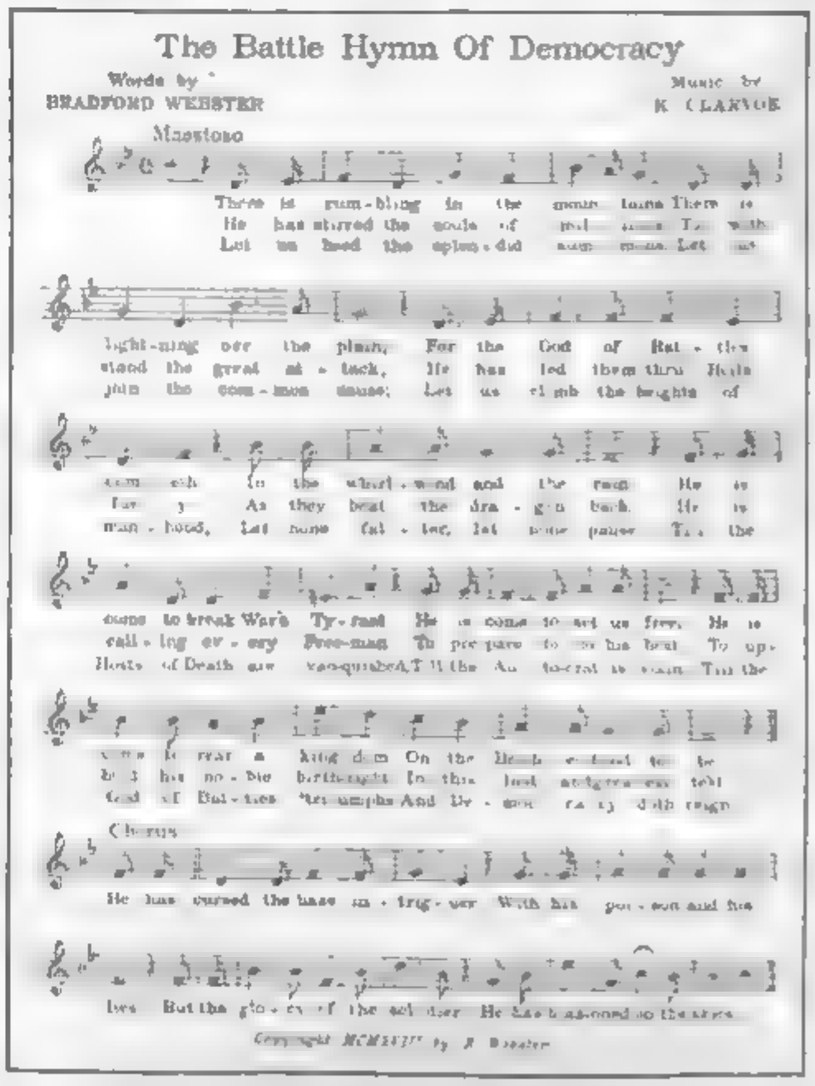
THE DANIEL HAYS COMPANY

Gloves since 1854

Factories: Gloversville, N. Y.

New York and Export Division, 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

A GREAT WAR SONG



PUT one in your home. Send one to every man in the service. Send 25c for one copy with piano accompaniment, or $1.00 for six.

If you are a soloist, pianist, organist, or director of music, engaged in the rendition of patriotic music, send your credentials and we will gladly mail you a copy. We sell copies to others to pay cost of distribution.

If you lead a band or orchestra, send for information regarding the parts you require.

The Armageddon Publishing Co., 141 Broadway, New York

"Suppose I could paint it?"

ANYONE can paint his car with Da-cote and be well satisfied with results.

It would take more professional auto painters than there are in the country to paint the cars that need painting. Many of the best painters have volunteered for war work. A professional job is worth all it costs, but an amateur job is a lot better than a dingy, shabby car.

The professional very probably would use Murphy materials. Da-cote is simply the same quality of varnish and pigments, ground into a creamy, brilliant enamel for quick, amateur application.

Da-cote flows on so smoothly that no brush marks are left. It dries over night.

Da-cote is made in black and white and eight popular colors.

Get a can of Da-cote from your dealer and paint your car this afternoon. Run it out new tomorrow.

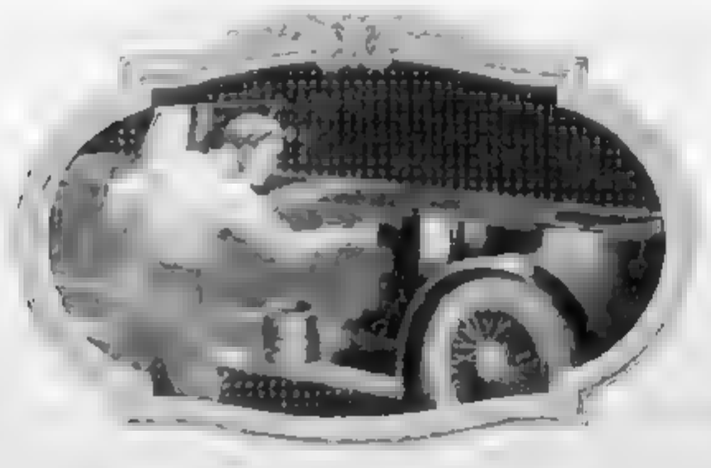
If your dealer hasn't Da-cote; write to us for color-card and name of nearest merchant who sells Murphy's.

Murphy Varnish Company

Franklin Murphy, jr., President

Newark Chicago

Dougall Varnish Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Associate



A guilty laugh, and loud applause.

"Thoughtso," said Miss Warlick, smiling.

"Well," she continued, "there wasn't hardly anything I wasn't ready to teach them. On the steamer coming out with us there was a lot of those Amb'lance boys. My! How I gassed to them. I said the French had got to be taught how to love their mothers—I said they hadn't any home feeling—and didn't love children the way we do. I've been round among them some since then, in the hospitals, and I've seen fellows lying there shot 'most to death, and their little old mothers in white caps arriving from way off at the other end of France. Well, those fellows know how to see their mothers coming even if they're blind, and how to hug 'em even if their arms are off! And the children—the way they go on about the children! Ever seen a French soldier yet that didn't have a photograph of a baby stowed away somewhere in his dirty uniform? I never have. I tell you, they're white! And they're fighting as only people can who feel that way about mothers and babies. The way we're going to fight; and maybe we'll prove it to 'em sooner than any of us think.

"Anyhow, I wanted to get this off my chest to-night; not for you, only for myself. I didn't want to have a shell get me before I'd said 'Veever la France!' before all of you.

"See here, boys—the Marsellaze!"

She snatched a flag from the wall, drawing herself up to heroic height; and the whole cellar joined her in a roar.

x

THE next morning Jacks dragged Troy out of bed by the feet. The room was still dark, and through the square of the low window glittered a bunch of stars.

"Hurry call to Montmirail—step lively!" Jacks ordered, his voice thick with sleep.

All the old names; with every turn of the wheel they seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer to the ravaged spot of earth where Paul Gantier slept his faithful sleep. Strange if to-day, of all days, Troy should again stand by his friend's grave!

They pushed along eastward under the last stars, the roll of the cannon crashing through the quiet dawn. The birds flew up with frightened cries from the trees along the roadside; rooks cawed their warning from clump to clump and gathered in the sky in dark triangles flying before the danger.

The east began to redden through the dust haze of the cloudless air. As they advanced the road became more and more crowded, and the ambulance was caught in the usual dense traffic of the Front—artillery, field kitchens, motor trucks, horse wagons, haycarts packed with refugees, and popping motorcycles zigzagging through the tangle of vehicles. The movement seemed more feverish and uncertain than usual, and now and then the road was jammed, and curses, shouts and the crack of heavy whips sounded against the incessant cannonade that hung its iron curtain above the hills to the northeast. The faces of soldiers and officers were unshaved, sallow, drawn with fatigue and anxiety. Women sat sobbing on their piled-up baggage, and here and there by the roadside a little country cart had broken down and the occupants sat on the bank watching the confusion like impassive lookers-on.

Suddenly in the thickest of the struggle a heavy lorry smashed into Troy's ambulance, and he felt the unmistakable wrench of the steering gear. The car shook like a careening boat, and then righted herself and stopped.

"Oh, hell!" shouted Jacks in a fury.

The two lads jumped down, and in a few minutes they saw that they were stranded beyond remedy. Tears of anger rushed into Troy's eyes. On this day of days he was not even to accomplish his own humble job!

Another ambulance of their own formation overtook them, and it was agreed that Jacks, who was the sharper of the two, was to get a lift to the nearest town and try to bring back a spare part or, failing that, pick up some sort of car in which they could continue their work.

Troy was left by the roadside. Hour after hour he sat there waiting and cursing his fate. When would Jacks be back again? Not at all, most likely; it was ten to one he would be caught on the way and turned into some pressing job. He knew, and Troy knew, that their ambulance was for the time being a hopeless wreck, and would probably have to stick ignominiously in its ditch till someone could go and fetch a new axle from Paris. And meanwhile, what might not be happening nearer by?

The rumble and thump of the cannonade grew more intense; a violent engagement was evidently going on not far off. Troy pulled out his map and tried to calculate how far he was from the Front: but the Front at that point was a wavering and incalculable line. He had an idea that the fighting was much nearer than he or Jacks had imagined. The place at which they had broken down must be about fifteen miles from the Marne. But could it be possible that the Germans had crossed the Marne?

Troy grew hungry, and thrust his hand in his pocket to pull out a sandwich. With it came a letter of his mother's, carried off in haste when he left Paris the previous morning. He re-read it with a mournful smile. "Of course, we all know the Allies must win; but the preparations here seem so slow and blundering; and the Germans are still so strong." Thump, thump, the artillery echoed: "Strong!" And just at the end of the letter, again: "I do wonder if you'll run across Sophy."

He lit a cigarette and shut his eyes and thought. The sight of Miss Warlick had made Sophy Wicks' presence singularly vivid to him; he had fallen asleep thinking of her the night before. How like her to have taken a course at the Presbyterian Hospital without letting anyone know! He wondered that he had not suspected, under her mocking indifference, an ardor as deep as his own, and he was ashamed of having judged her as others had, when for so long the thought of her had been his torment and his joy. Where was she now? he wondered. Probably in some hospital in the south or the center; the authorities did not let beginners get near the Front, though of course it was what all the girls were mad for. Well, Sophy would do her work wherever it was assigned to her; he did not see her intriguing for a showy post.

Troy began to marvel again at the spell of France—his France! Here was a girl who had certainly not come in quest of vulgar excitement as so many did. Sophy had always kept herself scornfully aloof from the pretty ghouls who danced and picnicked on the ruins of the world. He knew that her motives, so jealously concealed, must have been as pure and urgent as his own. France, which she hardly knew, had merely guessed at through the golden blur of a six weeks' midsummer trip, France had drawn her with an irresistible pressure; and the moment she had felt herself free she had come. "Whither thou goest, I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people." Yes, France was the Naomi country that had but to beckon, and her children rose and came.

Troy was exceedingly tired; he stretched himself on the dusty bank, and the noise of the road traffic began to blend with the cannonade in his whirling brain. Suddenly he fancied the Germans were upon him. He thought he heard the peppering volley of machine guns, shouts, screams, rifle shots close at hand.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

What he had heard was the cracking of whips and the shouting of carters urging tired farm horses along. Down a by-road at his left a stream of haggard country people were pouring from the direction of the Marne. This time only a few were in carts; the greater number were flying on their feet, the women carrying their babies, the old people bent under preposterous bundles, blankets, garden utensils, cages with rabbits, an agricultural prize framed and glazed, a wax wedding wreath under a broken globe. Sick and infirm people were dragged and shoved along by the older children; a goitered idiot sat in a wheelbarrow pushed by a girl, and laughed and pulled its tongue.

In among the throng Troy began to see the torn blue uniform of wounded soldiers limping on bandaged legs. Others, too, not wounded, elderly haggard territorials, with powder-black faces, bristling beards, and the horror of the shell roar in their eyes. One of them stopped near Troy, and in a thick voice begged for a drink—just a drop of anything, for God's sake. Others followed, pleading for food and drink. "Gas, gas!" a young artilleryman gasped at him through distorted lips. The Germans were over the Marne, they told him; the Germans were coming. It was hell back there; no one could stand it.

Troy ransacked the ambulance, found water, brandy, biscuits, condensed milk,

(Continued on Page 89)

Pledged to National Service

Armco rust-resisting iron, so useful in the arts of peace, has proved invaluable in meeting the needs of war.

In metal conservation alone—one of the most precious forms of war-time saving—Armco service counts heavily either for the individual user or the nation. Railroad equipment or metal ship parts made of Armco Iron stand up longer in service. Armco—American Ingot—Iron as a welding agent redeems broken or worn metal parts from the scrap-heap. And now until the Huns have cried, "Hold, enough!" Armco metal-conserving service is 100% for Uncle Sam if he needs it.

6,000 Armco employees have taken the pledge of national service. As long as the war lasts, they will serve their country in any capacity it asks.

Such a pledge comes readily to the lips of an Armco man, because the pledge to service is his daily habit. What he is now prepared to do for Uncle Sam—*his level best, no less*—is what he has been accustomed to do for every maker and user of Armco Iron Products—*his level best, no less.*

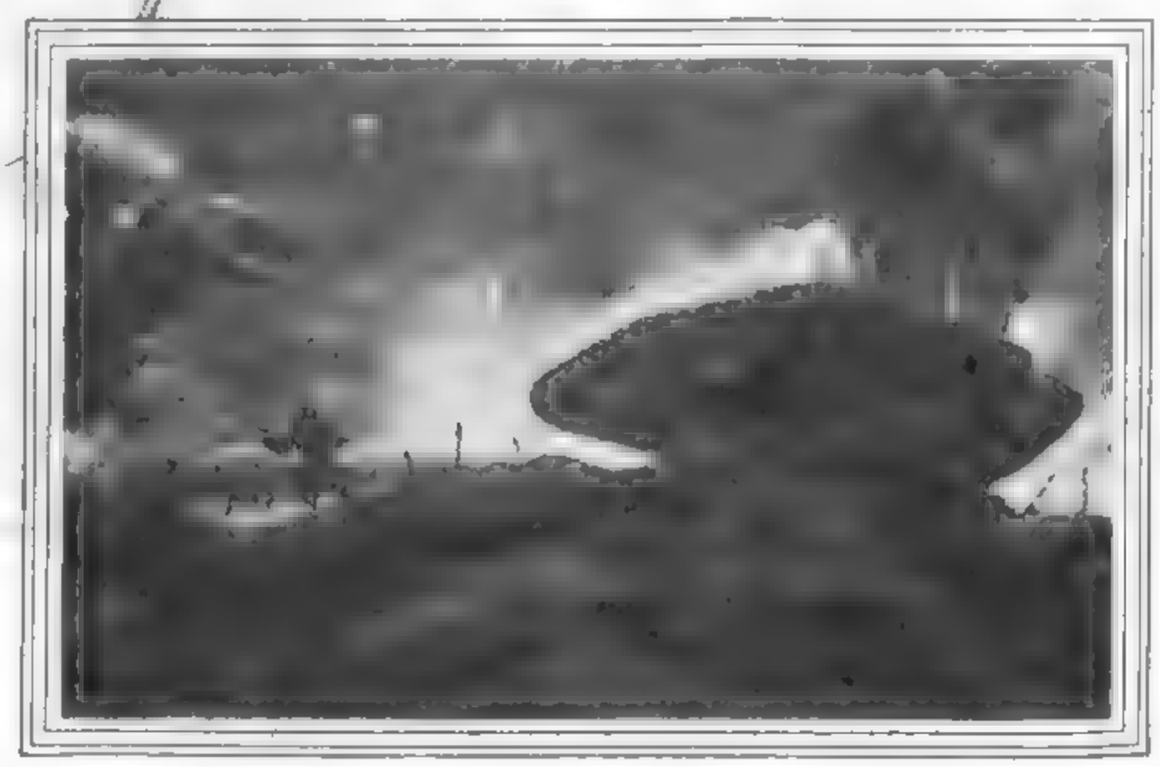
Of course the pledge to national service is not exclusive with us. Many of our customers are just as actively engaged as we are in the great work of making the world a decent place to live in.

They, no more than we, can fill orders for the time being on anything like a normal basis. But after the world has been set free, our mutual service to users of Armco Iron products will be renewed in double measure.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Department 932 Middletown, Ohio

Elgin—

"Guiding Star of the Service"



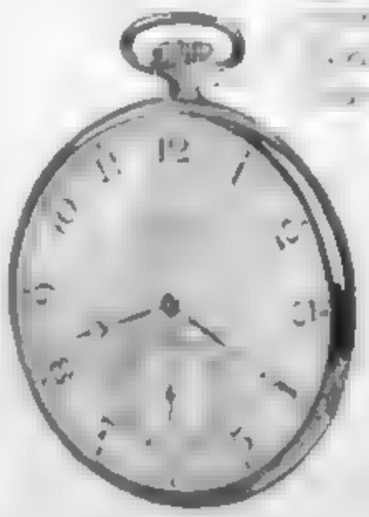
TONIGHT in No Man's Land! Through all that wild infetno—shrieking shells and spewing shrapnel and stuttering machine guns and clanking, crunching tanks—on the tiniest and cheeriest of mechanisms hangs the destiny of the world.

Never before, in all history's wars, has Time played so appallingly vital a part. The grim significance of "zero hour" has burned this deep into the minds of our boys over there: unless their watches are in step with those of the fire-control, they will be wiped out by their own guns. Desperate, blood-bought raids over the top, useless if delivered out of unison, become irresistible when timed to the tick of an Elgin.

Elgins! Guiding stars to our Emergency Fleet—trusted companions of a great Polar explorer—pathfinders for intrepid government scientists—official chronometers of our destroyers and torpedo boats!

Thousands of Elgins are used by the government in our Navy—tens of thousands by our Signal Corps—and along that surging battle-line in France hundreds of thousands of Elgins are in hourly use by the fighting men of America and her gallant Allies—

—a war essential of the first rank.



One of the famous Streamline models

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 86)

and set up an impromptu canteen. But the people who had clustered about him were pushed forward by others, crying: "Are you mad to stay here? The Germans are coming!" And in a feeble panic they pressed on.

One old man, trembling with fatigue, and dragging a shaking little old woman, had spied the stretcher beds inside the ambulance, and without asking leave scrambled in and pulled his wife after him. They fell like logs onto the gray blankets, and a livid territorial with a bandaged arm drenched in blood crawled in after them and sank on the floor. The rest of the crowd had surged by.

As he was helping the wounded soldier to settle himself in the ambulance Troy heard a new sound down the road. It was a deep, continuous rumble, the rhythmic growl of a long train of army trucks. The way must have been cleared to let them by, for there was no break or faltering in the ever-deepening roar of their approach.

A cloud of dust rolled ahead, growing in volume with the growing noise; now the first trucks were in sight, huge, square, olive-brown motor trucks stacked high with scores and scores of bronzed soldiers. Troy jumped to his feet with a shout. It was an American regiment being rushed to the Front!

The refugees and the worn-out blue soldiers fell back before the triumphant advance, and a weak shout went up. The bronzed soldiers shouted back, but their faces were grave and set. It was clear that they knew where they were going, and to what work they had been so hurriedly summoned.

"It's hell back there!" a wounded territorial called out, pointing backward over his bandaged shoulder, and another cried: "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

"*Vive la France!*" shouted the truckful abreast of Troy, and the same cry burst from his own lungs. A few miles off the battle of the Marne was being fought again; and here were his own brothers rushing forward to help! He felt that his greatest hour had struck.

One of the trucks had halted for a minute just in front of him, marking time, and the lads leaning over its side had seen him and were calling out friendly college yells.

"Come along and help!" cried one as the truck got under way again.

Troy glanced at his broken-down motor; then his eye lit on a rifle lying close by in the dust of the roadside. He supposed it belonged to the wounded territorial who had crawled into the ambulance

He caught up the rifle, scrambled up over the side with the soldier's help, and was engulfed among his brothers. Furtively he had pulled the ambulance badge from his collar—but a moment later he realized the uselessness of the precaution. All that mattered to anyone just then was that he was one more rifle for the Front.

XI

ON THE way he tried to call up half-remembered snatches of military lore. If only he did not disgrace them by a blunder!

He had talked enough to soldiers, French and American, in the last year. He recalled odd bits of professional wisdom, but he was too excited to piece them together. He was not in the least afraid of being afraid, but his heart sank at the dread of doing something stupid, inopportune, idiotic. His envy of the youths beside him turned to veneration. They had all been in the front line and knew its vocabulary, its dangers and its dodges. All he could do was to watch and imitate.

Presently they were all tumbled out of the motors and drawn up by the roadside. An officer bawled unintelligible orders, and the men executed mysterious movements in obedience.

Troy crept close to the nearest soldier and copied his gestures awkwardly—but no one noticed. Night had fallen, and he was thankful for the darkness. Perhaps by tomorrow morning he would have picked up a few of their tricks. Meanwhile, apparently all he had to do was to march, march, march, at a sort of breakneck trot that the others took as lightly as one skims the earth in a dream. If it had not been for his pumping heart and his aching, bursting feet Troy at moments would have thought it was a dream.

Rank by rank they pressed forward in the night toward a skyline torn with intermittent flame.

"We're going toward a battle," Troy sang to himself, "toward a battle, toward a battle!" But the words meant no more to him than the doggerel the soldier was chanting at his elbow.

They were in a wood, slipping forward cautiously, beating their way through the undergrowth. The night had grown cloudy, but now and then the clouds broke and a knot of stars clung to a branch like swarming bees.

At length a halt was called in a clearing, and then the group to which Troy had attached himself was ordered forward. He did not understand the order, but seeing the men moving he followed, like a mascot dog trotting after its company; and they began to beat their way onward, still more cautiously, in little crawling lines of three or four. It reminded Troy of playing Indian in his childhood.

"Careful! Watch out for 'em!" the soldier next to him whispered, clutching his arm at a noise in the underbrush; and Troy's heart jerked back violently, though his legs were still pressing forward.

They were here, then; they might be close by in the blackness, behind the next tree bole, in the next clump of bushes—the destroyers of France, old M. Gantier's murderers, the enemy to whom Paul Gantier had given his life! These thoughts slipped confusedly through Troy's mind, scarcely brushing it with a chill wing. His main feeling was one of a base physical fear, and of a newly awakened moral energy which had the fear by the throat and held it down with shaking hands. Which of the two would conquer, how many yards farther would the resolute Troy drag on the limp coward through this murderous wood? That was the one thing that mattered.

At length they dropped down into a kind of rocky hollow, overhung with bushes, and lay there, finger on trigger, hardly breathing. "Sleep a bit if you can—you look beat," whispered the friendly soldier.

Sleep!

Troy's mind was whirling like a machine in a factory blazing with lights. His thoughts rushed back over the miles he had traveled since he had caught up the rifle by the roadside.

"My God!" he suddenly thought. "What am I doing here, anyhow? I'm a deserter."

Yes; that was the name he would go by if ever his story became known. And how should it not become known? He had deserted—deserted not only his job and his ambulance and Jacks, who might come back at any moment—it was a dead certainty to him now that Jacks would come back—but, also, incredible perfidy, the poor worn-out old couple and the wounded territorial who had crawled into the ambulance. He, Troy Belknap, United States Army ambulance driver, and sworn servant of France, had deserted three sick and helpless people who, if things continued to go badly, would almost certainly fall into the hands of the Germans. It was too horrible to think of; and so after a minute or two he ceased to think of it—at least with the surface of his mind.

"If it's a court-martial, it's a court-martial," he reflected and began to stretch his ears again for the sound of men slipping up in the darkness through the bushes.

But he was really horribly tired, and in the midst of the tension the blaze of lights in his head went out, and he fell into a half-conscious doze. When he started into full consciousness again the men were stirring, and he became aware that the sergeant was calling for volunteers.

Volunteers for what? He didn't know and was afraid to ask. But it became clear to him that the one chance to wash his guilt away—was that funny, old-fashioned phrase a quotation, and where did it come from?—was to offer himself for the job, whatever it might be.

The decision once taken he became instantly calm, happy and alert. He observed the gesture made by the other volunteers and imitated it. It was too dark for the sergeant to distinguish one man from another, and without comment he let Troy fall into the line of men who were creeping up out of the hollow. He understood now that they were being sent out on a scouting expedition.

The awful cannonade had ceased, and as they crawled along single file between the trees the before-dawn twitter of birds rained down on them like dew, and the woods smelled like the woods at home.

They came to the end of the trees, and guessed that the dark wavering wall ahead

MOTORWEAVE is different. Motorweave is unique. It is soft. It is warm. It is pliant. And it is wonderfully durable.

That is because of its reinforced doubleweave, an exclusive process. No other robe is like it, nor can be. Motorweave is Motorweave.

Each Motorweave is mill-washed and mill-shrunk, and can be rewashed without shrinking. That means an always-clean robe—colors ever bright and fresh.

Plenty of spread for lap, feet and tuck-in. The extra large size—60 x 80 inches—takes care of that.

And, not only for motoring, but also for camping, sleeping-porch, steamer, and all other robe purposes. Motorweave is the all 'round robe.

Unconditionally guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. At all high class dealers. $7.95 a robe, a truly wonderful value.

THE WALLACE & SMITH CO.
La Porte, Ind.

(New York Dealers' Sales Office: Fifth Avenue Building, New York)

MOTOR WEAVE
Trade Mark Registered
AUTOMOBILE ROBES

The New Draft and The Dictaphone

THE new draft is taking the men past thirty-one—executives and others of long experience and ripened judgment. Only *minutes* can take their place. Many precious minutes must be saved out of every working hour.

That is why The Dictaphone is needed in every office of the land. It saves all of the time formerly needed to take and wait to take dictation. Its every-minute readiness means that every executive and department manager can clear his desk much earlier in the day. The Dictaphone can be used at office or home any time of day or night.

Each operator can produce 50% to 100% more letters per day. Let your office force be reduced by half—if it must. It will still get out a normal volume of daily mail with the aid of The Dictaphone. It's the fast, comfortable, economical war-time method of handling correspondence.

Phone to nearest branch office or write us for a demonstration. Also ask for valuable, free book, "The Man at the Desk."

THE DICTAPHONE

Registered in the U. S. and Foreign Countries

Dept. 113-J

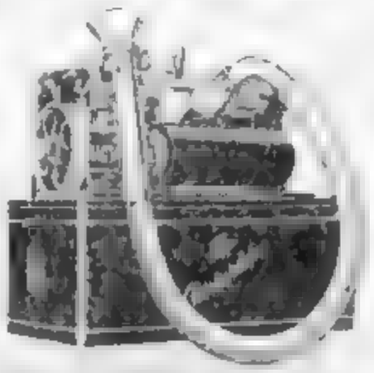
Woolworth Building
New York City

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

Write for booklet,

"The Man at the Desk"

There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company



Buy War Savings Stamps

was the edge of a wheat field. Someone whispered that the Marne was just beyond the wheat field, and that the red flares they saw must be over Château-Thierry.

The momentary stillness laid a reassuring touch on Troy's nerves, and he slipped along adroitly at the tail of the line, alert but cool. Far off the red flares still flecked the darkness, but they did not frighten him. He said to himself: "People are always afraid in their first battle. I'm not the least afraid, so I suppose this is not a battle." And at the same moment there was a small, shrieking explosion, followed by a horrible rattle of projectiles that seemed to spring up out of the wheat at their feet.

The men dropped on their bellies and crawled away from it, and Troy crawled after, sweating with fear. He had not looked back, but he knew that some of the men must be lying where they had dropped; and suddenly it occurred to him that it was his business to go back and see.

Was it, though? Or would that be disobeying orders again?

He did not stop to consider. The ambulance driver's instinct was uppermost, and he turned and crawled back, straight back to the place that the horrible explosion had come from. The firing had stopped, but in the thin darkness he saw a body lying in front of him in the flattened wheat. He looked back and saw that the sergeant and the rest of the men were disappearing at the right; then he ramped forward again, forward, till he touched the arm of the motionless man and whispered: "Hi, kid, it's me."

He tried to rouse the wounded man, to pull him forward, to tow him like a barge along the beaten path in the wheat. But the man groaned and resisted. He was evidently in great pain, and Troy, whom a year's experience in ambulance work had enlightened, understood that he must be either carried away or left where he was.

Troy raised his head an inch or two and looked about him. In the east, beyond the wheat, a pallor was creeping upward, drowning the last stars. Anyone standing up would be distinctly visible against that pallor. With a sense of horror and reluctance and dismay he lifted the wounded man and stood up. As he did so he felt a small tap on his back, between the shoulders, as if someone had touched him from behind. He half turned to see who it was, and doubled up, slipping down with the wounded soldier in his arms.

XII

TROY, burning with fever, lay on a hospital bed.

He was not very clear where the hospital was or how he had got there, and he did not greatly care. All that was left of clearness in his brain was filled with the bitter sense of his failure. He had abandoned his job to plunge into battle, and before he had seen a German or fired a shot he found himself ignominiously laid by the heels in a strange place full of benevolent-looking hypocrites whose least touch hurt him a million times more than the German bullet.

It was all a stupid, agitating muddle, in the midst of which he tried in vain to discover what had become of Jacks, what had happened to the ambulance, and whether the old people and the wounded territorial had been heard of. He insisted particularly on the latter point to the cruel, shaved faces that were always stooping over him, but they seemed unable to give him a clear answer—or else their cruelty prompted them to withhold what they knew. He groaned and tossed and got no comfort, till suddenly, opening his eyes, he found Jacks sitting by his bed.

He poured out his story to Jacks in floods and torrents; there was no time to listen to what his friend had to say. He went in and out of the whole business with him, explaining, arguing and answering his own arguments. Jacks, passive and bewildered, sat by the bed and murmured "All right—all right" at intervals. Then he too disappeared, giving way to other unknown faces.

The third night—someone said it was the third night—the fever dropped a little. Troy felt more quiet, and Jacks, who had turned up again, sat beside him and told him all the things he had not been able to listen to the first day—all the great things in which he had played an unconscious part.

"Battle of the Marne? Sure you were in it! In it up to the hilt, you lucky kid!"

And what a battle it had been! The Americans had taken Vaux and driven the Germans back across the bridge at Château-Thierry; the French were pressing hard on their left flank, the advance on Paris had been checked—and the poor old couple and the territorial in the ambulance had not fallen into enemy hands.

As Troy lay and listened, tears of weakness and joy ran down his face. The Germans were back across the Marne, and he had really been in the action that had sent them there! The road to Paris was barred.

There was just one thing he had not told Jacks—a little thing that Jacks would not have understood. Out in the wheat, when he had felt that tap on the shoulder, he had turned round quickly, thinking a friend had touched him. At the same instant he had stumbled and fallen, and his eyes had grown dark; but through the darkness he still felt confusedly that a friend was near, if only he could lift his lids and look.

He did lift them at last; and there in the dawn he saw a French soldier, haggard and battle worn, looking down at him. The soldier wore the uniform of the *chasseurs à pied*, and his face was the face of Paul Gantier, bending low and whispering: "*Mon petit—mon pauvre petit gars.*" Troy heard the words distinctly; he knew the voice as well as he knew his mother's. His eyes shut again, but he felt Gantier's arms under his body, felt himself lifted, lifted, till he seemed to float in the arms of his friend.

He said nothing of that to Jacks or anyone, and now that the fever had dropped he was glad he had held his tongue. Someone told him that a sergeant of the *chasseurs à pied* had found him and brought him in to the nearest *poste de secours*, where Jacks providentially had run across him and carried him back to the base. They told him that his rescue had been wonderful but that nobody knew what the sergeant's name was or where he had gone to.

"If ever a man ought to have had the Croix de Guerre ——!" one of the nurses interjected emotionally.

Troy listened and shut his lips. It was really none of his business to tell these people where the sergeant had gone to; but he smiled a little when the doctor said: "Chances are a man like that hasn't got much use for decorations."

And then the emotional nurse added: "Well, you must just devote the rest of your life to trying to find him."

Ah, yes, he would do that, Troy swore—he would do it on the battlefields of France.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

(Continued from Page 14)

her voice added, for it was full of rich sympathetic notes, and could upon occasion take a plaintive tone that made one's heart-strings vibrate tenderly.

"You spoke of love at first sight. When I first met her I thought I had encountered it, though I cannot now believe that the emotion was truly love."

"Still," put in the captain, "you were certain at the time that you loved her?"

"It seemed so—yes."

"Then what else could it have been?"

"In retrospect," said the major, "I believe it to have been a tremendous physical attraction."

The captain was evidently thinking more of his own case than the major's. "It was not so with me," he said. "Beautiful as she was, the first attraction was not physical but spiritual."

"But," returned the major, "when one loves can one divorce physical from spiritual attraction?

"It seems to me that great love is a blending of many adductive forces—a cable, one might say, the various strands of which cannot be segregated."

"Sometimes," the captain replied, "that may be true. I think, however, that the finest attraction may be purely spiritual. In the case of which I have told you it was the wonderful nature of the woman that I sensed so strongly; sensitiveness, responsiveness, gayety, tenderness, sweetness qualities of which, I contend, her physical embodiment was merely an expression. And that, I judge, is where our creeds differ. You, as I understand it, disassociate beauty of person from beauty of character?"

(Continued on Page 93)

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

Release Woman-Power for War Work!

WHEN you consider the products of American resourcefulness that are today helping win the war, do not overlook the Kitchen Cabinet.

Careful investigation shows that each Kitchen Cabinet now in use saves its owner at least a half hour a day.

If, therefore, the 20,000,000 housewives in America each had a Kitchen Cabinet, a total of 10,000,000 hours, now wasted, could be saved for much-needed war-time work. This is equivalent to an army of women a *million* strong, made available for ten hours' work each day.

Think what wonderful things this mighty army could do! Billions of pairs of socks could be knit. Countless numbers of sweaters, gloves and other necessities could be made for our soldiers. Red Cross Work could be speeded up. More war gardens could be planted. Thousands of additional war-time tasks could be accomplished. To say nothing of the men who could be released for more important war service.

* * * * *

The modern Kitchen Cabinet is today *proving* its merit. It is saving steps; conserving energy; preventing waste of fuel and food. In fact, it is *organizing* housework—virtually contributing a servant's labor, over a long period of years, at little cost.

* * * * *

These are some of the reasons why the fullest and widest use of the Kitchen Cabinet is of greatest importance in these critical times.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO.
1010 13th Street
ELWOOD, INDIANA

F. C. Burroughs Furniture Company, Limited
Toronto, Canada, District Representative

Kitchen work—the housewife's greatest hindrance to effective war-time work—is minimized. Her hands are freed for more important things. Her opportunity for contributing to victory, in equal measure with her sons, brothers, husband or sweetheart—both "over there" and here at home—is made infinitely greater.

* * * * *

The woman who has *once known* the splendid efficiency of the modern Kitchen Cabinet would no more be without one—than would the executive or workman be without modern equipment in office or workshop.

The woman who has *not yet* enjoyed the benefits of the Kitchen Cabinet will find many good makes offered for her selection, but none better than the Sellers, which combines for the first time the 15 long-wanted conveniences.

The Sellers Kitchen Cabinet can be purchased from furniture dealers everywhere for cash or on easy payments. Ask your dealer for a Sellers Demonstration today.

DEALERS The Sellers Agency is a profitable connection. Your territory may be available. Write for our exclusive agency proposition.

FREE BOOKLET—"21 Inexpensive Meals" By Constance E. Miller, A. D. E.

Now in its 2nd edition! Gives recipes for a whole week's economy meals. Appetizing and nourishing dishes prepared at small cost. Send a postal. We will mail you a copy, postpaid and free of charge.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES

WHEN Achilles was a baby his mother learned that the waters of the River Styx had the quality of making the human skin proof against spears, arrows or sword thrusts.

So she took her son to the bank of the river and, holding him by the heel, dipped him in the water. Thus the entire body of Achilles, except one heel, was made invulnerable to wounds.

Achilles grew up, went to war, and led a charmed life. It was as though he wore an invisible coat of mail. But finally an enemy arrow found his heel, his one vulnerable spot, and Achilles died from the wound.

Many men owning various kinds of property are very much like Achilles. Although hitherto escaping ill-fortune, they know that their homes may burn down, their motor cars may be wrecked, their jewels stolen, their prize stock killed in a train wreck, their merchandise injured by a leaking sprinkler system or their crops destroyed by hail. Yet they neglect to guard against all of these possible misfortunes through the many forms of insurance written by the Two Hartfords.

Where is *your* Achilles heel? Where is *your* unprotected spot? Have a talk with the Hartford agent in your town today and learn all about the complete

INSURANCE *Service*
OF THE
TWO HARTFORDS

Any agent or broker
can sell you
a Hartford policy

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT & INDEMNITY CO.
Hartford, Conn.

Continued from Page 90

"I think," said the major, "that they may or may not accompany each other, but that neither is necessary to the other. Where there is supreme physical beauty all else may exist in the eye of the beholder. You understand, of course," he added courteously, "that I am now generalizing from my own experience, without reference to yours?"

"Quite so."

"This lady," the major continued, "unlike the lady of whom you have told us, was endowed with the strongest purely physical attraction I have ever met with. Nine out of ten men felt it the moment they laid eyes on her, and very often proceeded immediately to make fools of themselves.

"Physical attraction is a curious force. It is one of the greatest assets a human being can have. The man or woman possessing it is at an enormous advantage. But there is some sort of prudery about us which tends to make us look at it askance or wish to deny the existence of it, as though it were something to be ashamed of. Both men and women—I am speaking of Anglo-Saxons—like to dwell upon the spiritual in their affairs of the heart, and minimize the physical. From my point of view such a course prevents the proper comprehension of fundamental truths.

"The adoration of men was the food on which this woman lived; yet she never seemed to raise a hand to get it. She didn't have to. It came flooding to her as naturally as water runs downhill. Seeing that she made no apparent effort to attract men many persons came to believe that she was indifferent to men, or, if not that, that she was at most friendly and impersonal with them.

"Such an air of friendly impersonality may be very tantalizing to a man. It makes a woman seem mysterious and desirable, and stimulates man—who, with a kind of queer perversity, always desires the chaste, remote and unattainable—to try to gain for himself a place in her thoughts. Men were always trying to impress themselves upon this woman, with the general result that the more they tried to do so the more captivated they themselves became. Constantly there arrived new recruits, to fall violently in love with her. Then in almost every case would come a crisis, in which the man, being refused—but in a sentimental, tender way, calculated to keep him hoping, aspiring and attending—would charge her with having trifled with him. But her technic was such that she was always in position to reply that she had thought of him merely as one with whom she had a rare and beautiful friendship, that she had done nothing to encourage hopes beyond such a friendship, and that in view of these circumstances he was treating her unjustly. She would look at him with eyes surprised and grieved—perhaps even through tears if the case proved difficult to handle; whereupon he would become contrite, self-reproachful, apologetic, and, often enough, more in love with her than ever.

"This indirect allurement is the most dangerous kind of allurement; it is insidious like a contagious disease the presence of which one does not suspect until one is down with it. Yet a woman who has such power will use it as deliberately, as calculatingly as a cowboy uses a lasso.

"What with her various allurements and blandishments, her various gifts and tricks, she was able to keep many men enthralled at once, causing each to suppose either that he was rising to the position of prime favorite or else that he had already attained such a position and was linked to her by a very special bond of sympathetic understanding. And to do her justice I must admit that she was capable of giving men a kind of comprehending companionship which made her very fascinating.

"She had what would have been for the average woman a very comfortable income, but so long as she had cash for current needs it did not trouble her to owe money—unless those to whom she owed it became pressing in their demands. Then she would turn her thrilling, pathetic, tear-filled eyes upon some poor, susceptible, tender-hearted devil of a banker or broker, and put a quaver in her voice, and tell how she had been imposed upon by someone, and how cruel the world was to her, and how she didn't know what she was going to do; and he would palpitate and say 'Poor, brave little woman!' and would make a fictitious investment for her, and give her the proceeds; whereupon she would proceed as though her finances were in sound condition, spending money with insane extravagance until she was again in a hole, when the entire farce would be repeated, either with the same man or with a new one.

"As for the old conventional fiction that the woman who takes money from a man is thereby compromised, she knew the tender-hearted, sentimental male too well to take any stock in that. Everyone who knows anything of the world knows that a man will often be more generous with a distressed angel, the hem of whose garment he touches with the utmost reverence, than with a mistress. Few men are so hard as to have lost the taste for being chivalrous upon occasion, and no man lives who does not like to think of himself as presenting a picture of chivalry in the eyes of a beautiful woman—eyes which can look first helpless and appealing, then thankful and admiring; which can say more effectively than words could say it: 'You wonderful man, you! There was no one else to whom I could have brought my poor little troubles—no one else who would have understood or from whom I could have accepted help.'

"You may be sure there was no mention of dressmakers' bills in the stories she told men to account for her dilemmas. No, indeed! The stories made her noble and pathetic; or an innocent creature persecuted for her beauty. I know of at least one instance—and I have no doubt there were others—in which, when she was being harried for several thousand dollars she owed for clothes, she obtained a considerable loan from an admirer by leading him to suppose that she had guilelessly accepted the financial aid pressed upon her by another man, whom she had supposed to be merely a disinterested and generous friend, but who was now taking advantage of her obligation to him by annoying her with unwelcome attentions. Her story was that she wished to repay this amatory brute and dismiss him from her life.

"Do not imagine that these convenient fictions of hers appeared to her as cold falsehoods. Upon the contrary, she had a strong dramatic sense and had told the stories so often that she herself believed them, and saw herself as a figure pathetic, picturesque, persecuted and always noble. She was like a child lost in the rôle of Cinderella, sorry for herself to the point of tears.

"And so, you see, a hungry and theatrical egotism, very beautifully concealed, was her dominating characteristic. It accounted for everything she did—especially for what she did with men and money. To feed her egotism she must have plenty of both. She was the high priestess of Self; her own beauty was her religion; men were her congregation; money the incense to be burned. Nor do I believe that the men who most devoutly worshiped her ever attained an adoration for her quite so exalted as her own self-adoration.

"Yet she was clever enough to conceal this religion of hers from all save a very few persons. This she did by affecting extraordinary genuineness and modesty. Indeed one might say that her special pose was freedom from pose."

"But," put in the captain, "do you mind my asking how you were able to see through her if she had the faculty for so universally deceiving men?"

"But I was not able to!" protested the major. "God forbid that I should claim powers of divination in these matters! Upon the contrary, I fancy I was for a considerable time more deceived than any of the others. I kept coming back for more. And in the end I think she made a greater fool of me."

"She threw you over?"

"No," returned the major with a sardonic smile; "she married me. Then I began to find out these things I have been telling you. It is through matrimony that most men find out. Until a man is married to a woman he knows practically nothing of her."

"I can't agree with you," exclaimed the captain. "You imply that all husbands understand their wives. Don't some of the most ghastly misunderstandings that occur in life arise between husband and wife? And on the other hand, what human relationship can be more beautiful, more subtle than a perfect understanding between lovers? Take my own case: Do you suppose her husband has ever comprehended her as I do? No! Not a thousandth part so well! The proof is that she repeated, as we parted in New York, the

Every individual suit of

Stein-Bloch

Smart Clothes

carries the responsibility of maintaining a reputation for superiority that has been sustained continuously during

Sixty-Three Years

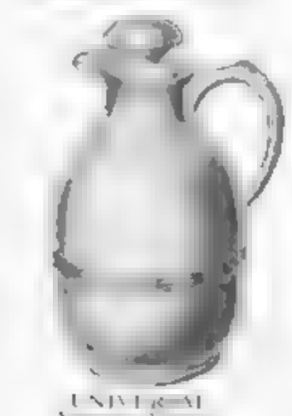
THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
MAIN OFFICES AND SHOPS AT
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

DEPARTMENT OF LABOR SAYS:

Every man who does his best, whether as fighter or worker, is a Patriot.
Work full time, stick to your job until the battle is won.

UNIVERSAL VACUUM BOTTLES

UNIVERSAL
Vacuum Bottle
No. 91 Pint $5 50
[illegible]



UNIVERSAL
[illegible]
No. 9821 Pint $7 00
No. 9822 Quart $8 50

UNIVERSAL
[illegible]
[illegible]

As an aid to war-time conservation UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles are covering an ever-increasing list of home, business and military uses.

In the home coffee, tea and other beverages are kept steaming hot for several hours after preparation, without the use of coal, gas, electricity or other fuel.

In hospitals, camp, business places, etc., beverages and semi-liquid foods are kept at their original temperature, ready to serve at any moment without waste of time in heating or cooking.

In a thousand ways UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles will help you to better do your part in this Great Emergency.

UNIVERSAL Lunch Box

For workers in munition plants, in the ship yards or in fact for anyone compelled to eat away from home.

The pint size UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottle keeps tea or coffee steaming hot or any beverage ice cold, while the construction of the box is such that it keeps all food perfectly fresh. Made of heavy tin with enamel finish. Built to stand long and severe usage. Prices $4.00 to $5.00.

Sold by Hardware Dealers, Department and Drug Stores Everywhere
Write to Dept. No. 142 for Free Booklet

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

thing she used to say—that no one had ever understood her as I did."

"Oh," said the major gently, "I'm not saying there can't be exceptional cases. You yourself say that your case was exceptional. Let me remind you again that I am only generalizing from my own experience—which, I hardly need point out, was altogether unlike yours.

"Put yourself in my place. Suppose you had married the lady of your heart. Then suppose you had begun to discover that everything you had believed to be pure gold, from her spirit to her hair, was, so to speak, touched up."

"Even her hair?" cried the captain.

"Even her hair," the other replied. "And that symbolizes precisely the thing of which I spoke a moment ago, to which you took exception—that is, the sort of thing we learn only through marriage. It is not until after marriage that they let down their hair, or their character, before us. It is not until then that we discover their facial or spiritual cosmetics. The fact that a woman's hair is naturally light brown, instead of gold, is not perhaps important, but it is something of a shock to learn that she blondines her soul.

"I used to compare certain tones in her voice to plaintive notes of a cello. But do you suppose a virtuoso, when he acquires a new cello, knows everything there is to know about it—every little trick it can develop—every tone of which it is capable? No. He does not know that cello until he has possessed it for a time. Then he learns its individual tricks. He may discover that certain tones are not so fine as he at first supposed. Well, even that I discovered! My cello squeaked. The plaintive notes, heard too regularly, became a whine.

"And then the little tricks, tricks, tricks! Imagine one's feelings on discovering that one gesture after another was altogether artificial. Imagine the dawning realization that little mannerisms and allurements which you had regarded as natural expressions of a sentiment for you—for you personally—were neither genuine nor exclusive, but had been employed and continued to be employed upon a succession of other men."

"But I don't quite see yet," said the captain, "precisely how you discovered all these things."

"I have purposely avoided being too specific," replied the major, "but I will give you an example: Not long after we were married my wife announced to me that she had invited a bride and groom to dinner. The latter, she told me, was an old friend; the bride she had not met.

"Very well; they arrived at our house. The bride, a silly little thing, had evidently heard from her husband enough to make her jealous of my wife. From the first she took a 'You-can't-get-him-away-from-me-now' tone which, though it was in bad taste, I did not think much of until, later in the evening, when she had perhaps drunk a sip too much champagne for her foolish little head, she blurted out a remark—half jesting, half spiteful—which contained enough chronology to reveal to me not merely that my wife had been engaged to her husband but that her engagement to this man had actually overlapped, by a considerable period, her engagement to me."

"No!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, indeed. And more than that, I have since learned of her engagement, at the same time, to a third man."

"It's incredible!" ejaculated the captain. "I can't imagine such a woman."

"In order to gather something of what I went through," said the major, "just suppose, for the sake of argument, that you had married the lady of whom you have told us, and that the subsequent revelations had been as I have described. Suppose she proved herself a vain, self-seeking man hunter. And suppose she kept on being one as though marriage should make no difference. Suppose your house was forever full of moonstruck males who could scarcely conceal their hatred of you—hatred based on a belief, inculcated by her, that they 'understood' her, and that you, coarse-grained creature that you were, did not. And then, at last, suppose, what practically amounted to an admission from her, that she married you for money. Suppose yourself her husband, envied by the men she had jilted, yet yourself envying them."

"But I can't imagine such a thing—not about her!"

"Of course not," said the major. Then after a pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said: "But it does open an interesting field for speculation. The question is: Which of us is better off? Is it better to have loved and lost, or to have loved, possessed and sustained disillusionment?"

The captain pondered.

"That's hard to say, isn't it?" he answered presently.

"Yes. You see if I hadn't married her I should have gone on dreaming of her as an angel among women. I should have had an ideal, but not the truth. As it is, I have the truth, but no ideal. Which is better for a man, I wonder?"

"For myself," said the captain slowly, "I should not wish to live if I were to find out that she was not the woman I know her to be. I'd rather be deluded always than to face so hideous a truth if that were the truth. Without my belief in her there'd be nothing left. Absolutely nothing."

Hearing a step on the gravel walk behind him he turned his head. A nurse was coming toward us.

"She's coming for me," he said, speaking quickly. "I've been thinking—they couldn't look alike—those two women. Not really. Alike perhaps in coloring—in purely superficial things. But not in expression—not in what makes a face. I want you both to see her picture."

He drew from his breast pocket a small leather case, snapped it open and handed it to me. It was indeed the presentment of surpassing womanly loveliness; the features classically perfect, the expression tender, spiritual, sweet.

With a remark intended to convey something of my admiration I passed the picture to the major. The captain, I observed, watched him narrowly as he inspected it.

"It is truly an exquisite face," he said as he passed it back.

"But the resemblance?" the other demanded in an eager voice.

"As you surmised," returned the major, "it is of the slightest. This is much the finer face."

As the captain returned the case to his pocket his nurse came up.

"I've come to take you in," she said, seizing hold of the handle at the back of the chair. "It's time your dressing was changed."

There was a contented, almost relieved expression on his face as she turned his chair and began to wheel it toward the doorway.

"They couldn't look alike, those two," he said, glancing triumphantly over his shoulder. "You see, after all, you can't get away from physiognomy." Then with a wave of the hand he bade us good day.

"I'm sorry I couldn't contribute something more adequate to this afternoon's symposium," I said to the major after a time, as our nurses came together down the walk.

"You'd better not be," he returned with his peculiar ironical smile. "Stop in my room as you go by—will you? The first room to the left of the entrance."

The pretty blond nurse wheeled him ahead. Mine followed. We entered his room behind him.

"Please give me my portfolio," he said to his nurse.

She laid it on the bed beside his chair. With his uninjured hand he fumbled momentarily among the papers, then drew from an envelope a photograph, which he passed to me.

It was an exact duplicate of the one in the captain's little leather case.

"My goodness!" cried the pretty blond nurse, looking over my shoulder at the picture. "Will wonders never cease? Here's my major, just like all the rest of 'em, showing off a girl's photograph! And just when I've been boasting this very afternoon that he was the one man in the whole place that wasn't given to that kind of thing!"

"But you're quite right," he said to her with his characteristic smile. "I don't make a practice of it. This happens to be a particular case. This gentleman knows a good deal about her."

His nurse leaned over, the better to inspect the picture.

"She's mighty good-looking," she declared. "And such pretty hair too!" As she spoke she raised her hand and tucked in a hairpin. Then she asked: "Who is she, anyhow?"

The major shot a sidelong glance at me as he replied.

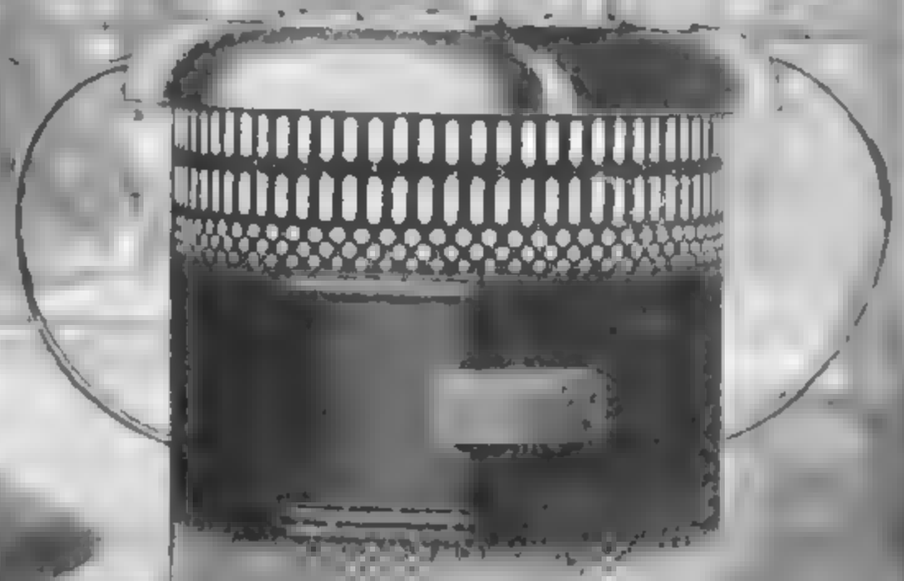
"My wife," he said.

FLORENCE
OIL HEATERS

KEEP the children warm and they'll keep well. A Florence Oil Heater will take the early morning chill from bed-room, living-room or bathroom. It will help you to save coal because you can run a low fire and burn this cheery little heater in whatever room you are using. Buy your Florence Oil Heater today, as we couldn't make all we would.

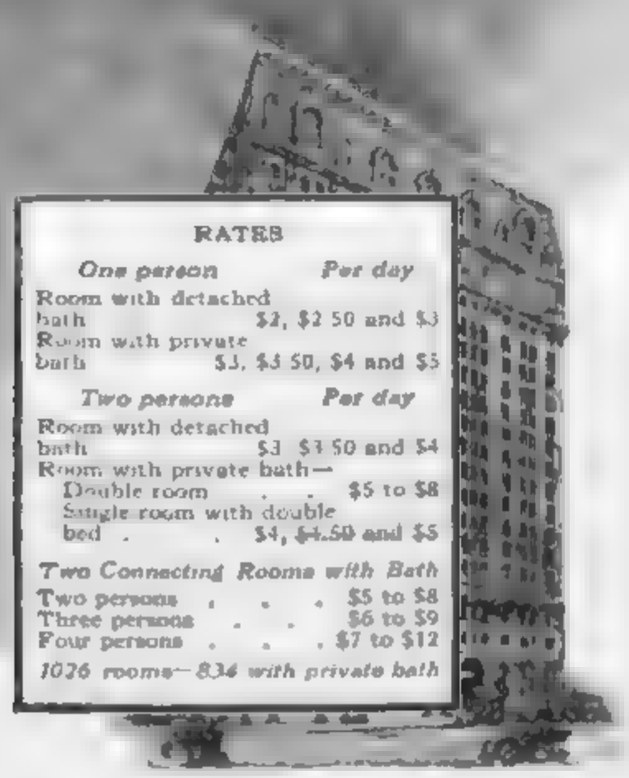
CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
321 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cooking Stoves, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, and Florence Oil Heaters



Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel


RATES
One person Per day
Room with detached bath $2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath $3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons Per day
Room with detached bath $3 $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath—
Double room . . $5 to $8
Single room with double bed . . $4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath
Two persons . . . $5 to $8
Three persons . . . $6 to $9
Four persons . . . $7 to $12
1026 rooms—834 with private bath

"Chicago's Finest" Service at Before-The-War Rates

TRAVELERS to Chicago from near and far appreciate this fact—that at Hotel La Salle the standards of service are maintained over all difficulties—*and at prices that prevailed before the war.*

In the cuisine, experience and skill have brought conservation to that art which entails no sacrifices of food value or appetite.

In each department the same intelligent care prevails to conserve the general good with maximum individual comfort to the guest.

The register of this famous place daily chronicles the arrival of men and women who represent the highest type of American ideals in military and civil life.

In personal details La Salle foresight saves time and expense, enabling you to crowd into every hour of your stay in Chicago the full measure of work or recreation.

La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago
ERNEST J. STEVENS, Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

The only hotel in the world which owns and operates a fleet of taxicabs and limousines

BEDFORD LOSES HIS BUSINESS LEG

(Continued from Page 10)

Already their commercial business would be seriously injured by the loss of the production of Factories A and B. Surely no further sacrifice could be expected.

The train pulled out with Marshall Bedford still trying to register sleep. As the train stretched across the Jersey meadows he pulled the blanket up over his ears to shut out the sharp clickety-click of the car wheels which could be heard through the ventilators above his head. The wheels and the rails seemed to have something to talk him. With monotonous rhythm they talked:

"Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C? Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C?"

At Trenton, unable to shake the monotonously insistent question, Bedford sat up in his berth and turned on the light by his head. He would read. Opening the front cover of a magazine which he took from his bag, he was confronted by one of his own advertisements, a full-page ad of the new officers' boot. He sighed as he looked at it. There would be no more of that last to sell. And wouldn't the dealers be sore! Continuing to leaf through the magazine he found a promising story.

But as he read, the story was accompanied by that diabolical rhythm from the wheels. "Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C?"

At Baltimore the next morning Bedford almost lost his chance at a seat in the restaurant car, after standing for half an hour in a long line of Washington-bound army officers, to get hold of the Western Union boy who was going through the train collecting telegrams.

Grasping the stub of pencil with the chewed point tendered by the boy, he scrawled the following brief message to Hustis Wiltworth:

"Will turn Factory C over to army shoes at once. Will wire estimate on quantity upon return to my office."

When the train reached Washington, Bedford stepped onto the platform with a happy feeling. The Bedford Shoe Corporation was now patriotically going fifty-fifty with the Government. Factories A, B and C for Uncle Sam; Factories D, E and F for the trade. Factory G didn't count.

Handing the porter two Thrift Stamps, his customary tipping currency of late, he picked up his bag, spurning the solicitation of a redcap, squared his broad shoulders, lifted his chin, inhaled a deep draft of the fresh morning air and started down the platform, a splendid picture of the successful middle-aged business man.

It was only seven-forty-five, and he was sure Copeland, who was of course the first man he wanted to see, would not be at his office for an hour at least; so after telephoning five hotels in an unsuccessful effort to get reservation for the night he checked his bag and stepped out of the station. A brisk walk in the fresh air would do him good.

Washington looked unusually bleak and cold and un-Washingtonlike. A rather heavy fall of snow covered the ground, and gave the Billy Sunday tabernacle over at the left of the station the appearance of a huge Eskimo igloo.

Bedford walked over toward the center of the city, thinking about his mission. He was there primarily in the interest of the subcommittee on shoes, to see if the committee looking after financial matters for the manufacturers of the New England section could not find some way to speed up payments. Many manufacturers were up against it, with heavy inventories of leather for government contracts and huge pay rolls to meet, in the face of very slow payments from the Government for the shoes they were shipping. Bedford himself was beginning to feel the pinch for working capital. Besides, he wanted to move round and get all the general information he could on the war situation in general and the probable shoe requirements for the next year in particular. He hoped to get away by night.

As he turned a corner, whom should he meet but the very man he wanted to see, Victor Copeland, president of the State Street Bank of Boston, now a dollar-a-yearling, one of a board of three who were looking after financial and credit matters pertaining to New England industries.

"Well, if it isn't Marshall Bedford! Come right on down to the office with me, Marshall. It seems mighty good to see someone from one's own board of directors. Got your wire yesterday. We'll get at your problems right away. Lucky you met me or you wouldn't have been able to see me until after ten o'clock. New rule—no callers allowed in office buildings before ten. That gives us a good two hours or more to work before our troubles start for the day."

"Two hours or more? What sort of office hours do you folks observe down here anyway?"

"Oh, we don't observe office hours at all," laughed Copeland. "We work about thirty hours a day most days; busy days more. My day yesterday finished at an important conference at the New Willard that lasted until one-forty-five this morning. This war is making owls of us war Washingtonians. When I get back to good old Boston again I won't be able to sleep more than three or four hours without getting up for a conference of some sort! Guess I'll call directors' meetings at midnight hereafter," he chuckled, slapping Bedford on the back boyishly. "How would you like that?"

"Guess I can stand anything in the night line after trying to sleep in Mr. Pullman's attic last night!"

Doing a day's business in Washington takes two days now, for there are so many clamoring for the attention of every person in authority. It followed, therefore, that five o'clock that evening found Bedford with only about half of his mission accomplished.

"If you get stuck for a place to sleep to-night look me up at six o'clock," Copeland had invited when he had left him at eleven in the morning. "I'm roughing it in a couple of rooms. Have an extra bed that isn't much like you're used to, but it's heaps softer than the Capitol steps, at that!"

After spending thirty minutes and forty-five cents in telephoning to various hotels and something over a dollar fifty in taxi fares, Bedford gave up trying to squeeze into a hotel and made his way to Copeland's office. He was unbelievably weary from his day's activities, and having seen a sample of the intense pressure under which Copeland and his associates were working he was expecting to see his friend worn to a fringe.

But not so! He was in good spirits and greeted him with enthusiasm.

"I'm glad you came back," he declared. "We will have dinner together and then go up to my rooms. I'll be pretty busy this evening going over the day's mail and some important reports, but you won't mind entertaining yourself, I know. When you get tired of reading and feel sleepy—why, you can sneak off into the bedroom and turn in. Wardell, of the New York Cosmopolitan Trust, and Kensington, of the Chicago National Commerce, are to drop in at eleven o'clock for a session; we have to meet once a week to compare notes and work out policies, and night is our only chance. They expect to bring a new man with them to-night—Walker, of the San Francisco Western National. But you needn't let the conference bother you; you can just shut the door and snore to your heart's content."

Bedford almost gasped. "At it since seven-thirty this morning and now starting in on a second day's work! Why, I don't see how you stand it!"

For just a second a shade of weariness passed over Copeland's face.

"Well, Bedford, one of the things I've learned since I've come to Washington is that this war can't be confined to the front-line trenches; a lot of battles are going on right now all over this country that our grandchildren won't read about in their school histories."

Two hours later as the two men made their way along a dimly lighted hall in what once had been a fine Washington residence but which had long since outlived its aristocracy and Copeland opened the door to his rooms Bedford got a new shock. He had expected to find his friend comfortably located in a cozy little suite of two

Many munition makers use Art Metal

THE value of man-power!—no one knows it better than the men who direct our great munition factories.

Because ART METAL Steel office equipment helps reduce labor—increases efficiency—it is not surprising that these and many other munition plants are users of ART METAL stock and built-to-order steel office equipment:

Curtiss Aeroplane Co.
Dupont Powder Co.
Erie Forge Co.
General Electric Co.
Colts Patent Firearms Co.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co
Dayton-Wright Aeroplane Co
American Cyanide Co.
Air Nitrates Corporation
International Arms & Fuse Co
Holt Manufacturing Co.
Young Torpedo Co.
Tallahassee Powder Co.
Dayton Metal Products Co.
Ithaca Gun Co.
Electro Dynamic Co.
Delco-Ignition System
Recording & Computing Machine Co.
American Can Co.
Detroit Shell Co.
Erie Brake Shoe Co.
Marlin-Rockwell Corporation
Linde Air Products Co.
American Grenade Loading Corporation
Spang & Co.
Non-Freezing High Explosive Corporation
Root & Vandervoort Wagner Ordnance
Newton Manufacturing Co.

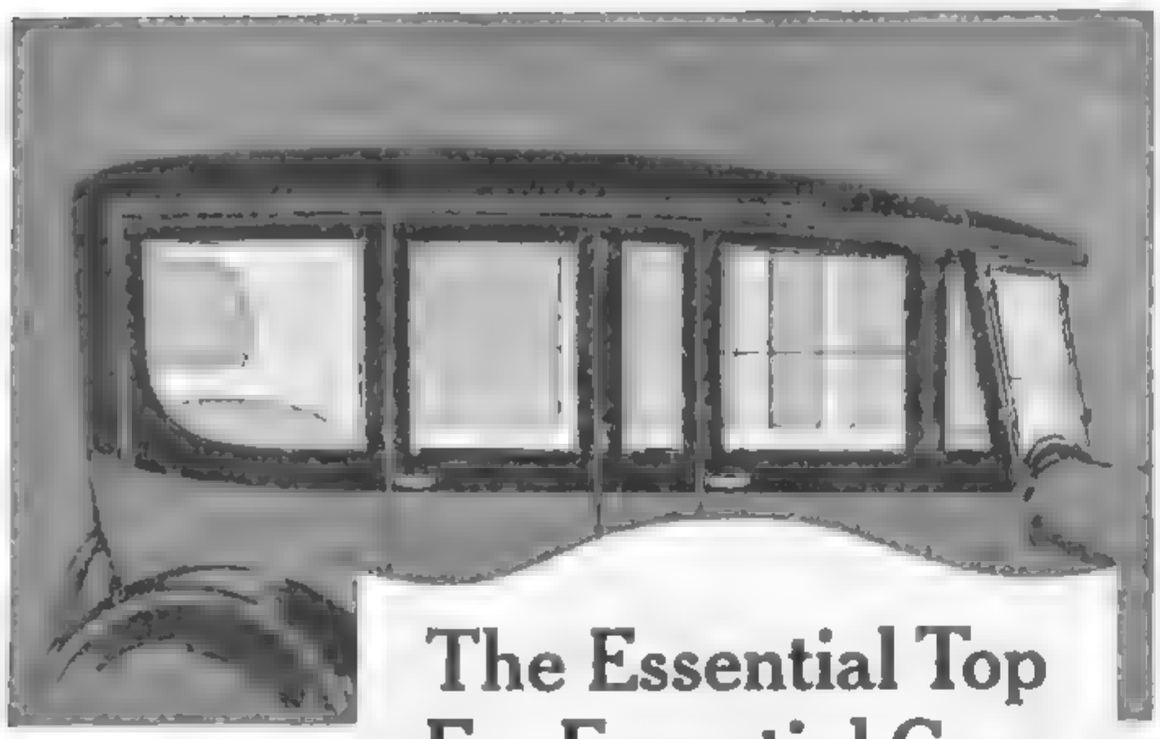
ART METAL CONSTRUCTION CO
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

Originators of Steel Equipment
Founded 1887

Branch offices and agencies in all principal cities

this advertisement is number 17 of a series

Art Metal
Steel Office Furniture
Safes and Files



The Essential Top For Essential Cars

Solid Comfort in Any Weather

EVERY time you lay up a car that ought to be in service you are tending to paralyze America's activities. And every time you rely on side curtains as a shield against cold, rain, snow and sleet, you expose yourself and passengers to discomfort and hardship—often sickness. Don't do either.

Instead, put a snug Anchor Top on your open car and drive in jolly comfort and safety—in town or country—regardless of the weather.

The coach-built Anchor Top gives an open car more utility and style than it had when new. So why lose half the use of your car and the money in it when our low prices for Anchor Tops will keep it in commission all year 'round?

Please don't confuse the Anchor creations with unsightly makeshifts that rattle and don't fit. Anchor Tops are designed by masters of coach work and fasten to the regular body irons perfectly. They harmonize charmingly with every line and curve—no overhanging, no squeaking. Anchor Top snugness keeps out cold, wind, snow and rain

the handsome dome light and attractive whipcord lining are admired everywhere.

Though light in weight an Anchor Top will last as long as your car itself.

Rush Your Inquiry to Insure Delivery

If you own a Buick, Overland, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Dodge or Ford, write us immediately for photo-prints, prices and name of Anchor dealer in your town.

Wartime manufacturing and shipping difficulties make it positively necessary that all orders be in soon. Thousands of Anchor Tops will be wanted when too late—it happened last year. To be sure of your top, write today without fail for full information, and name your car and model.

The Anchor Top & Body Company
633-7 South St., Cincinnati, Ohio
Fine Coach Builders for 30 Years

Sedan Anchor Top Coupé
Glass-Enclosed

or three rooms and bath in some aristocratic bachelor apartment. Instead, what he beheld was two small, rather stuffy but clean rooms, one a sitting room, with antediluvian furniture, an old Brussels carpet on the floor and heavy draperies that seemed to have absorbed five years of odors from the kitchen below, the prevailing suggestion being of bacon and eggs, bacon well done. The other room, Bedford could see when Copeland had lighted the gas, was a bedroom, floor covered with matting which had reached the splintering stage, with two three-quarter iron beds, once probably white but now enameled a Nile green.

Copeland caught the look in Bedford's eyes. "Yes," he laughed. "Some different from my place out in Brookline, isn't it?"

It was! Six acres of wonderfully beautiful grounds surrounded Copeland's Brookline home, and the house itself—well the thought of Copeland's giving up such a home to come down and work for a dollar a year in two smelly little rooms, unquestionably the best to be had, simply staggered Bedford. He felt like a slacker when he thought of his own wonderful home with its rich Oriental rugs and its private bath for every bedroom.

"Enlisted for the period of the war," remarked Copeland, smiling.

At ten o'clock the lines of the book Bedford was reading began to run together on the page. Copeland with a green celluloid visor shading his eyes was sitting at the little student's desk in the corner, poring over typewritten reports.

"Well, I'm going to bed," announced Bedford, yawning. And in less than fifteen minutes he was sleeping soundly in the rockiest bed he had slept in since those days back on the farm when corn husks were considered quite good enough for the boys' mattresses.

It must have been after midnight when he awoke, the keen edge of his weariness slept off. He could hear low voices in the next room in earnest conversation. Evidently the three bankers who had been in Washington for some time were giving some pointers to the new man from San Francisco.

"You'll find that the business men who come down here to Washington to see about government orders divide themselves into three general classes—pikers, profiteers and patriots.

"The pikers are men who want to do as little for the Government, and get as much from it, as they can. They scent a further shortage of materials and they are scared stiff over the fuel situation. They want to take just enough government work to get preferential treatment. Often they'll bid ridiculously low to get a contract just for that reason.

"As for the profiteers, some of them want to swallow the whole Quartermaster's Department! Sometimes you think at first that they are patriots—until you begin to get a line on the prices they plan to quote."

"Yes," broke in one of the others, "but sometimes they are pikers too; they want to take only the cream of the orders that they can handle easily, but they want inordinate profits on those small orders."

"Yes," agreed Copeland, "and then there are the patriots—the one hundred percenters. Thank God for them! They come down here with a now-what-can-my-business-do-for-the-Government attitude. They are willing to turn as much or as little of their capacity over to the War Department as the situation requires; and when it comes to price they lay their costs on the table and ask for suggestions. And their number is increasing by leaps and bounds these days, as business men get thoroughly roused.

"Our job is twofold: We are here to look out for the financial interests of our various districts first of all, but we are also here to make patriots out of the pikers and profiteers whenever we get the chance. Most American business men are patriotic enough, once they understand the seriousness of the situation ——"

"And you can well believe," broke in one of the others, "that the situation is very serious. At the War Department I learned confidentially to-day the actual figures on the number of men we are now planning to set down in France by the first of next July—you remember the President hinted in an interview two or three days ago that we would have twice as many men in France next June as at first planned. Well, that means ——"

He lowered his voice so that Bedford could just barely hear the figure that was mentioned. But he did hear it, and it made him sit up in bed. It was impossible! That number of men could not be trained and equipped in six months.

"And we are going to put it through if we can get the manufacturers of this country to speed up their part of the program sufficiently—clothes and blankets and shoes, and all that sort of thing. But it means everybody's got to double up or large new sources of supply have got to be opened up."

At a quarter past one, when Bedford dropped off to sleep, the conference was still going on. When he awoke again the sun was shining in the one little window of the bedroom. He looked over at Copeland's bed. It was empty. He hopped out of bed and looked at his watch. It was seven-thirty. On the bureau was a note:

Marshall: Sorry to have to slip out without saying "good morning," but I didn't think you'd want to get up so early Take lunch with me at the Raleigh at 12:30 if you can. V C

Somehow Bedford felt like a little boy from the country visiting a busy and sophisticated city cousin.

And all day long that feeling lasted, for everywhere he went he found that for the time being his name and his enormous shoe business meant little to wartime Washington -excepting as to how many pairs of army shoes he could make in the next six or eight months. He lunched with Copeland at twelve-thirty and found him still cheery and very alert, and loaded with a whole lot of most astonishing new facts about army equipment requirements. The War Department had really got going and was gaining momentum every hour! The only concern seemed to be as to whether the country industrially could be made to see the emergency and would rise to it.

At four-seven that afternoon Bedford sank wearily into a day-coach seat of a Pennsylvania train due in New York at ten-fifteen P. M. If the train got in on time he could catch the midnight for Boston.

Riding in a day coach was a rather novel experience for Bedford, but to one thing he had made up his mind—the railroads should no longer use their precious coal and locomotives to pull four thousand pounds of parlor car for him when eighteen hundred pounds of day coach would do the job.

Just before the train started an old lady with seamed face and snow-white hair slipped timidly into the seat beside him, all the other seats being occupied. "That's the worst of these day coaches," thought Bedford. "You have to sit next to all sorts of riffraff."

With trembling hands the old lady adjusted her spectacles and then drew from her reticule a crumpled letter, written in lead pencil and bearing at the top of the sheet, Bedford noticed, the familiar red triangle of the Y. M. C. A. This letter the old lady proceeded to read, her lips moving over the words so rapidly that Bedford knew she must know it all by heart from frequent reading. A tear rolled down the withered cheek. Then another, and another. Then a little sob escaped her.

"You'll excuse me," she said confidentially, turning her tear-streaked face to Bedford.

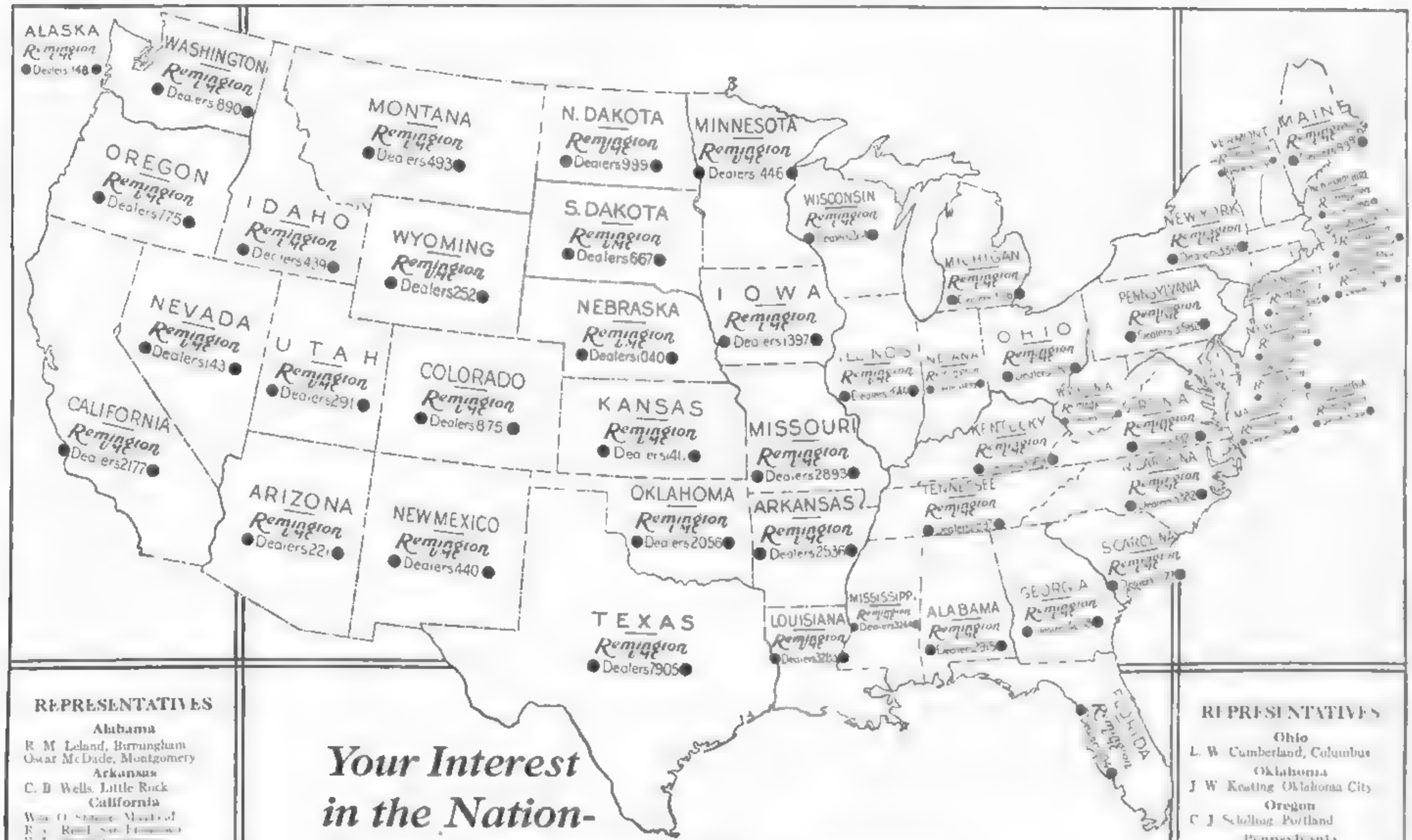
Bedford nodded politely, smiling a bit in spite of himself. "Certainly," he said.

"You see," said the little old lady, "I just got this letter from John yesterday, and I've been kind o' readin' it through again. John's my boy, you know. He's such a good boy too. I s'pose you never met up with him?" Bedford shook his head. "Well, I didn't know but mebbe you had run across him in your travels—he worked on the railroad. Had a fine job too—got twenty-two dollars a week. But poor boy"—and the tears started to roll down her brave old face again—"he can't work on the railroad no more when he comes back. He's—he's—lost a leg," she finished abruptly. "You know he went over with the Canadians the second year of the war."

"How did he come to do that?" asked Bedford with kindly interest.

"Why, when he went to enlist up in Ottawa," explained the little lady, mistaking the import of Bedford's question, "they asked him where he came from and he said Baltimore and they said they couldn't take United Statesers and for him to go out and walk round the block and when he came back he'd be a Canadian; and he did." And the little lady glowed with pride.

(Continued on Page 101)



Your Interest in the Nation-wide Remington UMC Organization

YOU know your own Remington UMC dealer—the character of the man. You know his ideals about his business lead him to specialize in Remington UMC Firearms and Ammunition. And you see his store becoming more and more a headquarters for just such keen sportsmen as yourself.

Therefore, this map will interest you. It shows that there are in this country 81,308 Remington UMC dealers—the merchants who serve every part of the Nation with these celebrated Arms and Ammunition, at your service wherever the opportunity for a hunting trip may find you or your inclination take you.

What is more, on the sides of this page are the names of men who, also, should interest you—even should you never meet any of them.

These are the Remington UMC Representatives and District Managers. Among them is the Remington man in your territory.

He is the man who brings to your own dealer all the facilities of the Remington UMC Organization—and your shooting owes more to this man than perhaps you realize.

Like every other man who represents Remington UMC, he has been trained in the Remington factory.

Your dealer's ability to handle gun repairs and adjustments *quickly* owes much to this fact, and that the Remington man is *on the job*.

More than that, the Remington man was picked for this work not only for what he knows about arms and ammunition, about game and shooting—but because he is a true sportsman, able and keen to co-operate with your dealer in making your shooting even better worth while.

Many of the most helpful suggestions for the activity and smooth running of your shooting club have come from the Remington man. A specialist, traveling constantly, he likewise directly or otherwise benefits every club in his territory.

Realizing what these men are doing, and the character of the Remington UMC Organization back of it—do you wonder that Remington UMC is the greatest force for good shooting today?

Then reflect that this same Organization extends in like manner over the entire globe—throughout every civilized country.

You will begin to see in its true perspective the meaning to you of Remington UMC. And you will realize something of the significance of the ideal of the Remington management, to serve the owner of a Remington in Seattle, for instance, just as efficiently and completely as the owner of a Remington who may live literally in the shadow of one of the five great Remington factories.

From this point of view, not only will you be quicker to see the bigger and better new Remington UMC achievements reflected in your dealer's store, but wherever you go you will feel the very presence of Remington UMC itself, at your service for good shooting.

REPRESENTATIVES

Alabama
R. M. Leland, Birmingham
Oscar McDade, Montgomery
Arkansas
C. B. Wells, Little Rock
California
[illegible]
Jno. S. Sanders, Los Angeles
Florida
R. E. Mann, Jacksonville
Georgia
Lon E. Davis, Augusta
Frank Roberts, Macon
Idaho
J. A. Reed, Boise
Illinois
E. S. Graham, Ingleside
Jno. E. Webster, Springfield
Indiana
J. I. Hymer, Indianapolis
Iowa
L. D. Russell, Des Moines
Kansas
E. M. Hager, Eureka
Kentucky
O. S. Lawrence, Louisville
Louisiana
W. B. Le Gette, Shreveport
L. S. McCoy, New Orleans
Maine
W. G. Hill, Portland
Michigan
Jno. S. Cole, Jr., Detroit
Minnesota
[illegible]
Mississippi
O. C. Burroughs, Jackson
J. H. Joyner, Greenville
Missouri
[illegible]
Montana
E. W. Groves, Helena
Nebraska
Rush Razee, Curtis
R. A. Manning, Hastings
Geo. W. Maxwell, Hastings
J. T. Hollingsworth, Omaha
New Jersey
E. Fred Slear, Collingswood
New York
[illegible]
Frank B. Roseman, Rochester
H. A. Keller, Jamaica, L. I.
J. B. Zollinger, New York City

REPRESENTATIVES

Ohio
L. W. Cumberland, Columbus
Oklahoma
J. W. Keating, Oklahoma City
Oregon
C. J. Schilling, Portland
Pennsylvania
W. F. White, Pittsburgh
A. A. Somers, Erie
O. S. Sked, Wilkes Barre
South Carolina
J. C. Franklin, Anderson
South Dakota
W. A. Brown, Mitchell
Tennessee
[illegible]
Texas
[illegible]
Dan H. Burt, Gatesville
J. S. Lotten, Tyler
Jas. W. Whitworth, Waco
Thos. L. Turner, Houston
L. L. Wade, Houston
Utah
D. N. Hood, Salt Lake City
Virginia
J. A. Anderson, Richmond
Washington
J. A. Cook, Seattle
F. A. Dryden, Spokane
Wisconsin
C. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee

DISTRICT MANAGERS

H. E. Cocanougher, Little Rock, Arkansas
J. G. Heath, San Francisco, California
D. W. King, Denver, Colorado
Jno. S. Lester, Atlanta, Georgia
Jas. Dyer, Chicago, Illinois
J. W. Wolf, [illegible]olis, Indiana
H. R. Patterson, Minneapolis, Minnesota
J. L. Head, St. Louis, Missouri
J. L. Clark, New York City, New York
W. T. Leslie, Charlotte, North Carolina
T. E. Hubby, Waco, Texas

REMINGTON UMC

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Inc.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Woolworth Building, New York

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Don't Wait for Weather Like This

DECIDE NOW to protect your car this winter with Johnson's Freeze-Proof. Purchase your supply early from your dealer and read and follow the directions carefully. A little time spent now cleaning the radiator and putting on new hose connections will save you unlimited time, trouble, worry and expense during the winter months.

JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

is the logical anti-freeze preparation. It is inexpensive—does not evaporate—is non-inflammable—easy to use—and guaranteed. One application will last all winter unless the solution is lost through the overflow pipe or leakage.

Truck and fleet owners will find Johnson's Freeze-Proof a great time and money saver. Your trucks will always be on the job and in the coldest weather it will be "Business as Usual" for you.

Farmers will find Johnson's Freeze-Proof a utility product—for automobiles—tractors—gas engines—trucks—and electro lighting and heating plants.

The present high price of alcohol—its low boiling point—quick evaporation and inflammability—make it impractical. Use Johnson's Freeze-Proof, then forget there is such a thing as a frozen radiator.

One package will protect a Ford to 5° below zero and two packages to 50° below. See scale on package.

Cost $1.50 per package in U. S. A. East of Rockies. Get it from your Local Dealer.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.

Your Radiator Can't Freeze—with

FREEZE-PROOF

(Continued from Page 98)

"I see," said Bedford. "He is a real patriot."

The mother nodded her head vigorously. "Johnny always was," she asserted. "But poor boy, he's lost a leg now. I'll just show you part of his letter," she exclaimed suddenly, folding the last sheet of the letter so that Bedford could read only the last paragraph.

"Well, Ma" [said the last paragraph in a shaky hospital hand], "I might as well tell you now that I'm at the hospital. I got to lose a leg, the doc says, and he's going to operate this afternoon. It ain't losing the leg that bothers me much, but it makes me feel awful sore to be queered this way so as I can't get back into the fight. Don't you worry none, Ma, cause I'll come through all right, and it'll be all over before you get this letter at all, being so far off. If I should kick in and never come back—but shaw, I'm going to, all right—why you know me, Ma. I wouldn't have no regrets except that I couldn't be transferred to the U. S. Army, so I could die under the good old Stars and Stripes. Well, the nurses is coming for me now, so so long, Ma. Write when you can to Your John."

Down at the bottom, in a fainter, shakier hand, Bedford read a postscript:

"P.S. Well, I came through all right, Ma. They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight! I've got to get into it again somehow, soon as I can get round."

"You'll excuse his swearin', won't you, sir?" the little white-haired mother asked anxiously, watching Bedford's eyes as he read down to the last line. "He ain't a bit profane, Johnny ain't. He was jest so het up."

"Bless your heart, my good woman, of course he isn't profane! Why, that's religion," asserted Bedford, his voice husky because his Adam's apple stuck halfway up in his throat. "Your boy is a hero."

The words sounded foolish and futile to Bedford after he had uttered them. Somehow nothing seemed adequate to the occasion, and he sat for a minute in embarrassed silence.

"The poor boy wants to be transferred to our Army," said the little lady finally, "so I just thought I'd run down to Washington to-day and see Mr. Baker and see if I couldn't get him transferred from the Canadians, as sort of a little surprise, don't you know?"

"How did you make out?" asked Bedford, curious to know how Washington would handle such a case.

"Why, Mr. Baker wasn't in to-day, so they told me to write him all about it in a letter and they'd see just what could be done," she explained, perfectly satisfied.

"Thank God for some information clerk with tact and a heart," thought Bedford to himself.

The old lady had evidently relieved her mind and heart, for she suddenly folded the letter and deposited it in her reticule. Then she drew forth a half-knit gray sock, adjusted her spectacles again and with a kindly, almost a chummy, sidelong smile at her seat mate proceeded to knit and think, knit and think, in composed silence.

Just as the train was pulling into Baltimore, past the everlasting rows and rows of houses, she looked up and said softly: "I'm so glad that Johnny's comin' back. What would be the good in anything—money or anything—if our boys wasn't never comin' back to us?"

And Marshall Bedford, millionaire manufacturer, whose name was an international word for shoes in both Americas, and was emblazoned in six-foot letters on a big signboard that the train was even at that minute flashing past, turned his kindly face to her and said very simply, "Not a bit of good, little mother."

He was thinking what it would mean if his own boy, who had sailed for France just eight days before, should never come back.

At Baltimore the little white-haired lady slipped out in the aisle, stopped just a moment to give Bedford a quaint little curtsy, which he acknowledged with his very best grace, and shuffled out with the crowd.

For the next hour Bedford sat, his elbow on the window sill, chin resting on his palm.

"Well, I came through all right, Ma. They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight!" "If I should kick in and never come back ——" "Why you know me, Ma." Over and over phrases from the boy's letter ran through Bedford's weary mind in jumbled sequence. Somehow that phrase "You know me, Ma," meant so much more than the words said. What was it? Why, it was the same thing that Copeland had been talking about at midnight the night before—it was one-hundred-per-cent patriotism. "You know me, Ma, I'm game to go the limit," it said. And the postscript—"They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight!"—that was one-hundred-per-cent grit.

Bedford suddenly wished that he too could lose a leg for his country. He would gladly if ——

III

ON WEST Thirty-eighth Street, New York, a little way east from Sixth Avenue, is a small shop. Just inside the door is a telephone booth. It was in this telephone booth that Marshall Bedford lost his business leg; not charging valiantly across No Man's Land amid the thunder of cannon and the cries of dying men. No; the first phase of the battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, was fought soberly, calmly—but none the less heroically—at eleven-forty P. M. under the stairway to the Thirty-eighth Street station of the Sixth Avenue L, with no din but the rumble of an uptown local coming to a stop overhead, and no cry but the half-intelligible calls of the L guards.

The battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, had as a matter of fact started back just the other side of Trenton, New Jersey, when Private Patriotism had suddenly suggested to Marshall Bedford: "Why don't you have done with this halfway patriotism? The Army needs shoes—millions of pairs of them. Why don't you just forget considerations of profit during the war and turn your entire plant over to the Government and help get our Army shod?"

And Bedford had been almost swept off his feet for a minute until Private Profit had counterattacked.

"There is no need for such a sacrifice," explained Private Profit. "The war can't last very much longer, and it isn't up to you to ruin your commercial business. Why, it would mean losing your thousands of good dealers, and it would take you months, perhaps years, to get back on the same footing again. As for this 'one-hundred-per-cent patriotism,' public speakers and government officials have to use it as a sort of slogan, but it isn't meant to be taken too seriously. Dividing the production of a great plant like yours on a fifty-fifty basis is magnificently generous and patriotic."

"Yes, but ——" began Private Patriotism. And the battle was on. Mile after mile as the train flew on through the night, a driving snow, half hail, beating against the windows, the quiet man sat with his chin resting on his hand, gazing unseeingly out into the storm. Occasionally he would reach up and rub his forehead as though his head ached. And once he got up and walked to the rear platform and tried to smoke. But he had abruptly thrown his cigar, half smoked, over the rail and walked back to his seat.

The little white-haired lady with the crumpled letter was right. "What would be the good in anything—money or anything—if our boys wasn't never comin' back to us?" What if Marsh should never come back? What would be the use of the great Bedford Shoe Corporation to him if he and mother were left all alone in the big house when the war was all over? God! This war must be ended! Think of the millions of little white crosses over in France! How many more would there have to be? Why was the war dragging so anyway? Why was it that this great rich country hadn't just risen up in its might and ended this war? Suppose the war should last three years more, why, Marsh would be sure to be—the war must be stopped—it must be!

Bedford had an insane desire to jump off the train and start running everywhere—east, west, north, south—like a modern Paul Revere, rousing people to the fact that they must hurry, that men were dying, thousands of them.

Manhattan Transfer; the tunnel under the Hudson; the big Pennsylvania Station.

Bedford took a deep breath and stretched himself to his full six feet as he stepped out onto Seventh Avenue. Here in New York the storm was half snow and half drizzle with a northeast wind blowing; the sidewalks were slushy. But he did not care; he

The Delivery Record

Your delivery record will show your Bethlehem Motor Truck to be your truest wartime economy—low first cost—more miles per gallon—low cost per ton mile—dependable delivery. Bethlehem Internal Gear Drive Motor Trucks break delivery and economy records in every business and they'll take *your* loads off your mind.

1½ Ton Chassis	2½ Ton Chassis	3½ Ton Chassis
$1765	$2165	$3265

F. O. B. ALLENTOWN

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting on all models—Examine a Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM Internal Gear Drive MOTOR TRUCKS Dependable Delivery

'Ever-Ready' Army Razor in Khaki
$1
BLADES
BLADES
'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor
HERE'S the 'Ever-Ready' in its new Khaki uniform—all snug and tight and very compact—ready to be slipt into corner of kit bag. The new kit is fine quality Khaki—rubberized and waterproof, made to stand up under the hard service "over there" the same as the 'Ever-Ready' frame and blades.
The 'Ever-Ready' is the only dollar razor that has thorough, guaranteed distribution of blade supply in France and England. Buy the 'Ever-Ready' "over here" because you can get the blades "over there"
Extra 'Ever-Ready' Razor Blades 6 for 10c
$1.00
Standard Outfit
Blades

would walk over to the Grand Central; he must stretch his legs before being cooped up in a train again; and his grip was not heavy. He turned up his overcoat collar and started out. Maybe the fresh air and the swirling storm would freshen him up and drive these foolish unbusinesslike thoughts from his mind.

"They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight! I've got to get into it again somehow, soon as I can get round."

That crumpled letter haunted Bedford!

"As a matter of fact," said Private Profit, "that's just ordinary soldier talk. Your own boy—any boy over there in the exciting atmosphere of the battlefield and the dramatic surroundings of the hospital would have written just such a letter. It just sort of gets into their blood."

"You bet it does!" agreed Private Patriotism as Bedford turned, half blinded by the storm, into Thirty-eighth Street from Seventh Avenue, pulling his head farther down into the heavy fur collar of his big overcoat. "That is, if you're real American it does. Why, don't you remember the way your own boy talked before he went away? That wasn't the result of battlefield excitement; it was just clean-cut Americanism, the kind you've taught the boy yourself. Didn't you remark, yourself, back there at Baltimore, that you wished you could lose a leg for your country? Well, aren't there different kinds of legs—business legs, for instance?"

Bedford had been fighting off that suggestion for hours; now it had actually come out.

"More of this hero stuff," sneered Private Profit.

"Shut up!" snapped Bedford half aloud. He was nettled and irritated. He, who was known in the business world as a man of clear thinking and quick and definite decisions, had been letting himself fight foolishly over a question half the way from Washington. It must end! Not one step farther would he go until this question of patriotism or profit was settled, once and for all. He stopped short.

Glancing up he found himself under the protection of an L station stairway.

"The way the whole thing sizes up is this," he stated to himself: "Like many other businesses our business has two legs and two arms. The factory and the organization are the two arms; the right leg is the goodwill of the general public; the left leg is our sales distribution through thousands of retail stores. If we turn our whole business over to the Government service it will mean losing a leg, the sales-distribution leg, and we should have to hobble round on one leg for a long time after this war is won, for it takes years to build up a nation-wide distribution like ours."

Well—what of it? What if they did lose a business leg? That needn't take away their fight, need it? Was he any less of a man than the son of the little white-haired lady? Couldn't he start all over again after the war and grow a distribution leg again?

The Government needed shoes—needed them violently.

And the Bedford Shoe Corporation could make more than twice as many as they were planning to make.

An elevated train came rumbling into the station above his head. The gates clanged open, then closed again. A surface trolley clattered past. A policeman came down the avenue, his heavy shoes sloshing along through the slush.

From the shadow of the elevated stairway a very determined voice addressed the policeman: "Where's the nearest telephone, officer?"

The officer turned, half startled at the voice from the shadow. He paused, spat brownly, then turned and pointed to a little shop near the corner.

"Right there. Better hurry up; he'll be closin' soon."

Bedford started for the cigar store. "Well—you know me, Uncle Sam," he said half aloud.

Entering the store he tossed a half dollar on the counter. "Pick me out a couple of good cigars while I telephone."

In an uptown apartment house a man jumped out of his warm bed and hurried down the hall, shivering in his pajamas, to answer the phone.

"Yes, this is Wiltworth."

"Well," said the voice from the little cigar store in West Thirty-eighth Street, "this is Bedford. Sorry to bother you at this time of night, old man, but when a man's leg is sort of hanging loose he wants to have it amputated right away and not go dragging it round the country!"

Wiltworth rubbed his eyes and wondered if he was dreaming. "What?"

"Just this," said the voice, laughing: "Beginning to-morrow morning the Bedford Shoe Corporation is enlisted one hundred per cent in the service of the United States Government for the duration of the war. Uncle Sam can have every pair of shoes we can make—and what's more, he can make his own price.

"And"—as an afterthought—"if the Red Cross needs women's shoes for its relief work—why, it can have the entire output of our new Factory G."

Bedford reached Marshalltown at ten o'clock the next morning and went right to his office.

"Potter, round up the family," he directed; which was his way of calling for a meeting of all the executives.

Half an hour later eight men, representing the eight divisions of the business, from production to publicity, were seated in Bedford's office.

"Gentlemen," said Bedford, "at eleven-forty last night this entire business was enlisted in the service of Uncle Sam. From to-day on we make nothing but army shoes until the Government has enough."

Without waiting for the gasps of astonishment to subside Bedford went on to tell them the whole story; showed them the wadded sheet of paper which represented his proposed profiteering, told them all about his trip to Washington and his battle under the L station, and explained that though they would be able to save the two arms of their business, the factory and the organization, they would surely lose a leg, the distribution leg.

"Now," he continued, "we're not to feel sorry for ourselves, or heroic, or anything like that. We're soldiers, you understand, fighting the battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, and we've got to do our duty. We'll make less profit, but we'll have heaps more peace of mind."

At this point Mr. Thaddeus Telfrey, treasurer of the Bedford Shoe Corporation for the past twenty-six years, and a patriotic old soul, spoke up: "Never mind about losing profits, Mr. Bedford. If we haven't anything to sell the public, and won't have perhaps until the war is over, we can stop our advertising and save all that money."

Several of the others nodded their approval.

Bedford smiled at the old man. "Mr. Telfrey," he said, "if you were fighting over in France and you were injured so that they had to amputate one of your legs, would you say to the surgeon 'Now, doctor, just cut off the other leg too, and even me off so I can never walk round again'? Well, neither are we going to cut off the other leg of our business deliberately. The goodwill we have built round our name and trade-mark may be about all the leg we'll have to limp round on for some time after this war is won.

"Of course, we'll change to an entirely different style of advertising. Instead of talking everlastingly about 'style, quality and fit; style, quality and fit,' we'll talk 'Bedford Shoes, Enlisted for the War.' This is a time of tremendous changes in the commercial life of the world," he went on; "a time when more than one business that has been a leader in its field for generations will sink into comparative oblivion, while new businesses under the guiding hand of keen strategists will become world leaders almost overnight. It is a time of grave danger, when no business, no matter how great its fame or its factories, can afford to go to sleep for a single season.

"I'm sure I don't want any traveler looking out of the train window as he passes our factory five years from to-day saying to his seat mate: 'Well, if there isn't the old Bedford shoe plant! That was quite a shoe in its day; used to wear Bedfords myself right along.'"

Then changing the subject Bedford turned to Brink, the secretary and sales manager.

"Mr. Brink, there won't be much work for the sales department to do round here for the next year or so. I suggest that you take Billings of the Chicago territory and go down to South America and study the shoe situation. For a long time I've felt that we have not been getting a third of the business we ought to get from there, but I haven't suggested doing anything about it because we couldn't keep ahead of our

(Concluded on Page 105)

"THAT, George, is a **Lee Union-All.** I wanted you to see it because it has added a great deal to the efficiency and safety of our plant. Wilson, here, says the men are taking to the suits like ducks to water. They have found them so much more comfortable, convenient and serviceable than the old style garments with their binding belts, suspender straps and loose ends. Look at the construction of that garment! Those triple stitched seams alone put it far in advance of ordinary work clothing. But you can easily see that in addition there is superior workmanship and quality throughout, to say nothing of the trim appearance. Now that all our men are wearing **Lee Union-Alls** the factory looks one hundred per cent more businesslike. You know that most of the accidents we have had were due to loose ends of clothing catching in machinery. You can bet that no loose ends will develop on that garment. I am for **Lee Union-Alls** first, last and all the time."

UNION Lee MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The H. D. Lee Mercantile Company

Trenton, N. J. : South Bend, Ind. : Kansas City, Mo. : Kansas City, Kans

Change the Metal Shapes You Cut—

as often as you will. You can saw them all with a 10 tooth, 18 gauge Star Power Blade without changing the blade except for very thin or very heavy work. You can do this with the Star because it is the standardized blade that cuts the widest range of shapes and metals. This standardized service is made possible by the cutting angle, clearance and strength of teeth of the Star Blade and by its higher percentage of Tungsten and greater toughness of steel.

Don't use a saw that requires constant shifting of blades every time you change your work. Constant change of blades means lost motion, lost time and lost money—and the inevitable wrong blade selection adds still further to the cutting loss.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

made of Tungsten Steel

Machine and Hand

Frederick Taylor and the other authorities on metal cutting are all agreed that a standardized tool is the basis of metal cutting efficiency. Hack saws with a multiplicity of gauges and pitches are wrong in theory and practice.

Once you try the standardized Star Blade you will never be satisfied again with the ordinary blade with its confusing number of gauges, pitches and sizes. You will appreciate the time-saving convenience of the Star and realize that its faster cutting and longer cutting give you a far lower cutting cost which after all is what you are buying.

The most efficient plants of the country such as Bethlehem Steel, Standard Oil, Fore River Shipbuilding, Thomas A. Edison Inc. and Pennsylvania Railroad are Star Blade users.

Flexible and All Hard

You too will be a Star user when you find out all the facts.

Our Engineering Service on metal cutting is at your service no matter what blades you are using. Put your problems up to us and let us help you.

Write for "Hack Saw Efficiency". It is a valuable handbook for anyone who cuts metal. Free on request.

Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

PARIS GARTERS
are made for you

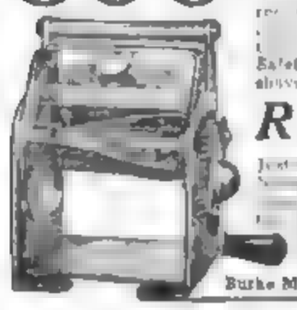
Men of America:
You Set the Pace!
Discriminating men everywhere have discovered as you have, that
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

mean perfect garter service and satisfaction.
Your preference has been reflected the world over.
A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers
Children's HICKORY Garters

Makes the Best Dishes Better
Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning.
DEALERS—Ask Your Jobber. JOBBERS—Write Us
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.

USN
DECK PAINT
Dries quickly and ... face that is easy to dust or ... will not mar or crack it. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us.
THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland New York
for porches, floors and walls
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

600 Shaves From One Blade
... For all Safety Razors. Quickly shaves for life with wonderful, new
Rotastrop
... 10 Days Free Trial ...
Burke Mfg Co Dept 271 Dayton, O



(Concluded from Page 102)

North American business any too well. But now that we're likely to be limping round on one leg for months after the war gets cleared up it would be an opportune time to get in touch with South American conditions and make a drive for distribution. That will put us in a more independent position with local trade too."

It was the eighth of August, a day during that terrible hot spell when the entire East sizzled in a temperature running above 100 degrees officially—and you know how reluctant those official thermometers are to admit the truth!—with nothing to make life endurable except the wonderful news from France: The Hun was on the run!

"Well, Brink and Billings sailed for Buenos Aires three weeks later in search of an artificial leg—and I guess that's all there is to the story. Sounds like an Alger book, doesn't it?" said Bedford, smiling, as he stopped to mop his face with his handkerchief. "Whew, but isn't this heat fierce!"

Sitting tilted back in his desk chair, his neatly shod feet crossed and balanced on the edge of the wastebasket at the side of his desk, he had told me the whole story, told it modestly, matter-of-factly, growing grave at times, at other times smiling almost boyishly as he related incidents that appealed to his sense of humor, now that he could see them in perspective.

I started to ask a question. As if anticipating me Bedford went on: "Yes, I've lost my business leg, all right." He reached into a desk drawer for a correspondence folder which bulged fatly with letters and telegrams. "These dealers have all definitely dropped our line and taken on others because we couldn't take care of them. And a lot of them are just plain peeved. By the first of October there won't be a pair of Bedford shoes on the market unless it is some little left-over stock of odd sizes."

"You can't mean that literally!" I exclaimed. "No more Bedford shoes? Why, that's unthinkable!"

"Literally," he replied. "We haven't shipped a shoe since the first of May except to Uncle Sam.

"I know what you're going to ask next," he continued. "The same thing a dozen others have asked me, in perfectly good faith too. You're going to ask: 'Was such a sacrifice necessary?'"

I nodded; the question had been on the tip of my tongue but I had hesitated to put it.

For answer he reached for a copy of the New York Times of that morning, which lay on the table behind him. "See that headline?"

I had seen it, but I read it again: "Allies cross Vesle in force, seize highway; British troops smash into Lys salient."

"Without meaning to detract one little mite from the bravery and heroism of the men who are making all this glorious news over there these days, I want to tell you that it never could have happened had not a large number of American business men months ago turned themselves and their businesses wholly over to the job of equipping and outfitting the million and a quarter of American soldiers who have gone across up to date—almost twice the number Foch dared hope for this summer. We're months ahead of our schedule.

"I want to tell you," he repeated earnestly, tapping the newspaper headlines, "that part of this advance was made right here in the old U. S. A. Hoover says food will win the war, and Hurley says fleets will win the war—and they are both right. But so will factories. Only the other day I was reading in some book or magazine that nations didn't win victories any more, they manufacture them; and I believe it's more than half true. It's just as Copeland said: There are thousands of battles going on in this war that will not figure much in our school histories. The battles of Bridgeport and Hog Island and Cleveland and Portland, Oregon, and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and thousands upon thousands of other cities and towns and hamlets—even little Marshalltown, Massachusetts—are counting tremendously in this war."

The almost deafening clatter and whir of the shoe machines from the rows of great factories flanking the little administration building broke upon my ears with fresh meaning.

"Machine guns," I remarked, nodding toward the open windows.

"Yes," replied Bedford, "machine guns, shooting shoes to Pershing. My, but how I wish that all of our folks could be made to realize that fully!" he exclaimed earnestly. "The one fly in the ointment of our patriotic service now is labor troubles. Two important departments are boiling for a strike this minute. Like most everybody else, these workers think that because the whole plant is running at full capacity on army shoes that we are literally coining money on fat government contracts, and they want a chunk of it. As a matter of fact our profit last month was almost a third less—not in percentage, mind you, but in actual dollars and cents—than it would have been on commercial business.

"But good gracious, I can't say much about the workers! It took Wiltworth, and three months' time, and a trip to Washington, and a lot of staggering facts from high authorities, before I was convinced that this war meant me! And then it took a little white-haired lady with a crumpled letter to shame me into doing my duty. But if only they could understand the terrible seriousness of the situation! If only they could realize that to leave a machine for a week, or for a single day, at a time like this is just about the same as if a bunch of soldiers over there in the front-line trenches laid down their rifles and struck for more pay or shorter fighting hours just as the Germans were starting a gigantic drive!

"It isn't that the men and women behind the desks and the machines are any less patriotic than their soldier sons and brothers and sweethearts. It's just that the war is so far away that they can't smell the smoke or hear the shells bursting. But, thank heaven, they're getting the spirit now; they are coming to realize more every day that they are actually enlisted. And it is they who are fighting the battles of Schenectady and Fall River and Duluth and Brookside Farm and Leadville and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It isn't the big executives in the front offices so much; they are just a sort of General Staff—important, to be sure, but absolutely impotent without the great army of workers who man the machine guns of industry. How I wish I could make them all see it!

"There's just one thing I'm afraid of," he continued, suddenly changing the subject as his eye rested on the newspaper headlines, "and it is that now that we are beginning to get good news from France we Americans—business men and workers alike—will begin to think that it's all over and we don't need to bother about one-hundred-per-cent patriotism any longer. A taste of victory such as we are getting is often more dangerous to the victors than to the vanquished. Wouldn't it be awful if we should get one leg over the fence, so to speak, and then hesitate on the top long enough for the boche to push us back so we'd have to climb clear up again?

"Of course, it isn't necessary that every business turn itself inside out for the Government as we have done, but it certainly is necessary, and will continue to be necessary right up to the time Pershing comes sailing home with our boys, for every business man and every worker in America to have the one-hundred-per-cent spirit, and be ready to make whatever sacrifice the Government has to ask. We've just got to buck up and grin, not grumble, while we're on the operating table—and not yell for anesthetics either!"

He stopped short and smiled. "I run on like a Fourth of July orator, don't I?"

"It's the best Fourth of July oration I ever heard," I replied. "I've sort of caught that Paul Revere feeling you spoke of. I'd like nothing better than to write this story of yours and spread it through all of Uncle Sam's cities and towns and farms."

"Positively no!" he said, shaking his head emphatically.

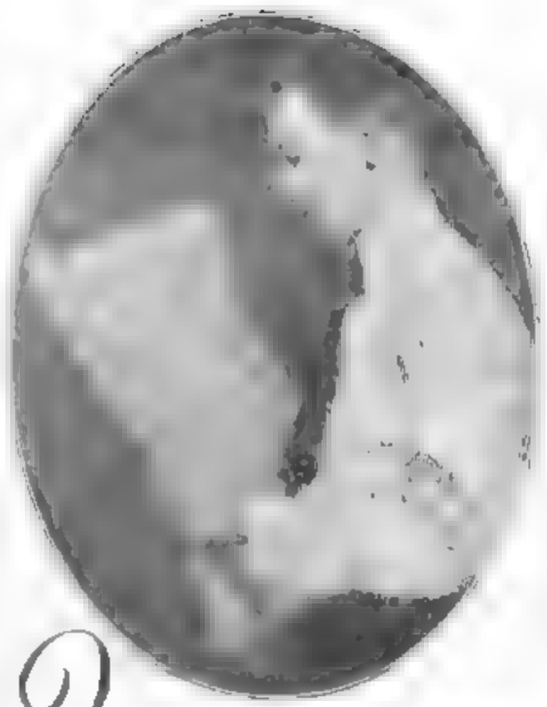
"Positively yes!" I replied more emphatically. "It's a good win-the-war story, and we all need such stories just now to keep us on our patriotic toes."

"Well," he said after a minute, "perhaps—but you'd have to camouflage it very heavily so I shouldn't show through the least bit. You'd have to use some other commodity—shoes, for instance."

I nodded.

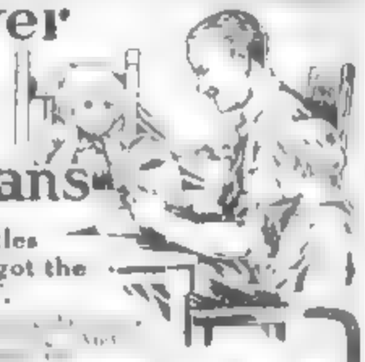
"Even at that," he continued, "half a dozen big manufacturers I know would be dead sure you were telling their story. Why—I'll bet if you write that story twelve hundred business men who run across it will say, 'Why, that sounds almost like my story!' And probably thousands of workers who read it will say, 'That sounds something like the story of our plant.'"

And in a way it is!



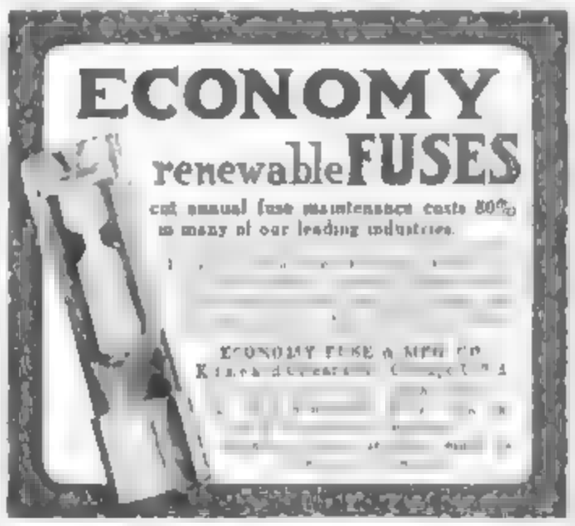
Quality kept up
HALLMARK
SHIRTS
Your Dealer is Displaying Them
GRADUATED Scarf space and the tie, time and temper-saving Shield are exclusive features in all
SLIDEWELL
COLLARS
Newest models now being shown in practically every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. A.
HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

we never throw away leaky pans

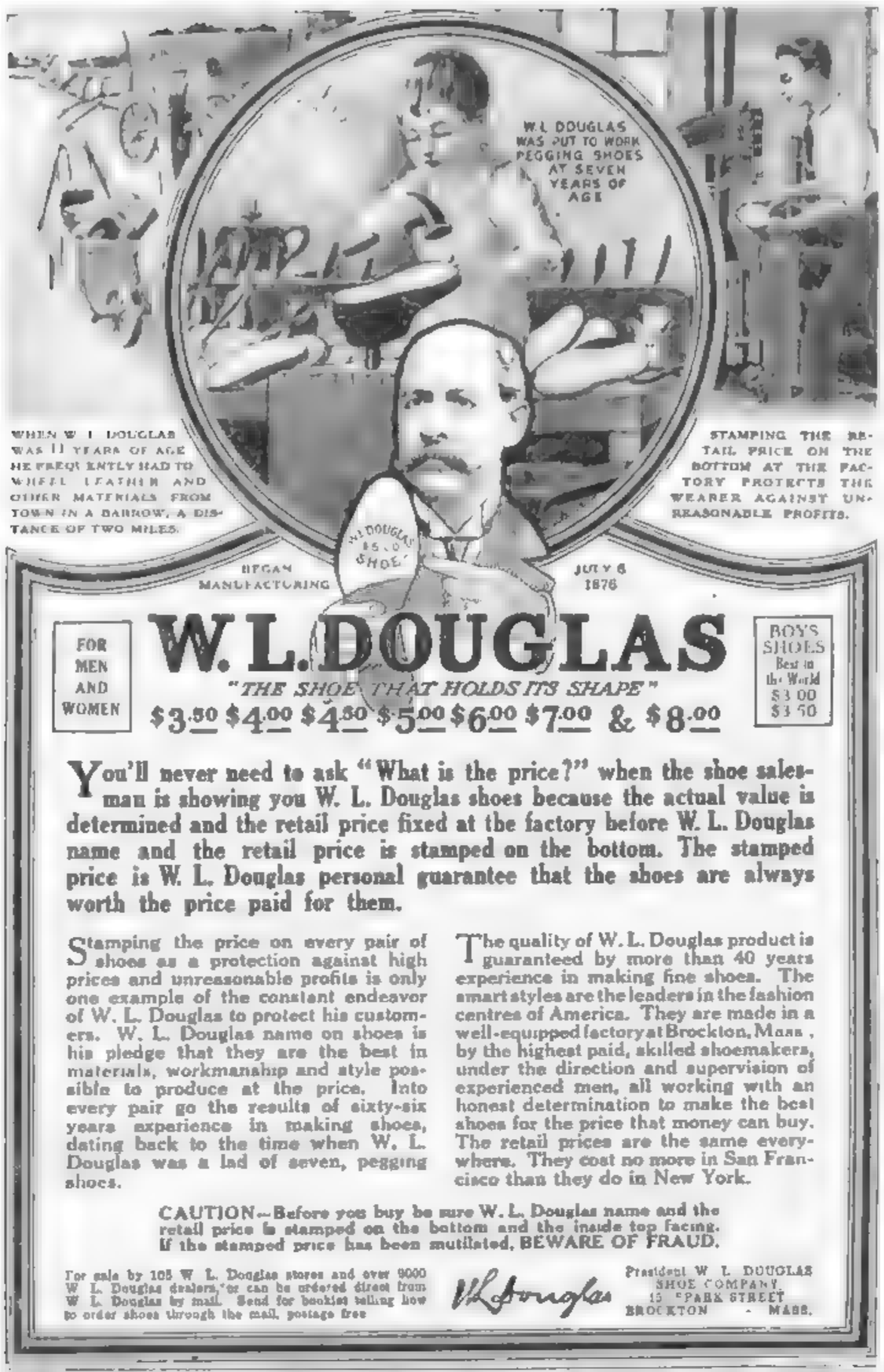


pots and kettles since daddy got the SOLDERKIT.
The M. W. Dunton Company, Providence, R. I., U. S. A.
Makers of NOKORODE

ECONOMY
renewable FUSES
cut annual fuse maintenance costs 80% in many of our leading industries.



SUCCESS SHORTHAND
... in the past twelve years. Instruction by mail ... guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog
SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
W. L. Jones, Chief Instructor
Dept. 210, Garrick Building, Chicago, Illinois


W.L DOUGLAS WAS PUT TO WORK PEGGING SHOES AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE
WHEN W. L. DOUGLAS WAS 11 YEARS OF AGE HE FREQUENTLY HAD TO WHEEL LEATHER AND OTHER MATERIALS FROM TOWN IN A BARROW, A DISTANCE OF TWO MILES.
STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE ON THE BOTTOM AT THE FACTORY PROTECTS THE WEARER AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS.
BEGAN MANUFACTURING
JULY 6 1876
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
W.L.DOUGLAS
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
$3.50 $4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00
BOYS SHOES Best in the World $3.00 $3.50

You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe salesman is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-six years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 105 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes through the mail, postage free

W.L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 15 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - MASS.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

WRITE today for Booklet "M" and get the facts about our system of receiving deposits by mail from people in all parts of the world.

4% compound interest paid on deposits of any amount from $1 upwards.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS
CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00

Sell Us Your Spare Time

We will buy it and pay you a good price for it.
Wouldn't you like $100.00 extra in November?

Scores of spare-time representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will earn more than $100.00 in this one month.

Why not you too? You need not invest a single penny to learn all about our plan. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. You assume no obligation by requesting details.

More than a million Curtis subscriptions will expire in the next few months. You can share in the profits on this business if you clip the coupon to-day!

The Curtis Publishing Company
629 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna

Gentlemen.—Tell me all about your spare-time money-making plan. I'm interested

Name

Address

City State

JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

approach of the Fourth of July made Nettie's existence drabber than ever. Then there was unusual planning, for later in the month President Polk was to be in Salem.

The various military organizations drilled incessantly: the Salem Light Infantry, the Mechanic Light Infantry, the Salem Cadets and Independents and squad of the Salem Artillery might be seen at any hour of the morning or early evening smartly marching and countermarching, led by Flag's or the Salem Band. Strange constructions of light wood climbed in Washington Square—the set pieces of the celebrated pyrotechnist secured at a "staggering expense." Preliminary strings of firecrackers were exploded by impatient boys, and the dawn of the holiday was greeted with a sustained uproar of powder.

All this was communicated to Nettie in the form of a determination to forget the dreariness of home and for once anyhow be a part of the careless holiday town. Edward Dunsack opened the day by deprecating what fireworks Salem could show and recalling the extravagant art of China in that particular. No one, he said, of the least moment would be abroad in the rabble; and he intended to spend the day over the invoice of a schooner returned from Curaçao. She was glad of this, for it left her free to get an uninterrupted pleasure from the morning parade, the floats and fantasies, the afternoon drilling in Washington Square, and see the last colored disk of the fireworks. Maybe, she told herself, tying the becoming ribbon of her bonnet beneath a round chin with a lurking dimple, maybe she wouldn't come back home once during the entire day! She ignored, in the rush of her spirits, even her mother's lonely labors; for once they'd have to do without her. Nettie took a scarlet merino shawl for the cooler evening, shook forward the little black curls about her face, and hurried away from Hardy Street.

She was swept along in the crowd on Essex Street until, before the office of the Salem Register, she found a place that commanded the parade. There Nettie lost all memory of the dreariness that pressed upon her; she became one of the throng applauding the members of the East India Marine Society carrying the palanquin from the Museum in native dress, or stood with sentimental tears blurring her vision. The parade ended and currents of people swept toward dinner; but she stopped at a baker's and got a paper of seedcakes made in the shape of oak leaves, and sat contentedly eating them in the Common.

The thought of Gerrit Ammidon, with all the other deeper aspects of her life, was thrust into the back of her consciousness; she was existing as she breathed—without will; the instinctive lighter qualities had her in full possession. She felt that her cheeks were glowing, and she hummed the refrains of the music she had heard. One by one the military companies marched into the Square. She was fascinated by the tall leather helmets and silver straps under severe young lips. The Newburyport men were in a new scarlet uniform; that was the Boston Brass Band—it was painted on the bass drum—with the Independents; there were the Beverly Taylor Guards. The massed onlookers filled the broad plain.

The drilling and countermarching proceeded and the afternoon waned. At the dispersal of the spectacle, when for an hour or two Washington Square was comparatively deserted, when the sun sank lower and lower over the roofs of Brown Street and the gold haze thickened, turning to blue, Nettie became quieter but no less happy. The time sped; never was she conscious of being lonely, by herself in a multitude composed of grouped families and friends. It was all such a beautiful relief to the other constant dwelling on somber and hopeless facts! Already people were streaming in under the wooden arched gates for the evening display; already she could see a star in the clear-shining green east.

The fireworks, the papers said, were to be in two parts, ending with a bombardment of Vera Cruz, five hundred feet long, and a series of triumphal arches with full-length portraits in colored lights of celebrated Americans.

There was a sudden salute of artillery, and a flight of rockets soared upward in long flaming curves, bursting in showers of dissolving ruby and silver against the night. Bengola lights casting a blue glare over the standing mob and farther house fronts were followed by a great Peruvian Cross, a silvery fountain of water and Grand Representation of Bunker Hill Monument.

With this the first came all too soon to an end, and Nettie was folding her shawl about her shoulders, when almost the entire Ammidon family were upon her. In an instinctive confusion she saw William Ammidon and his wife with their daughters, the old man, Jeremy, and Gerrit.

They stopped before her in an assured, not unkindly inquisitiveness, the girls fresh and bright-faced, with crisp lovely clothes; their mother, in a smart mantle and little bonnet with knots of French flowers, greeted her with a direct question tempered by a smile. William Ammidon, smoking, was unconcerned; while Gerrit stayed obscured outside the group.

"Whom are you with, Nettie?" Rhoda Ammidon asked; and when she admitted that she was alone the elder, with visible disapproval, asserted:

"That won't do at all in this rough assembly. I must see that you are taken care of." She hesitated with a slight frown on her handsome brow. "But you will want to see the rest of the fireworks. Yes, what you must do is come over to our steps; the view from there is fairly good, and then someone can walk home with you."

They moved resolutely forward, giving Nettie Vollar no opportunity for protest, the expression of what she might prefer; and with so many determined minds she drooped silently into their progress. She was beside Rhoda Ammidon; the girls trooped on before, and the men—Gerrit Ammidon—followed. Her peace of mind had been broken into a hundred half-formed doubts and acute questions. She wished that she had declined to go with them. The invitation—no, command—had been a criticism, really. Now after so long it wasn't necessary for them to become suddenly responsible for her.

The happiness of the day sank a little, thoughts of her mother and grandfather and Uncle Edward returned. But at the same time she realized that she was near Gerrit once more. That made a confusion of her emotions that hid what she most felt about him. It wasn't a proximity that meant anything, however; it had been utterly different when he came to see her before his marriage. Yet just the fact of his being close behind her and that she would be on the steps at the Ammidons' with him undoubtedly had a power to stir her heart.

It brought, like her carefree excursion, a certain momentary glow, a warmth without relation to what had gone before or might follow; there was the same quality of momentary rest, refreshment, complete and isolated as a jewel in a ring. She didn't analyze it further, but drifted with the vigorous chattering tide of the Ammidons.

They arrived at an impressive entrance open on a high dim interior. Jeremy and William Ammidon went in, Rhoda lingered while a chair was brought for her, and Sidsall and Camilla, Laurel and Janet ranged themselves facing the Square. Gerrit hung silent in the doorway.

"Perhaps Taou Yuen will come down," Rhoda Ammidon suggested, and Nettie's throat was pinched at the possibility of seeing Gerrit's Chinese wife.

But he answered shortly in the negative. Taou Yuen preferred to stay in her room; the view from her window was better than this.

The latter was easily possible, for here the set pieces were almost unintelligible—an impressive beehive could be seen surrounded by swarming golden bees, a pyramid of Roman candles discharged their rushes of colored balls and streamers; but the bombardment of Vera Cruz was a cause of bitter complaint to the children.

The fireworks had ceased to have the slightest significance for Nettie; she was luxuriating in the suavity of the Ammidon steps and company. It seemed to her that an actual air of ease rolled out over her from within. Seen from her place of vantage the great throng in the Square was without feature, the passers-by on Pleasant Street—as Edward Dunsack and herself had been—were unimportant. The massive portico and dignified fence, the sense of spaciousness and gardens and lofty formal ceilings, the feeling of fine silks and round, clear, direct voices, of servants for everything,

(Continued on Page 109)

Wood wheels carry twenty-one tons fifteen miles

"This load, consisting of twenty seven rolls of paper weighing twenty one tons was hauled by Stedman Bent of Philadelphia from the Lang Paper Company, Philadelphia to the Congoleum Company at Marcus Hook a distance of fifteen miles

—*Commercial Car Journal*

Every day somewhere wood wheels demonstrate their ability to meet UNUSUAL emergencies.

The tremendous load of paper recently hauled on a truck in Philadelphia proves that the STRENGTH of wood wheels is equal to any hauling purpose.

More, such performances over uneven city streets prove that the tough, resilient fibre of WOOD reduces the shocks of traffic, saving the wheels themselves from injury and also protecting the engine, transmission and other vulnerable parts of the car from racking vibration.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
105 North 13th Street · Philadelphia

W.S.S.
THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

NOTE THE WOOD WHEELS EVERYWHERE

WOOD WHEELS *for* MOTOR VEHICLES

It is impossible for Lift-the-Dot fasteners to stick and cause curtains to tear when the dotted side of socket is lifted as shown above.

IF YOU have an automobile, it is probably fitted with Lift-the-Dot Fasteners.

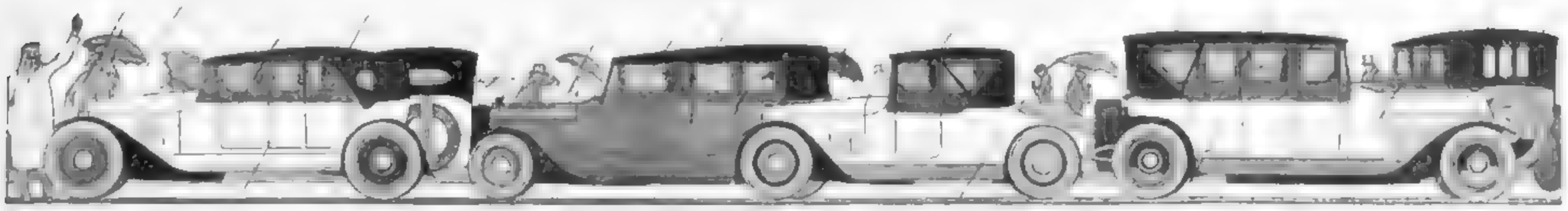
The Lift-the-Dot fastener is a snap fastener which, when snapped together, locks securely on three of its four sides. It may be unlocked easily by simply lifting on the fourth side. This fourth side is always indicated by a dot on the face of the socket—hence the name Lift-the-Dot.

Because of this unusual locking feature and because of its superiority over all other curtain fasteners in compactness and beauty of design, the Lift-the-Dot has come to be the recognized, standard fastener for automobiles and carriages.

In addition to its extensive use for vehicles the Lift-the-Dot is coming into increasingly general use for **trunks, bags, leather and sporting goods** and in numerous other ways where an easily operated, positively locking fastening device is required.

LIFT *the* DOT
Fasteners

Lift-the-Dot Fasteners are protected by basic patent. All persons are warned against infringing on or buying infringements of our patents or trade mark.



CARR FASTENER CO., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKERS OF FASTENERS THAT FASTEN

(Continued from Page 106

everyone, transcended in force all her speculations. She was familiar—who wasn't in Salem?—with the meaning of the house name, Java Head. It was more—quite heaven.

Thoughts of Gerrit winged in and out of her mind like wayward birds. She turned with studied caution and glanced swiftly but intently at as much of his countenance as she could see. Her memory vividly supplied the rest. There wasn't another like it—one so clear and compelling to read in the world.

The past in which he had had a part seemed like an impossibly happy dream. She was hardly able to believe that he had been in their sitting room, walked with her in the evening to the grassy edge of the harbor or held her fingers in his hard cool grasp. Now she wondered if he were contented. She couldn't quite decide from glimpses of his face; but something that had nothing to do with vision disturbed her with the certainty that he was troubled. It might mean unhappiness, but she wasn't sure.

"Now there go the arches!" a young voice exclaimed, "and I just can't see anything. You'd never know at all it was a temple of eight columns. Oh, look—there's a number coming out! 'July fourth, seventeen seventy-six.'" A tide of hand-clapping swept over the dark masses. "No," Laurel continued, "that's Salem. . . . It's Washington; no, General Taylor."

The amazing day, Nettie realized, was over. The people flowed back through the gates like a lake breaking in streams from its bank; there was a stir on the steps. Looking up she saw that the stars were obscured and a low rumble of thunder sounded from a distance; a flash lit the horizon. Now she must go back, return to Hardy Street, to her bitter grandfather like an iron statue eaten by rust and storms, to Edward Dunsack following her with his dragging feet and thin insinuating voice, to her hopeless mother.

"It's the powder," she heard, about what she had no conception.

Rhoda Ammidon turned decidedly to her. "It was nice to have you, Nettie," she declared; "but we must see about getting you safely home. The carriage would be best, since it's threatening rain."

She didn't, she replied, want to give them so much bother; she often went on errands after supper, she'd be all right.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Ammidon interrupted impatiently.

Then Gerrit advanced from the doorway. "I'll walk down with her," he said almost roughly. "No need to take the horses out so late."

Nettie Vollar thought that his sister-in-law's mouth tightened in protest, but he gave them no chance for further argument. He descended the steps with a quick grinding tread, and she was forced to hurry through her acknowledgments in order to overtake him.

The night at once absorbed them.

The air, charged with the fumes of gunpowder and rumbling with low intermittent thunder, was oppressive and disturbing. Gerrit's head was exactly opposite her own, and she could see his profile, pale and still, moving on a changing dark background. He walked with the short firm stride men acquire on the unsteady decks of vessels, swinging his arms but slightly. Neither spoke. The rain, Nettie saw, was hanging off; probably it would not reach Salem. Washington Square was already empty except for a small obscure stir by the scaffolding for the fireworks. A murmur of young voices came from a door on Bath Street. Such minute observations filled her mind; beneath their surface she was conscious of a deep, a fathomless turmoil. It was a curious sensation, curious because she couldn't tell whether it was happiness or misery. One now exactly resembled the other to Nettie Vollar.

She grasped, however, one difference—it was happiness now; the misery belonged to to-morrow. But suddenly that last unrealized fact—at once immaterial and the most leaden reality of all—lost its weight. The greater freedom she had lately grown into became an absolute indifference, a half willful and half automatic shutting of her eyes to everything but the present, the actuality of Gerrit Ammidon walking by her side. She wanted him to speak, so that she could discover his thoughts, feelings; yet she was reluctant to have their companionship of silence broken. Words, almost all the possible terms she could imagine, would only emphasize the distance between them.

She was thinking of one now—a word he had never pronounced but which she felt had been, however obscurely, at the back of the attention he had paid her—love. It was a queer thing. It seemed to be—everyone agreed that it was—of the greatest, perhaps the first importance; and yet all sorts of other considerations—some insignificant and others mean, and more, yes, cowardly—held it in check, drove it back out of sight, as you might hurriedly shut some shabby object into a closet at the arrival of visitors.

"How have you been?" he demanded in the abrupt voice of the expression of his determination to see her home.

Well enough, she assured him, if he meant her health. He glanced at her with somber eyes.

"Not altogether," he admitted; "it included your family, things generally."

"They are as bad as possible," she told him.

She admitted this frankly, a part of her entire surrender to the moment, careless of how it might affect him.

"They would be," he muttered savagely. "It's a habit—here."

The "here," she knew, referred to life on shore; his gloomy attitude toward the management and affairs of the land had caused her a great deal of precious laughter. He had revealed a most astonishing ignorance of necessities that she had understood instinctively when hardly more than a child; and this simplicity had as much as anything brought her affection for him to life. At the same time she in particular had felt the justice of a great many of his charges. But no one could reasonably hope for the sort of world a world as orderly and trim as that of a narrow ship—he thought should be brought about by a mere command. Nettie wished that it could! She sighed, gazing at him.

"Then it's no better than before?" he asked, adding with a descriptive gesture: "The town and people?"

"I hardly speak to ten in a year, outside the stores and like that. Of course they nod going into church; or a lady—I mean really your sister-in-law—will say something nice, even do what you saw to-night. Though it's the first time anything like that has happened."

She caught a repressed bitter oath.

"I suppose I'll get used to it," she continued. But "No, I won't" she added differently; "never, never, never!"

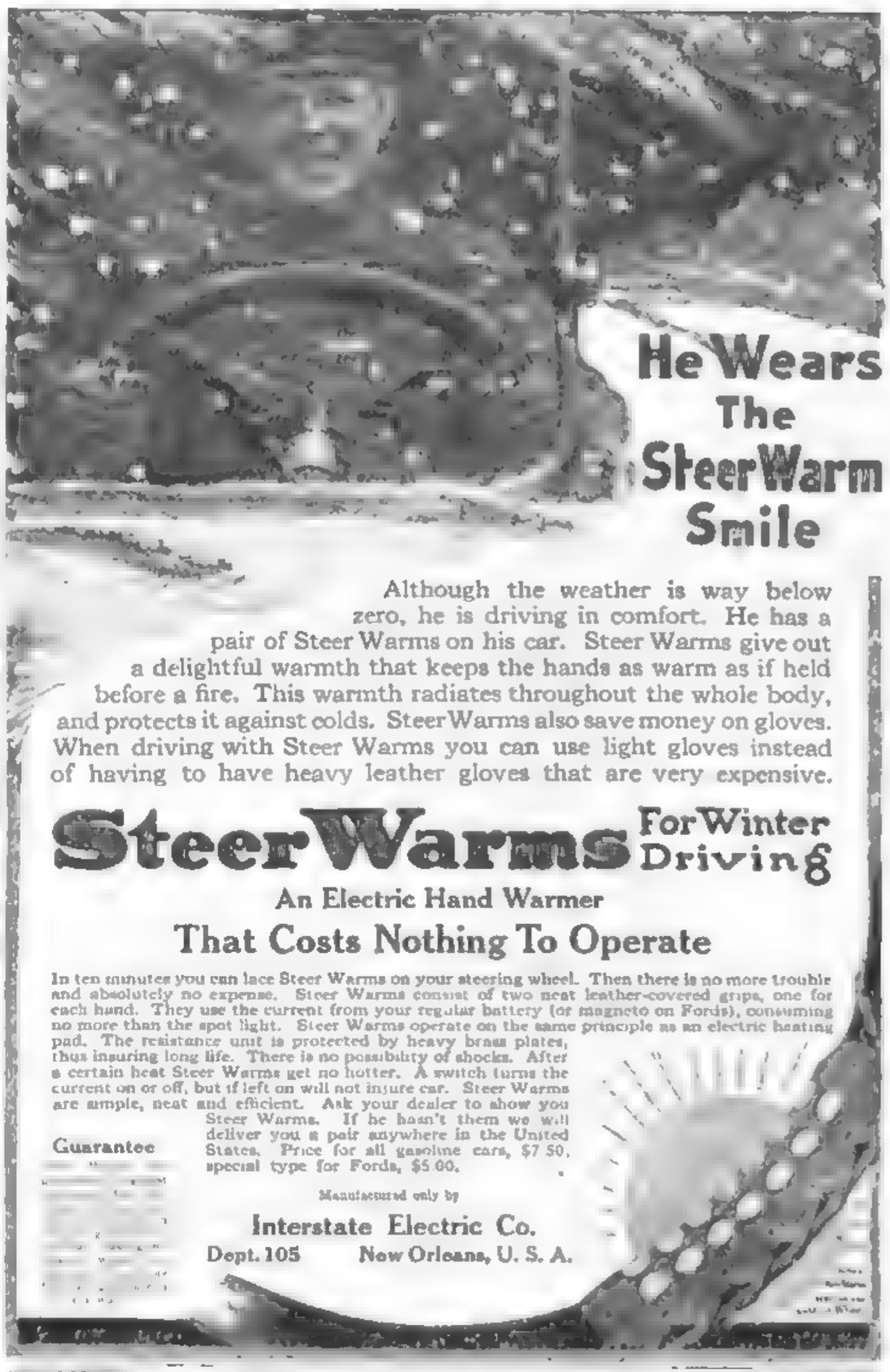
He said with an incredible stupidity, "If you were a man now ——"

She wondered angrily if he'd rather have her a man; there had been a time, Nettie reflected, when such a possibility would have stirred him to violent protest. And this brought out the reflection that while at one time he might have cared for her, now perhaps he was merely sorry for her unhappiness. Yes, this must be it. She had a momentary fatal impulse to throw back at him scornfully any such small kindness. She didn't, she told herself, want condescending sympathy. What silenced her was the sudden knowledge that she did: she wanted anything whatsoever from Gerrit Ammidon. The fact that he had a Chinese wife was powerless to lessen her feeling in the smallest degree. On the contrary, she was shocked to find that it had increased immensely; it was growing with every minute.

She wondered drearily if her stubborn love—the term took its place without remark in the procession of her thoughts—for Gerrit didn't, in spite of her protest to the contrary, stamp her as quite bad. Perhaps her grandfather was right about them all—her mother and Uncle Edward and herself—and they were wicked, lost! The energy with which she had combated this charge, now faced by the circumstance of her realized affection for a man married to someone else, even Chinese, wavered. All the cheerful influences of the day, rising to the supreme tranquil hour on the Ammidon porch, sank to dejection; it was like the flight of the rockets.

She walked listlessly; her brain was numb; she was terribly tired. Gerrit Ammidon's head was bent and she was unable to see his expression. He might even have forgotten, by the token of his self-absorbed progress, that she was at his side.

"There's going to be a stir in Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone," he said presently, "when my father hears of the new program. Everything is turning to the fastest California runs possible. William and James Saltonstone want me to take


He Wears The Steer Warm Smile
Although the weather is way below zero, he is driving in comfort. He has a pair of Steer Warms on his car. Steer Warms give out a delightful warmth that keeps the hands as warm as if held before a fire. This warmth radiates throughout the whole body, and protects it against colds. Steer Warms also save money on gloves. When driving with Steer Warms you can use light gloves instead of having to have heavy leather gloves that are very expensive.
Steer Warms For Winter Driving
An Electric Hand Warmer
That Costs Nothing To Operate
In ten minutes you can lace Steer Warms on your steering wheel. Then there is no more trouble and absolutely no expense. Steer Warms consist of two neat leather-covered grips, one for each hand. They use the current from your regular battery (or magneto on Fords), consuming no more than the spot light. Steer Warms operate on the same principle as an electric heating pad. The resistance unit is protected by heavy brass plates, thus insuring long life. There is no possibility of shocks. After a certain heat Steer Warms get no hotter. A switch turns the current on or off, but if left on will not injure car. Steer Warms are simple, neat and efficient. Ask your dealer to show you Steer Warms. If he hasn't them we will deliver you a pair anywhere in the United States. Price for all gasoline cars, $7.50, special type for Fords, $5.00.
Guarantee
Manufactured only by
Interstate Electric Co.
Dept. 105 New Orleans, U. S. A.

What is Your Age?

No matter whether you are beyond fifty or this side of twenty, you can make a lot of *extra money* as a representative of this company. Scores of our spare-time workers average a *dollar an hour*. Why not YOU too? The Curtis Publishing Company, 625 Independence Square

Your Fittings Will Fit in the Fitall

You can carry whatever you wish in the FITALL, and make changes in a *jiffy*.

ADJUSTABLE STRAPS AND PATENTED NO-METALOCKS hold all fittings securely. Three large underneath pockets provide ample space for extra traveling requisites

MILITARY FITALLS of waterproofed khaki and serge are the practical kits for army and navy

FITALLS COME FULLY EQUIPPED OR EMPTY to carry the toilet articles which you have or wish to buy.

FITALLS are exceptionally light and compact and are made in various sizes of flexible leathers and attractive cravenetted fabrics from $1.75 up. Most convenient and efficient for all who travel

LOOK FOR THE FITALL LABEL in every kit and refuse imitations. Ask your dealer to show you FITALLS. Your store should carry these wonderfully convenient toilet kits. If not, send for illustrated booklet.

EISEMAN, KAYE CO., Ekco Bldg., Chicago

Mfrs. of EKCO Make Leather Goods

Pat. U. S. and Foreign Countries Fitall *Reg. U. S. Pat. Office*

The Florsheim SHOE
YOU'LL know what comfort really is the day you put on a Florsheim Flexsole. Made over roomy "Natural Shape" lasts with specially tanned, easy bending, inner and outer soles of unusual quality. A shoe that satisfies the kind you will ask for always.
Ten Dollars and up
Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe.
The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.
The Florsheim "Flexsole"

This Solves the Syrup Problem

Dilute 2 cups of corn syrup with 1 cup hot water and add 1 teaspoonful of

MAPLEINE

This makes an economical and delicious mapley flavored syrup which permits the uninterrupted enjoyment of the favorite war winning breakfast—the great American hot cake.

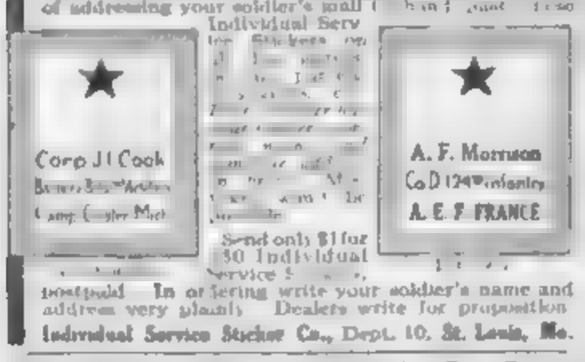
Send 2c stamp and carton top for MAPLEINE syrup and dessert recipes. Dept. S. P.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Seattle, Wash.

(MSU)

For Your Soldier!

Here's What Your Soldier Needs! Stickers With HIS OWN NAME AND ADDRESS.



Send only $1 for 250 Individual postpaid. In ordering write your soldier's name and address very plainly. Dealers write for proposition

Individual Service Sticker Co., Dept. 10, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED IDEAS. Write for Free Patent Guide Books, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,0[illegible] offered. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

command of a clipper. But I find I'm like my father, Nettie; all my experience has been in the East and the China service. I'm used to it; I'd never get on navigating a passenger boat, a packet ship, from Boston to San Francisco and San Francisco to Boston. The other's in my blood, too—running the northeast trades to Brazil and coming up into the southwest passage winds for the Cape of Good Hope. A long reach nearly to Australia, and then north again to the Indian Ocean and southeast trades.

"I'm fit for that, for long voyages, a blue-water sailor and all it means; but—battering back and forward round the Horn with my deck cluttered up by prospectors and shore crews the mates would have to beat into the rigging!"

His exclamation refused every face of such a possibility. She understood his necessity completely; and the brief account of such far happy journeys, safe from everything that Salem had come to mean for her, filled her with longing.

"I'm beginning to see," he took up again the self-examination, "that I am to blame for a good deal that I've found fault with in others. I mean that I'm a different variety of animal, and naturally no judge of the kinds of holes they live in or the way their affairs are managed."

"You are worlds better!" she cried.

He turned to her, obviously startled, and she held for a long breath his unguarded intense gaze.

"Not very useful, I am afraid," he replied at last; "not to-day, anyhow. I belong to a life that is dying, Nettie; mark my words, dying if not already dead. And I'm newfangled to my father. It goes as quickly as that."

This was a fresh mood to all her knowledge of his impatient arrogance, and one that sent her to him in a passionate unperceived emotion. They had arrived at her home and were waiting aimless and silent. Beyond, the gate to the yard was standing open, and Nettie saw that his discovery of the fact had occurred at the identical moment of her own. She made an involuntary movement forward, and he followed her through to the blurred tangle of bushes and bare trodden earth. Mutely they turned to the sod spread at the harbor.

The thunder had died away, but pale sheets of reflected lightning hovered at short intervals low in the sky. Directly above them stars shone again. The window of the sitting room still bore the illumination of the lamp within; and Nettie could picture her mother, with stained and rough hands loose on their wrists, opposite Barzil Dunsack's gaunt set countenance.

"You said something about things as bad as possible."

In a level voice she told him about her discovery of Edward Dunsack unconscious in his black wrap on the bed.

"I thought he had died," she repeated almost monotonously; "he had such a yellow gone look."

"But that can't be allowed!" he cried. "You mustn't see it! Indecent, worse. The beast will have to be removed. No one will hear of his staying about with two women and a fanatical old man."

She was afraid that he would go into the house at once and reappear with her uncle, very much in the manner of a dog with a rat. Her sense of a worldly knowledge, a philosophy of realization far deeper than his own, returned.

Things couldn't be disposed of in that easy manner; it was probable that they couldn't be disposed of, righted, at all. Her mother, with her help, must continue to keep Barzil's home; there was no other place for Edward Dunsack to go.

"He won't hurt us," she said vaguely. "It's principally bad for him. Then at first I didn't know. You get used to so much."

He, Gerrit Ammidon, wouldn't have it, he asserted in a heated return of his familiar dictatorial manner. The fellow would be out of there to-morrow. It was a damned unendurable outrage!

She smiled softly, and laid a momentary hand on his sleeve.

"That's nothing, Gerrit, nothing compared to the rest, to me."

He frowned down at her out of the gloom.

"What am I to do?" she asked.

He again cursed Salem and the world with which he had proclaimed himself out of date and sympathy. This, though it communicated to her a certain warm comfort, resolved nothing, made no reply to her question. To-morrow offered precisely the same hopeless outlook of yesterday. No answer from Gerrit, Gerrit married, was possible. She saw that.

"I'm not fit to go round on land blundering and setting tongues to clapping," he declared. "I ought to be locked in my cabin when the ship's in port, and let out only after sail's made again."

She heard a slight movement in the grass, and turning sharply caught the vague outline of a man, the thin unsubstantial shape of Edward Dunsack. He vanished immediately; Gerrit, absorbed in bitter thought, had missed him. Strangely her uncle only filled her mind with the image of China, the China that had ruined him and which, too, in the form of a woman, a Manchu, had destroyed the hope of any acceptable existence of her own.

"Great pretensions and idiotic results!" he went on. "No ballast! Take what your grandfather said to me—nothing in that unexpected or to drive a man off. Yet off I go and ——"

He halted oddly, just as her breath was suspended at the admittance which she was certain must follow. But he fell into another glooming silence. After all, she couldn't expect him to continue that development. A different man might; and Nettie wasn't sure of her refusal to listen . . . to the end. But she was familiar with Gerrit's unbending conception of the necessity of truth alone. If he married a woman—yellow, black, anything—he would perform the obligation to the entire boundary of his promise. Good and bad seemed equally united against her. Little flashes of resentment struck through her leaden conviction that all this was useless.

"I must be of some use to you."

But Nettie realized there was only one way in which he could help her; only one thing she wanted—could take—from him. She was terrified at the completeness with which love had possessed her, making every other fact and consideration of little interest or importance. Suddenly it seemed as if she were being swept by an overwhelming current farther and farther out from safety into a bottomless immensity that would claim her life.

"Yet," he cried, "if I lift a hand here in Salem, if I as much as cross the street to speak to you—the clapping tongues! I can do you nothing but harm. Though Rhoda might ——"

"I don't want your Rhoda!" she interrupted passionately. "I've managed without them all up to now."

He raised his arms in a hopeless gesture.

"Nothing's to be done," she concluded. "I saw that all along—that is, this last time."

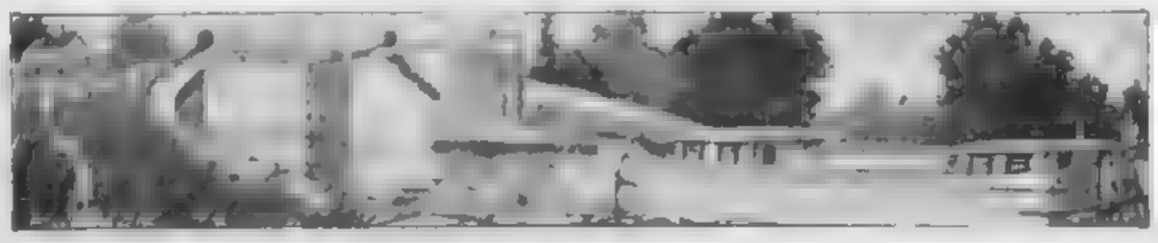
"It's late," he muttered absently; "you have had a day."

He turned mechanically and moved away from the indefinite black rim of the harbor. The lamp in the sitting room had been extinguished, the house was dark. A brief embarrassment seized her as he stood trying vainly to find something confident, even adequate to say for farewell. And as the stir of his footfalls died away up Hardy Street the memory of his last futile words mocked her laboring heart.

She turned and faced Edward Dunsack advancing from an obscurity deeper than the rest. He murmured approvingly; she caught words of commendation and unspeakable reassurance. She hurried away blindly, sick to the inmost depths of her being. The morning, when she had tied her gay bonnet ribbons and started out with the scarlet merino shawl on her arm, seemed to belong to a long, long time ago, to a girl. . . .

The popping of a final string of firecrackers died outside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



In Active Service

Edwin P. Kohl, whose picture appears above, although still in his twenties, has been *in active service* for eleven years—one year with Uncle Sam and ten years with us.

In his one year in the Navy he has already climbed several steps up the ladder of promotion.

And in his ten years with us, he developed a *spare-time* Curtis subscription business that finally paid $100.00 a week profit for himself.

$8000 Profit

The $8000.00 in salary and commissions that he earned as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* paid his way through two universities and established him in the law business, which he gave up at the call of war.

He is one of scores of our biggest money-earners who have left our field force to take rank in the U. S. Army and Navy. Their going gives *you* an opportunity: to earn money for yourself or your country; and to help further by placing leading periodicals—mouthpieces of patriotism—in the hands of local readers.

In the next few months, more than a million Curtis subscriptions will expire! We will pay YOU to collect the local renewals and new orders.

If you have an hour of time to spare, even once a week, you *can by this plan turn it into money:* money for living expenses or bonds or W. S. S.

The coupon will bring our complete cash offer—without obligating you at all.

CUT ME OUT

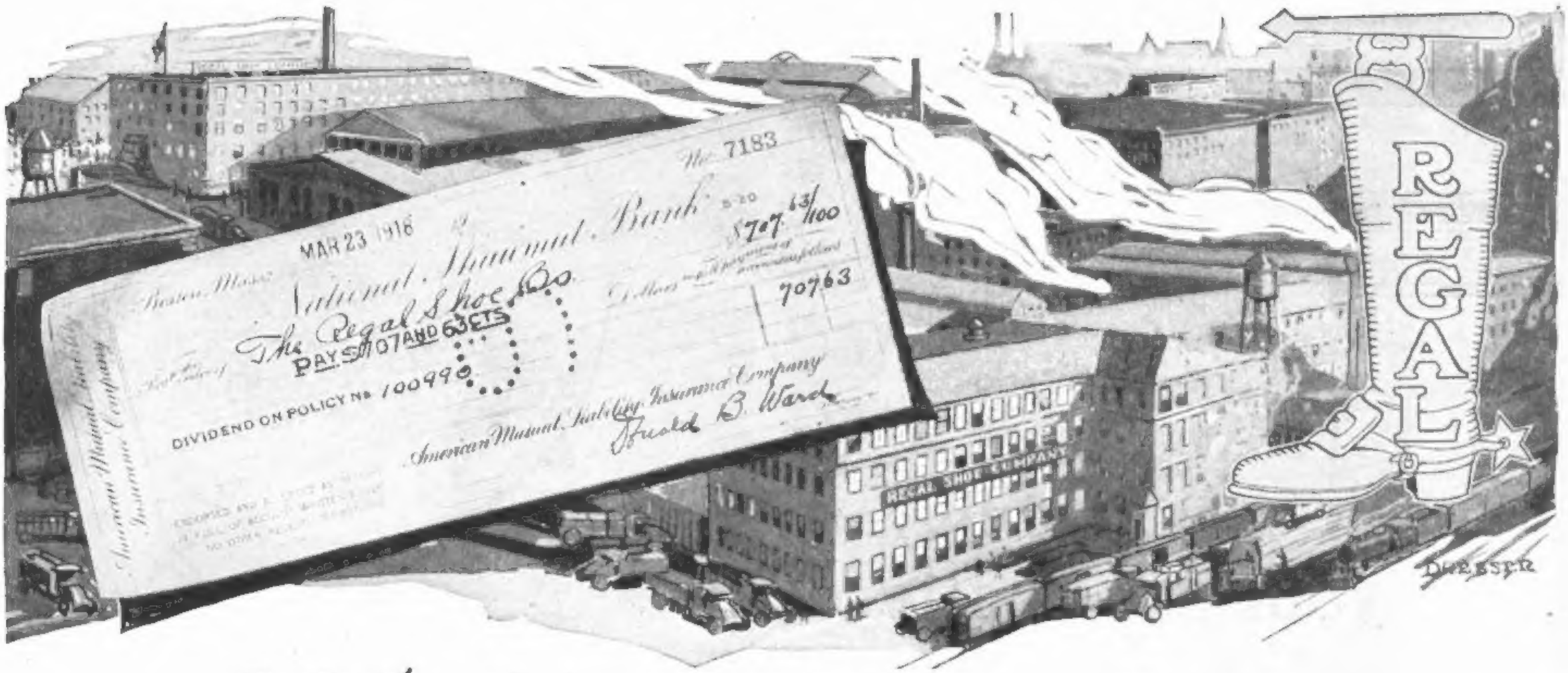
The Curtis Publishing Company
626 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

Gentlemen:
Tell me how I can make my spare time pay.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



30% of Annual Premium Saved on Liability & Workmen's Compensation Insurance

For thirty-one consecutive years—since its organization in 1887—the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company has yearly returned to policyholders a sum that *never* has been less than 30% of the amount of the premium.

This 30%, paid at the expiration of the policy, represents the saving effected by the efficient management of the American Mutual. It represents the difference between the earnings and the cost of operating less an adequate amount reserved to strengthen the Company's resources. There is no profit. The 30% of the premium returned means that the policyholder buys "insurance at cost".

"Insurance at cost" for manufacturers is possible only under the mutual plan. A mutual insurance company has no capital stock. Every policyholder is a partner. The saving which the company effects is paid back to its policyholders—the partners.

The American Mutual Liability Insurance Company is the *oldest* and *largest* MUTUAL casualty company in America; and it is a matter of record that the American Mutual was the first American casualty company to issue a liability policy. Since its organization the American Mutual has built up a surplus of more than $950,000.00—considered by authorities a sum ample to meet any emergency. Losses paid aggregate more than $7,000,000.00 while premiums returned to policyholders total more than $4,500,000.00.

The Regal Shoe Company is but one of the many successful, well-managed, progressive manufacturers which benefit through the advantages of mutual insurance. The above check, issued on March 23, 1918, represents 30% of their Workmen's Compensation Insurance premium for the previous year.

Every progressive manufacturer owes it to himself to become fully informed on mutual liability and workmen's compensation insurance. A leading financial and insurance expert, in speaking of this class of insurance, said: "In the next dozen years I think that the mutual companies will have it all". The saving effected, which is no small item in itself, is but one of half a hundred equally important reasons why your policy should be placed with the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company.

Economy

The American Mutual Liability Insurance Company effects a saving ranging from 23% to 30% over the amount the insured would pay to any company other than one conducted under the mutual plan. The American Mutual pays no commissions and also effects economies in other ways. The affairs of the company are managed by a board of directors each one of whom is a policyholder in the company. Policyholders elect the board. The American Mutual is managed strictly in the interests of its policyholders.

Strength

The American Mutual is financially and fundamentally sound. A reserve fund, fixed by law, aggregating over $1,300,000.00—an amount more than sufficient to take care of all outstanding liabilities—has been set aside by the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company to guarantee the payment of losses. Over and above this fund the American Mutual has acquired a surplus of more than $950,000.00, quickly convertible, thus affording full and certain protection for the company's policyholders.

Service

In its thirty-one years of operation the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company has developed an expert, conscientious and large staff of inspectors, adjusters, and actuaries. Since interests of policyholders and company, under mutual insurance, are identical, policyholders in the American Mutual are assured of service that operates to their own best interests. The consistent growth of the American Mutual is evidence that the highest type of service is rendered. Service is fully treated in our book written for the man who places the insurance.

"The Return of 300"

is an intensely interesting book which every manufacturer, factory manager and manufacturing executive will read with pleasure and profit. Sent, without charge, to executives only who write on their business letterheads.

Protection for Employer and Employee

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.

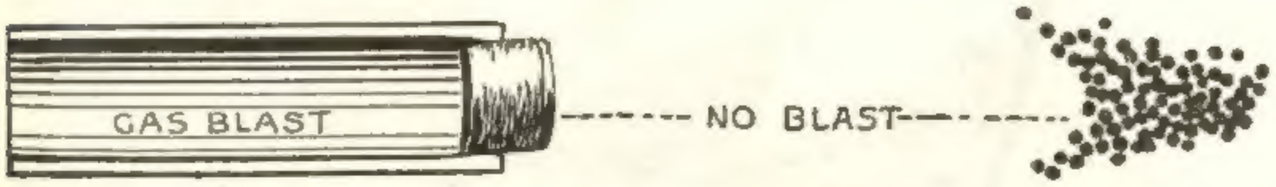
Branch Offices
Baltimore, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Hartford, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Portland, Me., Providence, Springfield

NEW YORK
18 East 41st St.

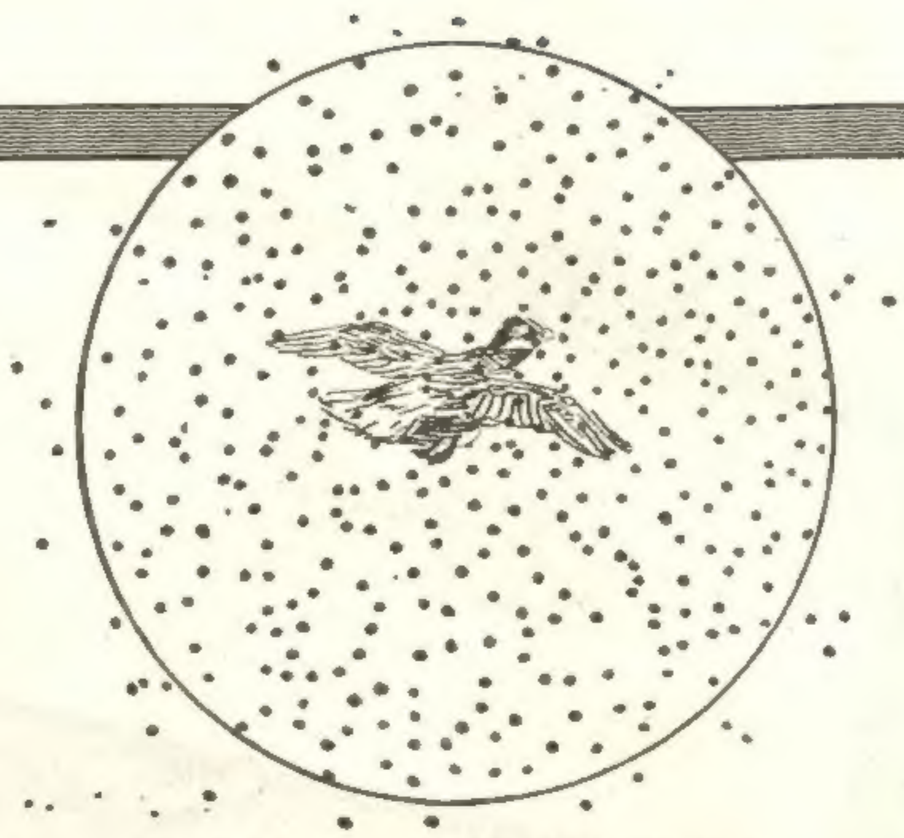
Executive Offices

BOSTON
245 State St.

Branch Offices
Manchester, New Bedford, Fall River, Syracuse, Worcester, Troy, Rochester



How many birds get through your shot patterns?



The Winchester pattern. 320 pellets, out of a possible 431, or 74% of the shot charge, evenly distributed. No birds get through

IT is not enough to know that your shells shoot hard, that they are sure fire and water-proofed. *It's the pattern that counts.*

The secret of good patterns is in the *wadding*. Good, close shooting, evenly distributed patterns are the direct result of a correct system of wadding scientifically adjusted to the bore of your gun.

The wadding, like the piston head of a gas engine, must give the explosion something solid to work against so that the shot may be *pushed* out evenly.

It must expand and fill the tube of the barrel, completely sealing in the gas behind it. No gas must escape to scatter the shot.

It must offer just the right amount of resistance to the explosion so as to develop uniform pressure and high velocity without danger of jamming the pellets out of shape at the "choke" or muzzle constriction.

The illustrations at the side of this page show actual test patterns as high as 63% faulty, the result of poor wadding.

The Winchester system

The Winchester System of Wadding is the result of repeated experiments to determine the most efficient control of the gas blast.

The special construction of the *Base Wad* gives what is known as *Progressive Combustion* to the powder charge.

Combustion spreads instantly through the powder charge. By the time the top grains of powder become ignited the *full* energy of the burning powder behind is at work. Though the explosion is almost instantaneous, it is none the less *Progressive*, the final energy and maximum *velocity* of the completely burned powder being developed at the *muzzle*, where it is needed.

Meanwhile, under the heat of combustion the tough, springy *Driving Wad* has expanded to fill the barrel snugly all around. No gas escapes. It is completely sealed in. The wadding *pushes* up the shot evenly.

At the muzzle the shot pellets slip out without *jamming*, while the wadding is *checked for a brief interval* by the constriction of the muzzle. *It follows some distance behind the shot pattern.*

The shot cluster travels on, unbroken by gas blast or wadding, and makes the hard-hitting, uniform pattern for which Winchester shot shells are world famous.

Fish-Tail Flash. All Winchester smokeless shells are made with the new Winchester No. 4 Primer—the quickest and most powerful shot shell primer made. Its broad *fish-tail* flash gives instant and thorough ignition. Every grain of powder is completely burned up before the shot charge leaves the muzzle.

The Crimp. The required degree of pressure necessary in seating the driving wads is worked out in combination with the *hardness* or the *softness* of the *crimping* required for any particular shell.

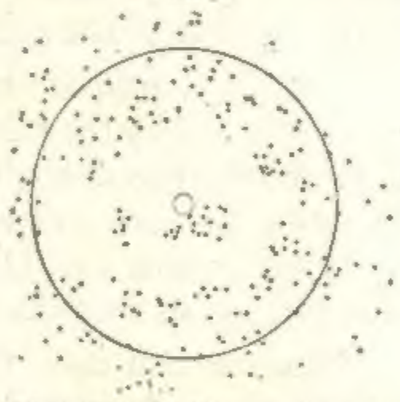
Water-proofing and Lubrication. In the cold damp air of the marshes or under the blazing sun at the traps, Winchester shells will always play true. Winchester water-proofing process prevents them from swelling from dampness. Special lubrication of the paper fibres prevents brittleness and "splitting" in dry weather.

Uniform Shells. From primer to crimp, Winchester shells are constructed to insure the maximum pattern possible from any load and under all conditions. 25,000,000 rounds of ammunition are fired every year in testing Winchester guns and ammunition. $100,000 is spent annually in the inspection and testing of finished shot shells alone.

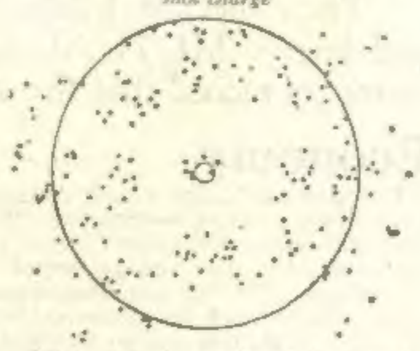
Clean hits and more of them

To insure more hits and cleaner hits in the field or at the traps be sure your shells are Winchester Leader and Repeater for Smokeless; Nublack and New Rival for Black Powder. Write for our Free Booklet on Shells, **Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 531, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**

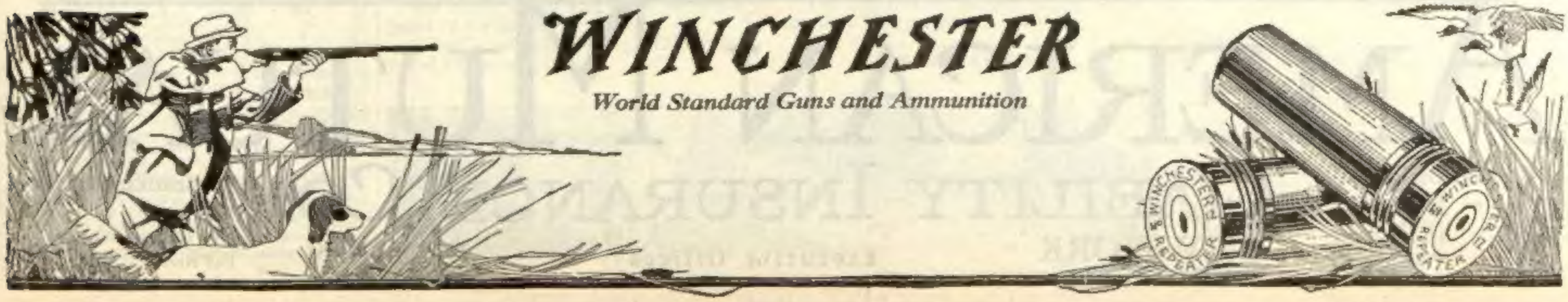
Effect of bad loading of wadding increases breech pressure. Violence of explosion "jams" and mutilates pellets. Actual test target 160 pellets, out of a possible 431, or 37% of the shot charge



Effect of weak wadding pierced by the gas blast. The blast blows into the shot cluster, scattering the pellets in all directions. Low velocity and poor penetration. Actual test target 178 pellets, out of a possible 431, or 41% of the shot charge



Effect of hard wadding fitting barrel loosely. Unchecked by friction or muzzle choke, it is blown through the shot cluster, scattering the shot. Actual test target 221 pellets, out of a possible 431, or 51% of the shot charge



Carter's KNIT Underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

True underwear economy is getting real value at medium prices

CARTER'S has every essential of quality, fit and wear demanded by those who know the best in underwear.

The Carters stake their own name on the real value of the underwear they manufacture. Fifty years ago they used to make a few garments. Now they have to make 25,000 garments every day.

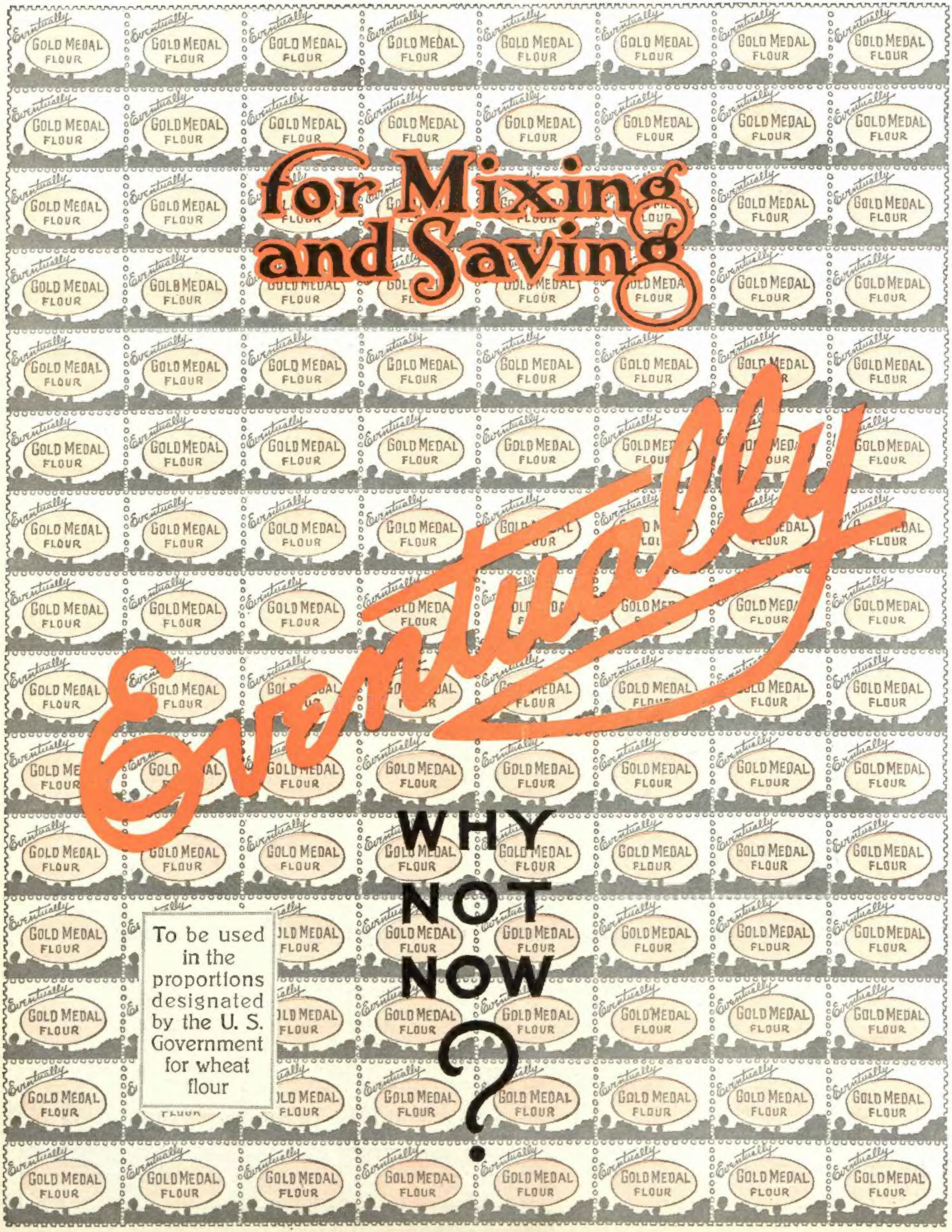
Try Carter's Knit Underwear this season for mother, father, sister, brother and the baby.

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO.

Needham Heights (Boston District) and Springfield, Mass.

W.S.S.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT


for Mixing and Saving
Eventually
WHY
NOT
NOW
?
To be used in the proportions designated by the U. S. Government for wheat flour
Eventually
GOLD MEDAL
FLOUR